

"PLEASANT WORDS are as an honeycomb sweet to the soul

Prov XVI 24

PLEASANT PAGES.

VOL. V.

LONDON HOULSTON & STONEMAN
EDINBURGH, MENZIES DUBLIN ROBERTSON.

PREFACE.



THE half-yearly course of Instruction in the fifth volume of PLEASANT PAGES does not differ much in character from those of the preceding ones.

In the course of MORAL INSTRUCTION the previous lessons on Truth, Justice, Honesty, and Industry, are followed by attempts to illustrate the higher virtues of Compassion, Mercy, and Charity.

In the BOTANY lessons the sketches of structural botany in Vol. IV. are continued by an outline of the Linnæan system, and a more detailed account of twelve orders of the system of Jussieu.

The course of English History extends over the important and stirring period from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Anne. The ENGLISH TRAVELLER has worked his way from Middlesex, through Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Somersetshire, Devonshire, Cornwall, and the Scilly Isles. From the western corner of England he has entered the Bristol Channel, and directed his course northward, through Monmouthshire and Herefordshire; he is at present waiting in Shropshire.

The FOREIGN TRAVELLER has by no means been so active; whether or not he has been disheartened by the troubles of the passport system the Author cannot say but he has himself been obliged to give his pupils a lesson or two on Switzerland and France, in order to keep up some appearance of business in that department.

The course of GRAMMAR has been brought to a close, and is to be succeeded in Vol. VI. by a series of lessons in ARITHMETIC.

In the MUSIC there has been a long *rest*—longer than that of a semibreve, or a breve—for it has extended through the space of the half year. After so long a silence, the notes ought, like released captives, to come forth again, *ff*, with an allegretto movement; probably they will.

The Author has nothing further to add—except that to-morrow morning he is going, with alacrity, to begin his sixth, and last volume. Being somewhat light-hearted, like the traveller, on a "down-hill" course, who is getting near the end of his journey, he begs his readers, who have accompanied him through five long volumes, to sympathise with him in the satisfaction with which he looks forward to the completion of the work.

THE PRIORY HOUSE, CLAPTON,
December, 1852.

"PLEASANT WORDS are as an honeycomb; sweet to the soul."
PROV. xvi. 24.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION
FOR
THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

BY S. PROUT NEWCOMBE.

1st Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER I.—THE POET AND THE PRINCE.

W. Ah, we are going to learn about fairies. Papa said so.

L. I don't think that papa knows much about the fairies.

P. You are right, Lucy. I have never seen any, except those in pictures and in books.

Jon. Why, there are no *real* ones, papa! You said so once.

P. Yes; fairies are only imaginary beings—so I am going to imagine some for you. We will rest in our course of Biography for a time, and will have a few moral lessons for a change.

W. Well, begin, papa.

Jon. Why don't you begin? How you keep us waiting!

P. I am thinking. Do you remember the lesson we printed at the beginning of the fourth volume of PLEASANT PAGES?

L. Yes, we heard about CLEMENT LANGTON.

P. And I told you something of his learning to be "respectable." We call those respectable who are able to respect themselves, because others can then respect them. Respectable means "worthy of respect."

Jon. Yes, we heard that.

P. And you have heard of some of the qualities which men must possess to be respectable. We have talked of Truth, Honesty, Justice, Order, and Industry, but we will now learn something more.

W. What is that?

P. We will learn what one must have to be *rich*—really rich—I want you to be very rich indeed.

L. Why, papa, how strangely you are talking! I have read that it is wrong to covet riches. I am sure, now, that you mean something else. Come, please tell us our fairy tale at once:

then we shall understand you much better.

P. Perhaps you will. So listen.

A long time ago—the time when the fairies used to be—there was a country where the king was dead.

And there was silence all through that country—and then there was a disturbance.

This is why there was silence. The people were mourning, and thinking.

In every house the people sat still. They did not speak, but they sat and mourned, and they thought to themselves, "Where shall we get another king? We do not like our prince, the king's eldest son. We would rather not have him for our king. Where shall we find the man who will be as good as our dead king was?"

L. And why was there a disturbance?

P. That you shall know soon. I am going first to tell you of some one who lived in that city.

In one of the quiet streets there was a middling-sized house, with every one of the shutters closed. Many of the people inside were mourning, for the house belonged to a young man who was one of the late king's relations—he was cousin to the prince. If you had seen this young man, and had noticed his plain dress, and the plain furniture of his house, you would not have thought him to be related to the king. But the truth is, the royal family was very large, and he belonged to a branch of the family which was extremely poor.

This young man was a poet, though he did many other things besides writing poetry. He used to study very much; sometimes he collected specimens of plants, and insects, and other animals, and gave them to his rich cousin. He was fond of doing good; so, when he found any knowledge, he used to give it to men of science to put in their books; or he would teach it to the artisans in the manufactories, and to the labourers who were engaged in the gardens and fields. And the knowledge which he gave to these people was such as they could turn to good account.

This young man, or "the Poet," as the people called him, was known all over the city. He had taught those who lived in dirty houses, or wore dirty clothes, to be clean; and he had shown them how to improve their houses; he had even given some of the little money he had to help to build better dwellings. And when he found that the good men who worked, and produced good things, were ruining themselves by drinking bad drinks at the public-house, he asked his uncle, the late king, for a piece of land. And with this land he made a park for the workmen and their children to play in; and when the winter evenings came he made places of amusement in-doors, where he taught them wonderful things from the works of God; and, in course of time, many of those who had children learned to stop at home, and teach the

little ones about the new things they had heard of.

So that all the old men, and the young men, and the lads of the city knew this poet very well. They had learned from him new and wiser ways of being happy than they had known before; even the little children knew the poet, for they used to sing some of his verses in the new schools that he had persuaded the people to build.

You may remember that this poet had not much wealth. He gave so many of his days to learning, and to helping his neighbours, that he had not much time for making money. He had a little land of his own; he earned a little money by writing poetry, and by his learning; and he received a small sum every quarter from the prince for the services which I told you he rendered. Yet, though he had only just enough to support his wife and his own children, he was content, for he had greater pleasures than those which money can give.

As the poet was so good a man, you may be sure he would mourn in earnest for the good king who was dead. When the disturbance which I spoke of came, he was one of those who heard it.

"Strange news, sir!" said one of his servants, coming to his private room: "there are strange news, outside."

Then the poet listened, and heard a noise in the street, and went to see what was the matter. People were coming out from all the houses, and there was a great crowd. And when one of the crowd saw the poet and his household standing at their door, he came to tell them the news.

"What is the matter?" said the poet.

"Nothing, sir, only there is a strange messenger in the city —a curious-looking man. He is come from the fairies; and he says that his masters will arrive in this city before the king is buried. They are coming to put us all 'to rights'."

"What else does he say?" asked the poet.

"He says that he is an old servant of the fairies; and that he has lived with them ever since they began to visit men. He says, too, that they go about, through all the worlds, to make alterations. And then, again, he says that people are always changing; that they fall into a bad habit of calling things by their wrong names—so he and his masters think they are wanted here, and are therefore coming to-night."

(*Continued on next page.*)

If you desire a length of days
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from evil ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER II.—THE COMING OF THE FAIRIES.

And when it was night the fairies came.

But I cannot tell you of all the sights. How many rode in Oberon's car, and whether it was drawn by butterflies or lady-birds, I cannot say. How many thousands rode on dragon-flies, or how many bright lantern-flies, and fire-flies, and glow-worms were brought to illuminate the place, I cannot tell. How many wore cobweb and gossamer robes, or glittered in green and gold—how the court were decked with diamonds and pearls, and the fairies of the sea sparkled with drops of glittering dew, no one can ever relate. How the beauties of the peacock were surpassed by the emeralds of Oberon, and the radiant birds of Paradise looked dim by the side of Queen Mab, you could never imagine unless you had been there to see.

Nor the beautiful music they made; it is of no use to talk of such sounds. Indeed, the fairies did not sing long, for the noisy hum of the people who had come from all the streets of the city to see the sight was so great that Oberon was obliged to command silence.

When the whole kingdom of the fairies arrived, there was so great a crowd that I could never remember all their names. There came *Oberon*, the emperor; *Mab*, the empress; *Queen Titania*, *Perriwiggin*, *Periwinckle*, *Puck*, *Hobgoblin*, *Tomalin*, and *Tom Thumb*, the courtiers. Then came the maids of honour, Hop, Mop, Drop, Pip, Grip, Skip, Tub, Tib, Tick, Pink, Pin, Quick, Gill, Jin, Im, Tit, Wap, Win, and Nit. These are the true names of the principal guests, according to the calendar.

But then, the crowds that followed! The tribes of elfins and sprites; and other spirits of the mountains! There were Pea-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed, from Shakspere-land; the *Peris*, from the fairy-land of Persia; the *Ginns* of Arabia, from the land called "Ginnistan;" the Water-nymphs and Mermaids, who drove their own dolphins; and the smaller tribes, who rode on "water-snails." To tell you all their names would be a very hard thing to do. Besides the good fairies, there were the poor *Brownies*, who were not fair, but brown—they were the drudges who did the domestic work, and all other laborious duties. And then there followed, afar off, the fairies who were not good—the imps, hobgoblins, and demons of discord and mischief: they did not dare to show their faces, but they hovered about, here and there, in a very uneasy manner; for they knew they were not wanted. But when "Order" was proclaimed they settled down on the ground.

Then Oberon spoke:—

"Mortals, be glad! We come with good intent. We'll give thee help, that thou mayest find a fit and pleasing king. Go, search throughout the city; find him who hath RICHES. The richest man is fittest to be king. Him shalt thou choose, and bring to us, that we may try him, whether the riches he hath be really his or not; and whether they be sound and true. To-morrow night we'll come to thee again."

And that was all!—for when king Oberon had said these words, the fairies slowly vanished. And the people only knew that they were gone when the sound of the sweet songs they sang was very distant and soft, like gentle sighs.

Then there arose amongst the people sighs which were aught but gentle. These sighs were very heavy, for the people mourned again at the words of the fairies.

"Ah," said one, "I know whom they must choose; there is no one in all the country so rich as the *prince*."

"The fairies," said another, "have made a mistake; the prince will not make a good king. He is gay, selfish, and proud; he is cruel too, but"—

"But," said another, "the prince must be a happy man, for ever since he was a boy he has been trying to get rich, and he has always succeeded. He has gained more and more gold, and now he has all that he wants."

When the morning came, the news was sent to all the rich men in the country. The prince, also, heard the message that the fairies had left in the night. The prince said that, of course, he had a right to be king; but he respected the fairies very much, and, as he felt sure that he was the richest man in the world, he would abide by their decision.

When the evening came, however, the prince would not go out to meet the company, for he was too proud to be very polite. He said that if they chose to call on him he would soon prove to them how rich he was.

But the fairies were not rude. When the sorrowing people told them the prince's message, and hoped that they would not choose him to be king, old Oberon made no remarks—he good-naturedly called for his car, and set off for the palace; all his company scampered after him, the bad fairies keeping behind, and still hovering around, without venturing to approach the rest. When they arrived at the palace, Oberon told the people that they need not wait; he and his fairies would examine the riches of the prince, and would let them know their decision. Only the poet and one or two other relations of the prince went in with the fairies.

I cannot tell you of all that happened in the palace that night. The prince prepared for his guests a great and splendid feast; he showed them his thousands of servants, his vessels of silver and gold, his halls of marble, and his splendid gar-

dens and parks. Before the light of the morning began to break, he brought from his gardens the most luscious and rich-flavoured fruit for the fairies to taste; and most gorgeous flowers, of magnificent size and elegant shape. He had collected every kind of plant that grew upon the earth; and many rare and curious animals. He had large studs of horses, and elephants, and other huge beasts, with which he could make fine processions and shows for his own amusement. And when he had shown these things to his guests, he led them through his grounds, back to the palace. They were led over broad lawns and through groves; through cool grottoes and rosy bowers; they passed by cooling fountains and waterfalls; and along the bank of a broad majestic river; and the beautiful place that they saw seemed so like a paradise, even by the early morning light, that all the fairies sang songs of delight, to which the birds in the grove made answer, as soon as they were awoke by the sound.

And when the prince reached the palace, he led the fairies through other and larger marble halls, up to his own room of state, which place filled the fairies with astonishment. The walls of this room were of gold, and so were the great arche and pillars; the large windows were made of ten-thousands of diamonds, while the floors were of hundreds of thousands of precious stones, all green, and blue, and red.

But while the crowd of fairies were dancing up and down for delight, king Oberon seemed rather tired, and he asked the prince when he would be ready to show them his *riches*.

The prince seemed much surprised at this question, but he replied, "Here are my riches! none in my kingdom ever had such riches as these."

At these words a loud laughing was heard all through the room. The bad fairies were flying about and were mocking. They had heard the answer of the prince, and some cried, "Ha, ha!" and one bad fairy said, "Why, *we* have things like these!"

At this the prince grew rather angry. He related to his guests all his immense possessions, and told them of his mines of gold in foreign lands. Then he declared he was sure that no one on earth ever had such riches as his. But the good fairies did not laugh; they looked in his face with pity, and Oberon said, "Poor man!"

"Poor man," said queen Mab; "is that all you have? Have you nothing else to show? These things are not riches at all."

Then the prince became very angry indeed. He said they were mocking him, and he asked if they had forgotten the splendid things they had seen. "These are the riches," he said, "for which I have worked all my life. I have got them now—they are *mine!* When I was a boy at school I thought of these things, and said, 'I will be rich;' and when I became a man I said again, 'I will be

rich!' and I worked hard, and I said again to myself, 'I will be rich!' and I gained houses and lands, and chariots and horses, and silver and diamonds, and rubies and gold, and—and—but who dares to mock me? who will say I am not rich?"

"Ah!" cried the fairies. "Poor man! poor man!"

"We will come and teach thee to-morrow," said Oberon, "and we will see if there are any in this kingdom who are richer than thou!"

And as they flew away the fairy courtiers added, "We will show that thou art very *poor*."

Then the prince became more angry than ever. Enraged, he was going to speak, but the fairies passed out of his sight. And as they went he still heard their sorrowful words, "Poor man! poor man!" and he heard the wicked fairies still mocking, and crying, "Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

The poet was standing by the side of the prince when the fairies vanished. And he remembered the words of their messenger, who said that men called things by their wrong names. Then he told those words to the prince.

TRUST AND TRY.

"Cannot," Edward, did you say?
Chase the lazy thought away;
Never let that idle word
From your lips again be heard;
Fetch your book from off the shelf,
God helps him who helps himself;
O'er your lesson do not sigh—
Trust and try, trust and try.

"Cannot," Edward? Say not so;
All are weak, full well I know;
But if you will seek the Lord
He will needful strength afford,
Teach you how to conquer sin,
Purify your heart within,—
On your Father's help rely,—
Trust and try, trust and try.

"Cannot," Edward? Scorn the thought;
You can do whate'er you ought;
Ever duty's call obey,
Strive to walk in wisdom's way;
Let the sluggard, if he will,
Use the lazy "cannot" still,
On yourself and God rely,—
Trust and try, trust and try.

THE STUARTS.

JAMES I.

P. We have now reached a most interesting part of English History — the times of the Stuarts.

James Stuart, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, was a descendant of the first Tudor King. When Elizabeth died, he was reigning as James VI. of Scotland. There were other descendants of the Tudor family then living in England, but the queen when dying had appointed James as her successor; perhaps she wanted to make him some amends for the execution of his mother. The people also wished him to be king, for they saw the advantage of there being only one king to the two kingdoms. They thought, too, that he was a very wise man, for he was called the "British Solomon." Thus he succeeded to the throne without opposition.

A little opposition would, perhaps, have done James good, for his ideas of authority were rather extravagant. He not only believed himself to be "wise," but he had learned the notions of Elizabeth of the great power which a king ought to have, and he determined to carry them out.

But the true character of James was soon revealed. Poor man! he had never had a mother to take care of him, and his father had been murdered before he was a year old. Thus he had not been well trained. On his journey from Scotland to England, before he had reached London he had given offence to his subjects by speaking rudely of the female sex, and by other imprudences.

The first impressions from his appearance and manner were also not pleasing to the people. It is said "he was of middle stature, his clothes being large and easy. He was timorous in disposition; his eye was large, ever rolling after any stranger that came in his presence, insomuch that many for shame left the man, as being out of countenance. His beard was very thin, his tongue too large for his mouth; his skin was soft, which felt so because he never washed his hands, but only rubbed his fingers' ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin. His legs were very weak, for he was not able to stand at seven years of age; that weakness made him ever leaning on other men's shoulders. His walk was circular."

The unfortunate impression which James made soon became stronger. People began to discourse that his intellect was much like his body; and that he also leaned on other men's minds, for James had nearly always some favourite, as all weak kings have. In fact, it was discovered that instead of wisdom he had only *learning*.

But, as we said before, the

poor king had no mother to train him. As it was not his fault that he was weak in body, so he should not be blamed that his mind was not strong. It was his preceptor who, instead of teaching him wisdom, had given him the idea that a king ought to be "the most *learned* clerk in his dominions."

Before James had been king many months, a conspiracy was formed against him. Why, is not clearly known. It is said that the conspirators wished to place Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. In this conspiracy the renowned Sir Walter Raleigh and two nobles were involved; they were all sentenced to death, but pardoned, though Sir Walter was kept in confinement for thirteen years.

Raleigh was very badly treated by the king; for a long time his estates were properly taken care of for his children, but James had a favourite, named Robert Carr, whom he wished to please. Not having much of his own to give, he seized, for the purpose, the beautiful lands of Sir Walter, and all his splendid orchards, gardens, and groves. Lady Raleigh tried to move James with pity; she threw herself with her children at his feet, imploring him to spare to them the remainder of their fortunes. The half-hearted James was moved, but not enough; he turned aside his head, saying, "I maun ha' the land; I maun ha' it for Carr!" Thus the noble-hearted woman and her children were sent away, and robbed of all.

The fate of Raleigh was a mournful event. After thirteen years' imprisonment he was set at liberty, to go and procure gold from South America. The enterprise failed, and on his return, this man, "the poet, warrior, discoverer, statesman," who, it is said, "was fitted by nature and education to become the ornament of James's reign," was again imprisoned, and was put to death for the crime for which he had been pardoned thirteen years before.

But let us look again at the beginning of James's reign. When Elizabeth died, she left behind her a people who had been kept under strong restraint, and who were anxious to increase their liberty. You have heard how, under her strict government, enterprise, science, learning, and religion made progress. According to their religious views, the nation was divided into three factions. There were first those belonging to the ENGLISH CHURCH, which was governed by the queen and the bishops; secondly, the PAPISTS, who only acknowledged the POPE as their head; and on the other hand, thirdly, the PURITANS, who did not recognise any spiritual power in the pope, king, or other man.

Now, each of these three parties were very anxious when King James was coming from Scotland to be king. The great question was, "Is he a Papist, a Protestant, or a Puritan? Which party will be favoured?"

All parties had some reason for hope. The *Protestants* knew

that it would be dangerous, after the conquest of the Spanish armada, and the growth of Protestantism in England, for him to favour the Catholics, and he had declared his attachment to the Reformed Church.

The *Papists*, again, knew that the mother of James was a Papist, and had been cruelly put to death for her opinions; and that he had a friendly feeling towards them; he had even been in secret correspondence with the "Catholic" powers, and had made them great promises.

Lastly, the *Puritans* had greater hopes of favour than either party, from his most solemn and public declaration, and other causes. But no one could see clearly what course he was likely to take, and the people spoke of his coming as the approach of a "Scotch mist."

As soon, therefore, as James was in power, he was loudly called upon by each party to declare himself in their favour.

The Puritans were the first to act. The persecutions under Elizabeth had only caused their principles to take deeper root in the hearts of the people, and they were rapidly becoming a most numerous and powerful party. Directly Elizabeth was dead, they got up a petition to the king, requesting him to reform the church. It was called the "millenary petition," because it was to contain the signatures of a thousand clergy; but such was their haste that, before eight hundred had signed it, it was sent up to the sovereign "without further delay."

As soon as this petition was made public, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge took alarm, and issued a document in their own favour. And more documents and petitions were quickly got up, so that the king found he would have more of them than he could answer. He therefore issued a proclamation of his own, declaring that he would have no more writing or petitioning on the subject of reform in religion. He soon afterwards appointed that a conference should be held—a meeting of learned men and clergymen—of the Puritans and the established church, when all desirable changes should be made.

This memorable conference was held at the well-known palace of HAMPTON COURT. Here James greatly excited the hopes and fears of all parties. Before it was opened he chose "to play the Puritan," so that the prelates cast themselves on their knees before him, entreating that nothing might be altered. In the conference, however, the Puritans were defeated. James took the part of the bishops, and helped them with all his wit and learning. In speaking of the Puritans he said, "I peppered them soundly. They fled me from argument to argument."

The principal reasons of James for adhering to the bishops seemed to be that they would support him as "The Head of the Church." He knew the Puritans would not

allow him that title. Again, he believed that the church would best maintain his authority as king. In the address from the universities it was stated that "the church was especially adapted to give stability to the throne."

James concluded the conference by saying, he knew what would come of it if the Puritans gained power; for, *No bishop, no king.* He further bade them "away with their snivelling," adding, "I will make you conform yourselves, or else harry you out of the land; or do worse."

The delight of the bishops at gaining the victory was very great. They said that his majesty spoke by the power of inspiration; and the Bishop of London, throwing himself at the king's feet, declared that Almighty God had given them such a king as had not been since Christ's time.

The effect of this decision was not only that the Church of England gained power, but that the Papists and Puritans soon began to suffer persecution.

But neither division would thus be put down without a struggle. The Puritans knew their strength with the people. They therefore thought, "If we cannot gain favour in the court, we will throw all our strength into the parliament." Accordingly, they began an opposition to the king, which lasted through the whole of his reign, and increased in strength until, as we shall see in the next reign, it overturned the throne.

The Papists, however, acted on a different plan. They were not strong enough to oppose the king openly. They therefore determined to take a shorter method of revenge; and they formed a secret conspiracy for destroying him forthwith. Of this conspiracy we will talk in our next lesson.

THE SKY-LARK'S SONG.

YON pretty Sky-lark, hear him sing,
As he rises on the wing;
With every note he seems to try
To get into the lofty sky,
Is he singing songs of joy?
Do hymns his cheerful tongue employ?
Is he raising grateful lays
In his bounteous Maker's praise?
If so, teach me, for I long
To learn the little warbler's song;
And though I have not wings for air,
On wings of love I'll join him there.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

SURREY.

"My dear Children,—

"What a long time we have been travelling through London! I declare that the account of London and Middlesex has extended through more than all the Thursdays in one volume of Pleasant Pages; and after all we have only talked of fifteen counties. Let us repeat their names :—

Northumberland.	*Nottinghamshire.*
Cumberland.	*Lincolnshire.*
Durham.	*Norfolk.*
Westmorland.	*Suffolk.*
Yorkshire.	*Essex.*
Lancashire.	*Kent.*
Cheshire.	*Middlesex.*
Derbyshire.	And now for *Surrey.*

"There are forty counties in England: thus we have to make our way through twenty-five more, and to compress our letters on them into the next two volumes. So I will proceed at once.

"Here is Surrey! This town, called Richmond, in which I am stopping, has a beautiful park. I went out this morning before breakfast for a walk, when the dew was on the grass, to a distant part of the park, which I had never seen. My feet soon became wet from walking through the long ferns; but after disturbing a pheasant, and one or two other birds that made a 'whirring' noise, I was stopped by a gamekeeper, who told me not to trespass on the *preserves*. So I went homeward, stopping now and then to admire the splendid elms of the park, and to look at the magnificent view of the Thames, which seems to wind through the foliage; but there! I am not going to describe to you that well-known spot. Go and see it yourselves, next time you are in London, or else get an engraving of it; for it has been sketched, painted, lithographed, engraved, and described, in prose and in verse, over and over again.

"Richmond is not particularly famous as a town. It is noted on account of its park and the surrounding scenery. Being so pleasant, and only 11 miles from London, it is a most fashionable place of recreation to those Londoners who delight in the quiet country. It has a handsome stone bridge over the Thames, and fine inns and hotels; it also abounds in boarding-schools.

"Richmond was once called *Sheen*, but when Henry VII. was king of England he came to live here, and built a magnificent royal palace. As his title was Earl of Richmond before he was crowned, he called the palace and village Richmond in remembrance of it.

"'Can you tell me the way to Kingston?' I said to a plea-

sant-looking farmer who was in the coffee-room at the hotel where I breakfasted.

"'Yes, I live there,' was the reply; and when I told him that I meant to walk there, and from thence across the county to Guildford, for my own pleasure, he offered me a ride in his gig. 'You'll find the walk quite long enough from Kingston to Guildford, if you mean to go there to-day,' he remarked. So I rode in the farmer's gig.

"'I suppose you know Richmond pretty well?' I remarked as we rode along.

"'Why, yes, I do. I have been there backwards and forwards these forty years. I was born in Surrey.'

"'And do you call Surrey a fertile county?'

"'Not at all. I'll tell 'ee what people say it's like: that it's like a piece of cloth with a fine border; and so it is. There's Bagshot Heath, Banstead Downs, and Epsom Downs, the chalk hills, and all them places—they're not worth a-a-a farthing!'

"'But the borders?'

"'Well, some parts are pleasant. Take these parts, for instance—Richmond Hill, and all round about; there are many noblemen's and gentlemen's villas; at Leith Hill and Cooper's Hill there are nice views, and plenty of pretty seats. Then, if you go 'long the banks of the Thames,—from here all the way down to Battersea there are beautiful meadows, and lawns, and parks, and gentlemen's country-houses.

"'And beyond Richmond the first place is KEW—that is, when going from Richmond to London—there you see the splendid Royal Botanical Gardens. Ah! that *is* a place!'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I have been there; I have been in the palm-houses.'

"'And then you go on through PUTNEY, and WANDSWORTH, and BATTERSEA; there are plenty of meadows and gardens; the market gardeners about there grow quantities of vegetables for London. Then, if you go on to Tooting, and Streatham, Clapham, Brixton, Dulwich, Norwood, and Sydenham—have you heard of those places?'

"'Yes, I have been to some of them. They are going to build up the Crystal Palace again at Sydenham.'

"'Are they, though? Well, I was a-going to tell you about the *soil* of our county. Ah! it's bad soil for we farmers. There's so much chalky stuff, and barren sand, and large heath, and woods.

"'There runs across the county a long row of hills; they are part of the *southern range* of hills which ends at Dover. You may see that on the map; they extend from east to west. Well, you may see by the tops of these hills what sort of stuff they are made of. They are quite white and round, for the rain has beaten them into that shape, and keeps them clean; when you're a long way off, some of them look something like a row of old gentlemen, with bald heads.

"'Then, not far from those hills, there are the Epsom Downs, a fine open place; many sheep graze there, and yield very *sweet* mutton too; and there are races which are more famous than any races in England. Every one has heard of the Epsom races, and "The Derby Day." At Banstead Downs, too, there are a great many sheep.'

"'And you said that there is much *heath*?'

"'Yes, Bagshot Heath is a wide place; and there are other heathy parts; though sometimes you will see, here and there, on the heath, a cottage as was built by poor people. They make the land profitable by digging deep, and by adding scrapings from the road, and the ashes of turf, to the soil. So, at last, they manage to make a few fruit-trees and vegetables grow around the cottage.

"'The wealds of Surrey'—

"'Do you know what is meant by "wealds"?' I said.

"'No, I don't.'

"'Weald comes from the German word *wald*, which means a forest; I have been through the wealds of KENT.'

"'That's right. I was going to tell you of the forests in the Weald. The wealds were a forest until lately; but a great deal of it has been grubbed up and cultivated. There is one part near Dorking, called Box Hill, where there were (and I think there are now) some of the finest box-trees in England.

"'We have some rivers, too, in Surrey. The principal are the *Mole*, and the *Wey*. The Thames bounds the county at the south. Here is the Thames, you see; and there is Kingston Bridge. How soon we have reached it!'

"'Yes, the time has passed away very quickly,' I said. 'I will stop at Kingston for an hour, and will then proceed to GUILDFORD.'

"I did not find any thing remarkable at Kingston, except its fine new bridge. The town is very ancient. I saw some extensive malting works, and brick and tile works; and all round the town there are market gardens, some of which I passed on my way to Guildford.

"Of Guildford I hope to afford you some particulars in my next letter.

"Believe me,

"Dear children,

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

THE EAGLE.

ART thou the king of birds, proud Eagle, say?
I am—my talons and my beak bear sway;
A greater king than I, if thou wouldst be,
Govern thy tongue, but let thy thoughts be free.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter III.

The Inflections of Verbs.—The Tenses.

P. To-day we will talk of the *Tenses* of verbs. Since the time when Mr. Lindley Murray wrote his English Grammar, the form of the English verb has been altered by some grammarians,—that is to say, the tenses have been arranged differently.

I do not think you would understand these new arrangements very clearly; and, as I am not sure that they are an improvement, we will arrange the tenses according to the plan of the Latin verbs, which is very simple.

Ion. But I should like to know what the tenses *are* before arranging them. What is meant by "tense," papa?

P. The word tense means little else than *time*, just as mood means *manner*. Tense is derived from *temps*, the French word for time. Every child can understand that there are different manners of performing an action, and different times.

There are three different tenses. We speak of the *present* time — now; of the *past* time—which is gone; and of the *future* time—which is to come. Can you give me the verb "I dance" in each tense?

W. I think I can.

Present.—I *am dancing*, now.
Past.—I *did dance*, then.
Future.—I *will dance*, soon.

Ion. Or to show each of these times you may speak of different days. Thus, present, *to-day*; past, *yesterday*; future, *to-morrow*.

P. But there may be different ways of expressing the same tense. Here is a past tense expressed in two ways :—

I *was eating* my dinner yesterday.
I *ate* my dinner yesterday.

W. They are both *past*, certainly, but I cannot explain the difference yet.

Ion. I see it. I like the last tense better than the first. If I say, "I *ate* my dinner," it means that I had all of it; but if I say, "I *was* eating," &c., it does not show whether I had all, or half, or only a mouthful. I might have had two mouthfuls, and, just as I *was eating* the third, I might have been obliged to leave off.

P. And when you say that you *ate* it, you show that you finished your dinner—you performed the action perfectly. But, as you observe, when you say, "I was eating," you do not show anything of the kind.

L. We only show that we have done the action imperfectly.

P. Right. So we say that "I was eating" is an *imperfect* past tense of the verb, while "I ate" is a *perfect* past tense.

W. I will say some other verbs in each tense :—

Imperfect past.—I was writing a letter.

Perfect past.—I wrote a letter.

Imperfect past.—I was learning my lesson.

Perfect past.—I learned my lesson.

P. Here are also two future, as well as two past, tenses. One is perfect, the other imperfect:—

I shall conquer him.
I shall have conquered him.

W. I think that the last is perfect. If you say, I shall *have* conquered, then you will have completed the action perfectly

P. That is right, while the first, "I shall conquer," does not assert that. Whenever you make a tense of a verb with the auxiliary *have* in it, you may call that tense "perfect." So that *shall conquer* is the future imperfect, and *shall have conquered* is the future perfect tense.

Ion. I can make a future tense which is more imperfect than "shall conquer." This is it—"I *shall be conquering;*" that may be very imperfect, for I may be defeated. I will make two examples of each future:—

Imperfect future.—I shall make a box.

Perfect future.—I shall have made a box.

Imperfect future.—I shall be saying my lesson.

Perfect future.—I shall have said my lesson.

P. True. Now we have learned of the two past and future tenses. There are two more to be considered yet—another *past*, and the *present* tense. You have to decide on each of these, whether it is perfect or imperfect; but you shall do this in your next lesson.

W. I will make a little rule on what we have learned to-day.

The "tense" of a verb means the *time* when an action is performed. There are only three times—the PRESENT, PAST, and FUTURE; and the action, when performed in these times, may be done either perfectly or imperfectly.

P. I will give you only a short parsing exercise to-day; but you will now say not only the mood but the tense of each verb.

No. 25.—PARSING EXERCISE.

Run! I shall catch you. Before you reach that lamp-post I shall have caught you. I was finishing my day's labour, and you interrupted me. But you soon went away; then I finished my work. I was catching a salmon, but I lost it. I have caught two rabbits. Look at them! They shall be tamed; then they will be my companions. Look at James, trying to tame his new friends.

On earth nought precious is obtained
But what is painful too;
By travail, and *to* travail born,
Our sabbaths are but few.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL

2nd Week. MONDAY. Moral Lesson.

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER III.—THE VISIT TO FAIRY-LAND.

L. How surprised the people must have been, papa, when they heard what the fairies had said about the wealth of their prince!

P. No doubt they were. Many, I dare say, thought they were joking, for really they knew no one else who had so much money as he had. However, the evening of the next day soon arrived, and the people went forth again. The poet also went, with all his family, who thought it a great treat to see the fairies.

When the poet reached the part of the city where the fairies were expected, he found that they had arrived before him. He had scarcely time to notice the prince, and all his servants, and the crowds of people who were waiting for Oberon to speak, when a new event happened. The fairy king spied him immediately, and, to his great astonishment, came forward and called him by his name. The poet came forth, and then Oberon declared to the people that this was the proper man to be king. He said that he was far richer than the prince, or any one else in the kingdom. It was in vain that the prince remonstrated, and the poet said they had made a mistake. It was of no use for the poet to speak of the smallness of his income: the fairies declared that they knew what they were about; and they invited the poet and the prince to come with them to fairy-land. There, they said, they would try whether the prince was really richer than the poet, and they would all come back together the next night, when the people should hear their decision.

The people all agreed to this proposal, and the prince made no objection; indeed he wanted to see where the fairies dwelt; "and of course," he added to himself, "my poor cousin will have no chance against me."

So in the course of a few minutes both parties had bid good-bye to their families and friends and were quickly out of sight.

L. And where did they go to, papa?

P. To some strange place beyond the sea. On a dolphin's back they follow the track which the mermaids make, as their course they take, through crystal caves, where restless waves are as merry as waves

can be. Through ocean deep, past rocks so steep, close alongside they swiftly glide to the transparent sand which forms the strand of the beautiful region called "Fairy-land."

And so on; but to describe fairy-land aright it must be written in rhymes, and you know that I cannot do that—indeed, I have never been so far as the borders of that country. So you must be content with the adventures of the prince and the poet.

The poet was certainly delighted with the home of the fairies, so also was the prince; yet when he saw it he wondered to Oberon that they should have laughed at his own magnificent possessions, which were almost as grand.

"But therein, O prince," said Oberon, "you are mistaken, for we do not despise the beautiful works of God, nor the splendours of wealth, but we do not call them riches. Riches are those things which a man hath within himself. You only *possess* riches when you can take them with you, wherever you go, even from this world to the world beyond. True riches are those which belong to thy *soul* and have become a part of thee. Thou and the poet are here alone, and all your riches are with you. Here we will weigh your souls and see what each man is worth."

The poet said not a word, but looked on the ground: he knew the meaning of the fairy king's speech. The prince, however, did not seem to heed it; he only laughed, and said he would be happy to be weighed as soon as they pleased; but when he looked round, lo! the fairies were gone; at least they were invisible. No, there seemed to be no one near them: they were evidently alone in the fairy-land.

"Well," said the prince to the poet, "this is very strange treatment. I would like to weigh Oberon's soul after this, if he has got one. Never mind! this is a famous place for a walk. I suppose they'll come back when we want them—it is to be hoped they will not play us any tricks."

Ah, the prince little knew how much depended on that walk!

The two mortals had not gone very far, when near the edge of a dark wood they saw many sparkling lights flitting round and round the trees. "Here they are again," said the prince; "they are dancing!"

"What a strange dance that is!" the poet remarked as he saw the rapid motions; "the step of those dancing fairies is different from anything I have ever seen;" and they both watched the dancers for a long time.

"I think it must be a very difficult dance to learn," the poet remarked again.

"Pooh!" replied his companion, "I have often seen that dance before; once I danced it myself. Come along!" And while his cousin stopped to look at some moss growing on one of the trees, he ran on before a long way.

On he ran until he was stopped. "Can't pass this gate," said a queer-looking porter, who seemed to be neither a fairy nor a demon, but something else. "Yes I can, you shall see me do it," said the prince, who was in great spirits, but, as he was going to push through, some invisible power stopped him, and he found himself fixed to the ground.

"Ah, mortal!" said the porter, "now you are stopped. Tell me how you came on fairy grounds?"

"I am a friend of Oberon," said the prince; "he brought me here and gave me permission to wander over his estates; so just loose my feet from this sticky soil, will you?"

"No, that I will not; you can't pass without the password. Why, here comes another mortal! Pray who are you?" he said as the poet came up.

The poet related how he came to be there, but he added that he did not know whether or not he was trespassing, for Oberon and the fairies had suddenly left them without telling them where they might go.

"That's true!" said the porter, "it is the *exact* truth, for I was there myself. I like to hear *the truth.*"

Then a distant sound was heard. "THE TRUTH! TRUTH!" was echoed through the hills, as though a thousand invisible fairies spoke. The sounds lasted a long time, for they came again and again, and all the mountains seemed to sing and to echo "*the Truth*" in beautiful chords.

"That," said the porter, "is the watch-word by which you pass this gate. Enter!" And the prince was only admitted because his cousin earnestly begged for him, and explained that, though Oberon did not *say* they might wander over the grounds, they supposed that he meant them to do so.

"Well, I am well pleased with *you!*" said the old porter to the poet, "and remember, young men, that *He who acts with* TRUTH *doth best make his way through the world.*"

"Come on!" said the prince, "how that impudent fellow held me fast to the ground;—but look!"

"Yes, this is a splendid garden," replied his cousin, "and here is a plant which I have never seen; I think there are none of the kind upon our earth."

The prince thought, too, that it was a new species of plant, so he picked the flower that grew upon it, that he might take it back to earth with him. The poet was sorry at this, and begged the prince to carry it back to the porter, "for," said he, "we have no permission to take it."

But the prince only laughed, and said that it was too trifling a matter to be worth noticing. The poet, however, declared that it had always been a rule with him, all his life, never to take the most insignificant thing belonging to any one else.

The prince said that his picking the flower "did not matter," but it almost seemed, from the awkward way in which he car-

ried it, and from his looking down as though he did not want to meet any one, as if he felt some confusion. At this moment certain fairies whom the poet could not see cried out from behind the trees, "*He who acts with* HONESTY *holds up his head in the world.*" But the prince heard not, and they went on.

"Look up!" said the prince to his cousin, "look at the beautiful palace on the other side of the lake."

"That is surely Oberon's abode," said the poet. "But how are we to reach it?"

"Very easily," said the prince. "We have only to cross this marshy ground, and to reach those stones in the middle of the shallows, and then—then, I dare say, there is some way of getting through the woods beyond."

"But wait," said his cousin, "only wait while I see if there is not a better place; you may be sure there is a proper way."

The prince, however, would not stop. While his cousin set off to examine the neighbourhood, he ran over the marshes, and was soon almost knee-deep in green mud; he persevered, however, until he reached the stones, but he could not cross the shallows to the woods, and was obliged to come back through the mud once more. On his return his cousin met him, and led him in a pitiable state to a boat which he had found at the shore of the lake, where a man whose business it was to row passengers across was waiting.

"This, sir, is the proper way," said the boatman, touching his hat.

Just as the prince stepped into the boat he was followed by his cousin, who again heard the fairy voices singing from within the woods, "*He who acts with* ORDER *doth more quickly make his way through the world.*" But the prince heard them not.

"Very fine day," said the prince to his fairy boatman, who was a rough-looking fellow. "What shall we give you as a reward for conveying us over this lake?"

The boatman explained that he could not receive any reward.

"Oh, we cannot permit you to be unrewarded," said the poet; "it would not be *just*."

"Nor would it be just for me to receive your gift, as I am the servant of Oberon, who pays me my wages."

"Oberon's servant! A pretty tale!" said the prince, starting up in the boat; "you are *my* servant! Now I remember you well: you are the fellow who stole the jewels from——why, there is one of my amethysts hanging from your neck!"

The poor servant turned very angry at this; he was an honest old man, who had been in Oberon's service a hundred years; and he proved by taking off his turban and showing his bald head, and the colour of a few scanty locks of hair, that he was quite a different person. And he added that he had

never been spoken to so in his life, and could hardly bear it. The poet was much ashamed of his cousin's conduct, and expressed great sorrow for it to the man, but he would not be comforted; he said it was only fair and just that the *prince* should acknowledge he had done wrong.

But the prince would not—he certainly felt ashamed, but he said he should be ashamed to confess to a servant that he had done wrong.

"Then," said the old man, standing up with dignity, "I will row thee no further. Row thyself. I cannot serve thee; thy pride hinders thee from doing *justice*." And down he dived from the boat to the bottom of the lake.

This sudden action caused such a splash that the fine dress of the prince was almost spoiled, and for the moment he was quite blind with the water in his eyes. What was worse still, one of the old man's oars fell on the poet's face and gave him a black eye.

The prince when he recovered looked into the lake for the boatman, but he only heard the words bubbling up through the water, "None serve him faithfully who hath not *justice*." Then the boat which had been floating along was motionless, and the poet heard hidden fairies from the lake singing "*He who acts with* JUSTICE *will not be hindered in his way through the world.*" But the prince heard not.

"Well, what shall we do?" said the prince; "we are much nearer to the shore than the other side of the lake; let us land there, and try to make our way through the woods to the palace. I'll certainly inform Oberon of his servant's bad behaviour."

The poet, however, did not agree with his cousin. "You see," he said, "we do not know whether there is any path through the woods; you have lost time already by trying to go the wrong way."

"But," said the prince, "what hard work it will be to row to the other side of the lake! perhaps if we make a signal Oberon will see us from his window, and will"——

"Pray do not let us wait for any chances," said the poet, almost impatiently. "There is one straightforward way to get out of the difficulty, and that is to *work;* so if you don't like the labour give me both oars: I'll pull."

The prince was not a lazy man by any means, so he was encouraged by his cousin's example, and worked with all his might. The boat was soon darting across the lake; and this time when the invisible fairies sang, the prince as well as the poet heard them. They were singing "*He who hath* INDUSTRY *doth most surely make his way through the world.*"

And they soon proved this to be true. Right heartily they made way to the opposite margin; and they climbed the steep path which led to Oberon's palace, with such industry that they were quite out of breath. Then Oberon came out to meet them.

"SYSTEMATIC" BOTANY.

W. You said, papa, that as we have learned of the different parts of a plant, and their uses, we should learn to arrange them in classes.

P. Yes; let us begin to-day the second part of our course of Botany. As the knowledge we have been trying to gain relates to the structure of plants, it is called "*Structural Botany;*" but the knowledge of the classes in which they are arranged so as to form a system is called "*Systematic Botany.*"

In the study of Systematic Botany we find two systems in use.

One was invented by a great botanist who was born in Sweden, and whose name was LINNÆUS. In this system the plants are nearly all arranged in classes according to their stamens and pistils; and this arrangement is called the *Linnæan* (or *Artificial*) *System.*

After the time of Linnæus another system of botany was brought forward by a French botanist named JUSSIEU. This system is founded, not on an examination of the pistils and stamens only, but on all the parts and qualities of the plant. It had been thought of even before the time of Linnæus by a great English botanist named RAY; but Jussieu altered and improved his ideas. Thus he founded what is called the *Jussieuan* (or *Natural*) *System.*

Before the times of Jussieu or Linnæus, a system of botany had been founded by a French botanist named TOURNEFORT. His system was founded on the differences in the corolla of the plant, as the corolla is the most conspicuous part. This system, however, was not correct; for, though the corolla is the prettiest organ, it is not the most important.

Ion. That makes three systems of classifying — Tournefort's, and those of Linnæus and Jussieu.

L. And I suppose, papa, that in each system the classes are different from those of the others. So it will be rather hard for us to learn so much.

P. But I said there are only two *in use*—those of Linnæus and Jussieu. We will begin with the system of the former.

LINNÆUS, the Swede, was born in the year 1707, and his history is worthy of notice. Before his time botany had been much studied. Even in the writings of *Aristotle*, who lived B.C. 360, there are many observations on the nature of plants. The knowledge of the vegetable kingdom was afterwards increased by Aristotle's successor, *Theophrastus.* From that time the science was much neglected until the year 1532, when it was revived by a Swiss named *Brunsfels.* His example caused many others to become botanists; the most distinguished of whom were *Conrad Gesner*, of Zurich; *Matthew Zobel*, a Dutch physician, who

lived in the time of Elizabeth; *Cæsalpinus*, a Roman physician of the Court of Pope Sixtus V.; *John Ray*, an Englishman, who lived in the time of King James II.; and the French botanist named *Tournefort*, whose system we have already spoken of.

Notwithstanding the labours of these and many other men, the science of botany was in a very imperfect state when first studied by the great Linnæus. The valuable ideas of Ray had not attracted attention, and Tournefort's plan of classifying according to the corolla was evidently incorrect. Linnæus therefore determined to form a new and more perfect system.

The task he undertook was a gigantic one; but for such labour he was particularly fit, having been accustomed to overcome difficulties from his youth, and having a most brilliant understanding, with great strength of mind and body. So zealously did he work, not only in the vegetable kingdom, but in all the departments of nature, that he gained the renown of being the only individual who arranged and described all the animals, plants, and minerals in his time. The new and expressive *names* which he supplied for the different classes and orders have never been rivalled. It is said that he created a language peculiar to natural history; that it came from his hands as it were *perfect*; and that its value will continue as long as science exists, for even his opponents are obliged to adopt it, if they wish to be understood.

The *language* of the Linnæan system was, however, its best part, for its *plan of arrangement* is not according to the plan of Nature. The system is, however, highly useful to beginners, because it supplies helps in discovering the names of unknown plants. It is therefore more generally used as an introduction to the more perfect system of Jussieu.

L. Shall we take a long time to learn it, papa?

P. No. We will only notice its outline. But we shall not have time this morning even to begin the course. I hope, however, that we shall do so next Tuesday.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

YESTERDAY, let me not forget,
Although the day be past;
And let me learn to live TO-DAY
As if it were my last.

TO-MORROW may not come at all,
Or may not come to me;
Then teach me, Lord, that while I live,
I still may live to thee.

THE STUARTS.

JAMES I.

P. THE "plans of vengeance" which I said the Roman Catholics formed were begun by a gentleman of the name of *Catesby*, who first mentioned them to a Papist named *Winter*. You may remember Hotspur Percy, the son of the Earl of Northumberland, who rebelled and was killed in Henry IV.'s reign. There was living at this time a distant relation of the great house of Northumberland, also named *Percy*, and to him Catesby also spoke on the subject. Percy thought that something should be done, and said, "Let us assassinate the king!" But Catesby replied that this would not answer their purpose; for, he said, the parliament will teach the Protestant "heresy" to the king's children, and make them his successors. "To serve any good purpose," he says, "we must destroy, at one blow, the King, the Royal Family, the Lords and Commons, and bring down all our enemies, in one common ruin. Happily, they will *all assemble* on the first meeting of parliament; then we may gain a glorious and useful vengeance." He then proposed that, although the wall of the House of Commons was three yards thick, they should run a mine through it, under the hall where the king, nobles, and members of parliament would assemble, and blow them all up with gunpowder.

The three men agreed to this horrible plan. Winter was sent over to Flanders, where he found an officer in the service of Spain named *Guido Fawkes*, who was brought to England to assist. When the plans were more ripe they were communicated to about twenty persons in all, amongst whom were Sir Everard Digby, and Francis Tresham, who was the last admitted to the plot, and the most timid.

These conspirators were all bound by the most solemn oaths of secrecy, taking the sacrament at the same time.

Tresham and others were startled at the thought that they would be obliged also to destroy a number of Catholics who would be present with the king at the opening of parliament. But their scruples of conscience were removed by Tesmond, a Jesuit, and another priest, who showed them that, for the interest of religion, the innocent must in this case suffer with the guilty.

For nearly a year and a half the conspirators silently carried out their plans. Three were busy boring the nine-feet thick wall of the Parliament House; others preparing to raise troops in England; another going to Flanders to procure foreign help; another to Rome to give

information to the Pope as soon as the event should happen; another being ready to seize the young duke, and murder him; and another to seize the child, the Princess Elizabeth, and proclaim her queen. The labours of those who were boring the wall of the parliament was, however, unnecessary, as they found a coal-cellar to let in the very part of the house which would answer their purpose, and this they hired. At length only ten days were wanting to the time when the king and the parliament would meet. Everything was ready; there appeared to be nothing to hinder the conspirators' design; they were waiting impatiently for the day, and were glorying in the certainty of their success, when the hand of Providence defeated their wickedness.

The plot was discovered by means of a letter which was sent to Lord Monteagle in order to save his life. It is now supposed to have been written by his friend Tresham, the last conspirator who was admitted into the secret. It was delivered by an unknown hand, and was to this effect:—

"My Lord,—I would advise you, as you tender your life, to shift off your attendance on this parliament; for God and man have determined to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire yourself into the country, where you may expect the event in safety; for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for the danger is over as soon as you have burned this letter."

When Lord Monteagle read these words he was inclined to laugh at them. He thought that it was some foolish attempt to frighten him; but he nevertheless carried it to Cecil, and Lord Salisbury, two of the king's ministers. They laid it before the king.

The opinion of the king on the matter was a more serious one than Monteagle's. He was of a timid disposition, partly, perhaps, because his life had been attempted before by a man named Ruthven. Thus James thought it was very likely that some one meant to assassinate him, and that some sudden danger was preparing by gunpowder. He then gave orders to Lord Suffolk, the chamberlain, to inspect all the vaults below the houses of parliament.

Suffolk and the Secretary Cecil were shrewd men. They thought, "We will not disturb the conspirators yet; we will let them go on in secret until just before the meeting of parliament, when their plans will be quite ripe; then we will examine the vaults." The afternoon of the 4th November, 1605, came; the parliament were to meet the next day, and it was resolved to make the search. The Lord Chamberlain Suffolk and Lord Monteagle went to the old House of Lords. They stayed some time in the parliament chamber, and then

descended to the vaults and cellars, pretending that some of the king's stuffs were missing. Opening the door of the conspirators' vault, they saw, standing in a corner, "a very tall and desperate fellow." The chamberlain carelessly asked him who he was. He replied, "I am a servant to Mr. Percy," and stated that he was looking after his master's coals. But such a quantity of fuel seemed somewhat extraordinary, especially for one who lived so little in town as Percy. Suffolk, however, would not make any further examination then; he resolved to wait until midnight.

During the interval Fawkes left the vault, and went to his master Percy, to tell him what had happened. The conspirators might then have taken the alarm, and escaped. But they were not sure that they were discovered, and they therefore determined to wait. So Guy Fawkes, with the coolest courage, returned to the cellar in the course of the afternoon, in order to remain there and watch all night.

In the dark coal-cellar Guy Fawkes remained until midnight. Then, as all was very quiet, he began to feel sure that the faggots had been forgotten, and thought he would step out of his hiding-place. But, directly he did so, he heard a noise; a company of armed men surrounded him, and, in the presence of Sir Thomas Knivet, a magistrate, they seized and pinioned him. They then rushed at the faggots, overturned them, and, to their horror, they discovered six and thirty barrels of gunpowder ranged along the wall! They also searched Fawkes, and found that he had a dark lantern, matches, and touch-wood.

The dreadful truth was now too plain; on the next day the king and all the assembly of parliament would have been blown to atoms! Guy Fawkes saw that it was useless to try to hide his guilt; he therefore at once confessed his purpose to the magistrate, and with an undaunted air told him that could he have blown them and himself up together he would have been happy.

The consternation of the people at this discovery, and the fate of the conspirators, you may almost imagine. Guy Fawkes was tortured, and forced to give up the names of his accomplices. Sir Everard Digby tried to rouse all the Papists in the country to arms, but he failed; Catesby and Percy died fighting; Winter, Tresham, and the Jesuits were taken prisoners, and nearly all were executed.

Besides the executions, many other severe measures followed. Many Catholics were punished on suspicion; Lord Stourton was fined £4,000; Lord Mordaunt £10,000; and the Earl of Northumberland, the relation of Percy, £30,000.

The Gunpowder Plot suggests many reflections. It was one of the last and worst instances in English history of the mad wickedness which men commit when influenced by superstition. You have already seen, in many in-

stances, how superstition blinds men's minds. It so takes away their reason that they cannot tell right from wrong. Some of these foolish men would never have believed that they were going to do wrong; they were firmly convinced that they should advance the religion of our loving Saviour Jesus Christ by their horrid deeds.

On the other hand, the Gunpowder Plot may cause reflections against Protestants as well as Papists. James and the Protestant bishops still held the foolish superstition that they had a right *to persecute others for their belief.*

The Catholics as well as the Puritans had suffered long during Elizabeth's reign. But their troubles were now as bad as ever, perhaps even worse. For instance, in the very year of the conspiracy six priests were tried, condemned, and *executed,* because they would remain in England to teach their flocks. Their people were told to expect the same treatment if they heard mass from a priest. But even a stronger instance of persecution may be found. A Catholic gentleman of Cheshire, shocked at the execution of the priests, and the bad treatment of others, sent a petition to James, complaining of the persecution. The answer was a summons to *the Star Chamber!* He was then imprisoned, and put in the pillory twice, and fined £1,000. When in the pillory he was to have been nailed by the ears, but, as a majority of one or two thought that the criminal was *very* aged, his ears were spared.

We live, dear children, in a Protestant country, and for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ we should so love Protestantism that we should be ready to *die* for it. But, in your love for the Protestant religion, remember JUSTICE, which is as important as truth. If we, as Protestants, saw our clergymen put to death for attending to their duty, and if we were told that we, too, should be punished if we let them teach us; and if we saw a faithful Protestant pinioned for petitioning on our behalf, what would our feelings be?

So, in justice, let us remember that the Protestants, as well as the Papists, did not do right in God's sight.

And lastly, we may remember again that the Catholics were not only enraged—they were blinded by superstition; so let us think of them, not with anger, but with *pity.*

TO-DAY.

DON'T tell me of to-morrow;
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do,
We cannot do at last!
To-day it is the only time
For all on this frail earth,
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth!—NORTH STAR, U.S.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

SURREY.

"My dear Children,—

"I have given you all the information I can collect concerning the soil of Surrey. There is not much relating to the towns which is worth recording.

"On my way from Kingston to Guildford, I passed through the town of Epsom, and a district called Ewell. At Epsom malting and brick-making are carried on, as at Kingston. Perhaps the largest building in the neighbourhood is the *Grand Stand*, on the downs, where the races are held. How, once a year, this stand is crammed with rich and fashionable company to see the races, and how the race-course and the town are crammed with tens of thousands of visitors, is well known to most people.

"Guildford is the county town of Surrey. It is only remarkable for its antiquity. Its numerous ancient houses reminded me very much of Ipswich, the ancient capital of Suffolk. In English history we read of Guildford before the time of Alfred the Great; and we find that, at his death, he bequeathed it to his son. The town is situated on the river Wey.

"There is another town on the Wey, also an ancient place, called Godalming, which was also bequeathed to his son by King Alfred.

"From Godalming I walked across the country to Dorking, which is a very pretty and clean town. At the inn where I dined the waiter told me that Dorking is famous for its fowls. The poultry are of a peculiar breed, having five claws to each foot. They are supposed to have been brought over by the Romans.

"The railway from Dorking soon brought me to Reigate, a place I had often heard of. The noise which the railway porters make in shouting '*Reigate and Redhill Junction!*' to the travellers on the Brighton Railway has caused many to *hear* very much of this town before seeing it. But the impression which these porters have made on the 'tympanum' of my ears will be more lasting than that caused by the town itself. It is a very pretty place, however; and the clock-house and market-house, with the town-hall over it, interested me;—but that is all.

"So, after remaining at Reigate a few hours, I took the 'up train,' which conveyed me to Croydon. This is a very different town from Reigate. It is a lively place, especially at the time of the fair; for Croydon fair is now one of the most ancient and important in the kingdom. The main street is more than a mile long. There are two railway stations; and, as the town is at the convenient distance from London of 9½

miles, many merchants and City gentlemen live here, going to and fro by rail.

"As Croydon is at the edge of Banstead Downs, it is not only pleasant, but healthy. In the neighbourhood is Addiscombe College, where cadets are trained for the service of the East India Company; and the town has a barracks, a jail, and town-hall. The name Croydon is derived from two Saxon words, *croie*, chalk, and *dune*, hill; and its name is written in the Domesday-book as Croinedone.

"The town was given by William the Conqueror to Lanfranc, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom you may remember in your English History. Lanfranc built a splendid archbishop's palace here, which was the chief residence of many archbishops after him. There are few traces of the first building at present, but the Archbishop of Canterbury still has a summer residence at Addington Park, three miles and a half from the town.

"Walworth, the Lord Mayor whose name is so well known in English history from his having killed Wat Tyler, also lived at Croydon.

"There are many more villages and parishes in Surrey which are worthy of notice. At the extreme west of the county is FARNHAM, where abundance of *hops* are grown; and nearer London are Leatherhead, Wimbledon, Camberwell, Dulwich, Norwood, and the other suburbs which have been mentioned, and Lambeth, Southwark, Rotherhithe, and Bermondsey.

"Your faithful friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

SURREY.

(Shape and Position.)—*Surrey is a squarish-shaped county, but very irregular at the north, from the windings of the Thames, which forms its natural boundary. At the north of Surrey is Middlesex; at the south, Sussex; at the east, Kent; and at the west, Hampshire and Berkshire.*

(Soil.)—*The soil of Surrey is, on the whole, rather poor; there being much chalk, barren sand, heath, and hills. The chalk hills, a part of the southern range, extend through this county.*

(Rivers.) — *The principal rivers are the Mole, the Wey, and the Thames.*

(Capital and Towns.)—*The capital is Guildford, a very ancient town; the other towns and villages are Epsom, Godalming, Dorking, Reigate, Croydon, Farnham, Kingston, Richmond, Kew, Streatham, Tooting, Putney, Wandsworth, Battersea, Clapham, Kennington, Brixton, Norwood, Sydenham, Dulwich, Walworth, Camberwell, Peckham, Merton, Wimbledon, Esher, Leatherhead, Lambeth, Southwark, &c. &c. &c.*

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter III.

THE INFLECTIONS OF VERBS—THE TENSES.

W. I remember the tenses we learned last week, papa. There were the imperfect and perfect past tenses, and the imperfect and perfect future tenses. You said that there are two others.

P. Yes. One tense is past, and the other is present. Here are two examples:—

I *had boiled* the pudding when you ordered the pie.
I *am boiling* the pudding now.

We will consider the past tense first. Will you tell me whether it is perfect or imperfect?

L. "Had boiled" must be perfect. The action was perfectly done when you ordered the pie.

P. True. We can not only say that it *is*, but that it *was*, perfectly done.

L. Yes; the time "when you ordered the pie" is a past time. So the action was *perfectly past* at a past time.

P. On this account, "I had boiled" is said to be *more* than a perfect past tense. From the Latin word "*plus*," which means more, we call the tense "pluperfect past."

L. That is the finest tense of all, to be more than perfect. Suppose, papa, that you gave me a task to do, it would show that I was very obedient if, when you inquired, I could say I "have finished it"; but it might show that I was *more* obedient if I could say, I "*had* finished it when you came in, an hour ago."

W. I shall always remember the pluperfect tense by the word *had*. I'll make some examples:—

I had eaten my dinner.
I had gone to sleep.
I had finished my task.

P. Now let us examine the present tense. "I am boiling" the pudding.

L. That is an imperfect tense, certainly. But, suppose I say "I *do* boil,"—that is a present tense.

P. Yes; it is.

L. Or, suppose I say, "I *do praise*," or "I *praise*," or "I *do learn* my lesson." These verbs are in the present tense, but they seem to be perfect also.

P. No; all present tenses are imperfect, for directly an action is *perfectly* done it is "past." When you say "I do praise," or "I praise," it means "I am praising."

W. I can understand that an action must be imperfect while it is being done. So we must say that the "present" tense is imperfect. I will make some examples of the present tense:—

I am loving, I love, I do love.
I am praising, I praise, I do praise.
I am counting, I count, I do count.

Ion. So we may arrange our present, past, and future tenses in two classes:—

1. (*Imperfect*) *present tense*—I am praising.
Imperfect past tense—I was praising.
Imperfect future tense—I will praise.

2. *Perfect past tense*—I have praised.
Pluperfect past tense—I had praised.
Future perfect tense—I shall have praised.

P. And if you will examine each tense, you will see that it points out two things—first, that you have the power to do the action; secondly, that you exercise the power—therefore these tenses all belong to the INDICATIVE MOOD.

L. Are there as many tenses in the other moods?—in the *Infinitive*, and the *Potential*, and the *Imperative*?

P. No. In the potential mood we have only four tenses. Tell me what tense this is—"I *may* eat."

Ion. It is the present tense.

P. Here is another tense of the potential mood:—

I told him that he *might* eat.
I said that he *could* eat.
I said that he *should* eat.
The boy said that he *would* eat.

You see that all these tenses are "potential," because they only show the *power* to perform the action.

W. Only they do not show that he *has* it *now*, but that he *did have* it. They are in the past tense.

P. Yes; they are called the *imperfect past.* But here is another past tense—"I have tried, and I hope I *may have succeeded.*"

L. That is the *perfect* past tense. The words "*have* succeeded" show that. Is there any *pluperfect* past tense in the potential mood?

P. Yes. Here is an example—"If you had made haste then you *might have caught* him."

W. Yes; that is the pluperfect tense, because it shows that the action of catching might have been done at some past time.

P. These are the four tenses of the potential mood. You may make examples of each.

L. I will.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

1. (*Imperfect*) *present tense*—I may dance; I can dance.
Imperfect past tense—I might dance; I could dance; I would dance; or I should dance.

2. *Perfect past tense*—I may have danced; I can have danced.
Pluperfect past tense—I might have danced; I would have danced; I could have danced, &c.

Thus we have heard of the six tenses in the indicative mood, and four in the potential.

No. 26. PARSING EXERCISE.

I sing because I am glad. Oh, I wish you would sing. I may sing, but I cannot. I think I may have persuaded him to sing. We shall see. I had persuaded him when you saw him. I might have added my persuasions to yours. I said that he might sing: then he said he would.

ETYMOLOGY.

THE INFLECTIONS OF VERBS—THE TENSES.

P. Now that you know the tenses of the indicative and potential moods, you may soon learn the tenses of the others.

In the IMPERATIVE MOOD there is only one tense, called the *present* (or more properly the *future*). Thus,

Dance!
Let us dance!

In the INFINITIVE MOOD we have only two tenses, the *present* and the *past*. Thus,

Present—To dance.
Past—To have danced.

In the CONDITIONAL MOOD there are three, the *present* and two *past* tenses. Thus,

(Imperfect) present—I may go *if I behave* well.
Imperfect past—He looked to see *if I were* behaving well.
Perfect past—He promised to take me *if I behaved* well.

The tenses of the PARTICIPLES are easy to understand. Here are examples of the two principal ones:—

Present—Loving.
Past—Loved.

L. Now shall I make a list of the tenses in each mood?

P. No, I will make it for you, and will give you something to do as an exercise.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

1. *Imperfect present tense.*
2. *Imperfect past tense.*
3. *Imperfect future tense.*
4. *Perfect past tense.*
5. *Pluperfect past tense.*
6. *Perfect future tense.*

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

1. *Present tense.*

POTENTIAL MOOD.

1. *Present tense.*
2. *Imperfect tense.*
3. *Perfect tense.*
4. *Pluperfect tense.*

CONDITIONAL MOOD.

1. *Present tense.*
2. *Imperfect tense.*
3. *Perfect tense.*

INFINITIVE MOOD.

1. *Present tense.*
2. *Past tense.*

You may now take the six following verbs and express each verb in the different tenses of each mood:—To sing, to dance, to eat, to jump, to love, to praise.

I will begin the first verb, that you may see what I mean.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

Present tense—I sing.
Imperfect past tense—I was singing.
Imperfect future tense—I shall sing.
Perfect past tense—I have sung.
Pluperfect past tense—I had sung.
Future perfect tense—I shall have sung.

Supply an example of each tense in the other moods; and go through the same process with the other verbs.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

3rd Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER IV.—MORE ADVENTURES IN FAIRY-LAND.

L. What did Oberon say, papa, to the prince and the poet when they reached the palace?

P. He was, no doubt, very glad to see them, for he asked them in, and gave them a great feast fit for an emperor, so that the prince forgot his anger at the injuries of the boatman. Then he led them through his own estates, which were quite as fine as those of the prince.

They had surveyed all the beautiful grounds, and were returning by another road to the palace, when they passed a thick grove, within which were a crowd of people. Suddenly they heard the voice of a man inside praying loudly for mercy; so they stopped.

"This," said the Emperor of the Fairies, "is our Court of Justice, and yonder is one of my ministers of state, the chief judge, who is trying a prisoner."

"But, please stop a minute longer," said the poet.

"Listen!" said Oberon; "that is the prisoner's voice! We cannot see him for the crowd. Let us remain outside."

"Pray, hear me again!" said the prisoner; "hear me! Those who have accused me are the old felons—the wood-demons. They have disguised themselves as good fairies, that you may believe their word; but my word is worth more than theirs, though I have no witnesses.

"The truth is," he continued, "that as I was rowing the two mortals, one insulted me, and called me a thief. I am an old and honest man, and I did not like to be insulted; so I left them, and jumped into the lake; and that's the truth."

"So it is," whispered the poet, who was listening very earnestly; for he knew directly that the old boatman of the lake was speaking.

"As for the story of my breaking the head of one, and throwing water over the other, I did nothing of the sort. I only jumped at once into the water."

However, the fairies who had accused the prisoner persisted in their account; they said that he knocked one of the mortals with the oar from one side of the boat to the other, and "banged him about on the head."

"That's an exaggeration," whispered the poet.

"Enough," said the judge; "I must pass sentence. By your own confession you left

the mortals in the middle of the lake; and broke the laws of Oberon, by which all good fairies are to suffer, and"—

But the old man could not bear this; he fell on his knees with a shriek; he had never been disgraced in his life; and he cried aloud for help.

The poet's eyes filled with tears at this sound. Without asking permission, he broke through the crowd of fairies, and rushed towards the prisoner. When he saw the noble-looking old man on the ground, his soul was filled with sorrow; the tears came in his eyes, and he ran and lifted him up.

Oberon and the prince followed; but, at the sight of the former, the fairies who had accused the boatman uttered a strange, sharp cry, and flew away; for in a moment they were changed, by the emperor's superior power, to their proper shape, and showed what sort of characters they were.

But the emperor did not notice them; he was too busy watching the poet. He counted the tears that rolled down his checks for the poor man's sake. Counted them? Ah, and he resolved to have them too! He would not let them drop to the ground. In an instant they were collected by certain invisible fairies, were enclosed in a crystal vessel, and were labelled "*Tears of* COMPASSION."

"Look at him," said the poet, as he brought the boatman forward to the emperor; "he looks like an honest man! Do you think he would tell an untruth?"

"But," said the prince, "I heard him declare that he did not splash me with water; now look at my velvet coat, and see the stains."

"Then you forget," dear cousin," said the poet, "that the old man did not see that he had done it. It happened *after* he had jumped into the water."

"He did not see! but he knew all about it, no doubt. Of course he did. Do you mean to say that when he upset that oar on your head he did not do it on purpose?"

"Indeed I don't think he did. There is no more reason to suppose that he did than he did not."

"That," said the prince, "is because you have not seen so much of the world as I have. I used to excuse people in that way once, but I know better now. I have seen too many bad tricks."

But now Oberon spoke. He took the part of the poet. "Indeed, friend, you have seen too much evil, if it has made you more ready to suppose a man guilty than innocent."

"No, sir, it is not fair to think so of this old servant," said the poet once more. "There is no more reason to suppose that he did mean to hurt me than that he did not. *It looked exactly like an accident, and I would rather believe it to be so.*"

Then there came a pleasant smile over Oberon's face. Directly, his invisible fairies were at work again. They were busy writing the poet's last words in a large book; and underneath

them they inscribed in letters of gold "*Words of* CHARITY."

W. Ah, I can prove myself that the poet spoke words of charity. It is written in the Bible that charity "thinketh no evil."

P. But the prince himself was not pleased that the boatman should escape so. And the judge, too, who was going to condemn him, he said that he ought to be punished for not serving his master faithfully. "His wages," he said, "are paid him for rowing his master's guests across the lake; and if they treated him badly he should have made complaint to"—

"Who dares say *I* treated him badly?" said the prince, coming forward with an angry look.

But the ushers of the court cried "Silence!" and begged that the mortal would not interrupt the judge.

"—should have made complaint to the authorities," continued the judge. "But to leave his master's guests in the middle of the lake was, to say the least, dangerous. Had they been unable to row, or to manage the boat, they might have been drowned. Therefore there is no reason why sentence should not be passed on the prisoner."

Then the poet begged permission to speak to the judge. "That, sir," he said, humbly, "is certainly *justice;* but there is something better than justice which may do him more good."

And the poet looked very eloquent, and earnest, when he said these words. Then he stopped; his eye brightened, as though a new thought had come to him. Then he spoke to the judge again.

"Indeed, sir, he has almost a *right* to mercy. 'Mercy' is the 'justice' which a man should have when he has not offended before." And, had the poet remembered, he might have shown this to them by the words of Jesus, who said, that when our "brother offends against us we ought to forgive him seventy times seven."

The people, however, were much pleased with what the poet had said, and Oberon was the most pleased of all. He said, "The offence has not only been committed against me, but against the two mortals; if they are willing to pardon him, I have no objection to do so."

Then the poet did not wait to hear the answer of the prince; he eagerly took the boatman's hand. "My honest-looking old friend," he exclaimed, "the good name you have kept for so many years shall not be disgraced for the sake of a scratch on my head. *I would forgive you if you had hurt me seven times as much.*"

As soon as the poet said these words, they also were written by the invisible fairies in their book. They seemed to think them great treasures; and they wrote underneath them "*Words of* MERCY."

When the prince saw how every one approved of these words, he did not refuse to forgive the man also; and the

great crowd of fairies broke up with joy.

But of all who felt joy, there were none so glad as the boatman. The poet stood watching his delight with eager eyes; and, when the old man came up to him and poured forth words of thanks, he seemed to drink them all in, as though they were food for his soul.

"Come," said the prince, as his cousin still waited, "you see that Oberon has gone on."

"But," said the poet, "was it not worth waiting for, to enjoy that old man's delight?"

"I don't see what you are enjoying," said the prince. "I am accustomed to enjoy my own pleasures—not those of others."

"Then you do not know yet what are the greatest enjoyments," said the poet. "Every word that the old man spoke did me good. His release has been as great a joy to me as to himself. I feel more refreshed than if I had had the richest feast; but mind! Stop!" he said, as he held back his cousin's leg.

"What is the matter?" said his cousin.

"See, you very nearly trod on the insect near your foot;" and he took up the insect, which both he and the prince found to be of a curious kind—such as they had not seen in their world. They both felt pleasure in examining it, but the poet was most pleased when he saw the delight which it showed when it was allowed to fly away.

"I suppose you enjoyed the pleasure which that ugly insect felt when it gained its liberty," said the prince mockingly.

"To be sure I did," said his cousin. "Why not love the insect? Does not the Great Maker of all delight in the happiness of the smallest thing? *Let us learn to love all things, and be pleased with their pleasures.*"

Then once more the invisible fairies found work to do. They copied these words of the poet also, and wrote beneath them, "*Words of* LOVE."

But Oberon, who had been waiting all this time, and had been watching them more earnestly than they were aware of, came up, and bade them make haste, as they must leave his lands before the rising of the sun.

They were, however, stopped once more on their way. While Oberon and the prince were talking, they missed the poet, and found that he was a long way behind, standing still, watching some children at play.

"Ah!" said Oberon to the prince, "is not that a refreshing sight? How heartily the little ones enjoy themselves! Listen to their musical laugh! Look at these two elder children sitting on a stone near us. They are orphans, a brother and sister, whom I saved from starvation. Do you see the joy and pride on the sister's face as she strokes back her brother's hair from his forehead? See, too, how tenderly he seems to love her! But you do not appear to notice them! Cannot you enjoy their delight? Do

you not take pleasure in little children?"

The prince coloured slightly at this question. He answered with some confusion, that he used to be fond of children. "Once," he said, "I used to take pleasure in feeding animals, and in seeing them happy; I was very fond of helping poor people, and that sort of thing. But that was when I was a child; my mother taught me; I have given up that kind of enjoyment long ago."

"Given up such love?" said Oberon with surprise. "You mean you have *lost* it! What a loss!"

"Well, I don't know," said the prince; "I forgot such feelings—I was too busy to indulge in them."

"You should never be too busy to be kind," said Oberon. "What were you doing?"

"A great many things. I was getting great learning (I am much more learned than the poet). I used to study very hard; and then I found a way to make money; and you know what a splendid fortune I have made."

"Oh, prince," said Oberon with sorrow, "do you call such a fortune 'splendid'? You bought it at too dear a price. Why, you gave up for it the pleasures of love!

"Oh, prince," he continued with much more sorrow, "when such pleasures are lost, they are not easy to find again. When you knew the pleasures of loving others, you should have indulged in them more and more, that they might increase.

"Let me tell you these words again. The pleasures of Compassion, Mercy, Charity, and Love are to be most carefully cherished; and if your heart is hard, and you have lost these pleasures, you have lost more riches than mountains upon mountains of gold can bring.

"You will hear more of this soon. Poor prince!"

"'*Poor* prince' again?" replied the prince. "Nay, that is not true. Who dares to say I am poor?"

"ALL! ALL!" said the crowds of fairies, who, he found, had gathered around him (for they had all become visible again). "We know thee now, poor prince! Poor"—

But the sun had just sent a rosy ray from the east across the fairy lawns; and immediately the palace of Oberon, the fairies, and all things around the prince became indistinct, and seemed to melt in the air. In an instant the prince and the poet found they had been brought back to their own land—they knew not how. Each found himself in his own bed, wide awake, as if he had started from a dream; and each remembered that the fairies were to come that evening to their country, to choose a king.

W. Perhaps, papa, they had been dreaming.

P. Perhaps. I cannot say.

THE STUARTS.

JAMES I.

THE persecutions of the Catholics, on account of the Gunpowder Plot, were severe at first, but were not increased so much by James as his subjects desired. This was partly because of the king's easy temper, and partly because of his natural fear, of which you have heard. He thought, "If I treat them with more severity they may again conspire against me, and may be more successful."

The partiality of James for his favourites has been mentioned as another sign of his weakness. The first successful favourite was Robert Carr This youth had a beautiful countenance, pleasing manners, and good abilities. James therefore loved him so much that he knighted him, and, at last, raised him to be Earl of Somerset. In this high position Carr showed that he was without the most important of all acquirements, good principles. He committed most serious crimes. and was at last driven from court, as all persons who have not good principles should be.

The second favourite of James was no better than the first. His name was George Villiers. The king loved him principally for his beauty and his wit; but his "principles" were also very bad. and he proved to be a great rogue. Nevertheless, James so much admired him that, in the course of a few years, he created him "Viscount Villiers, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Buckingham, Knight of the Garter, Master of the Horse, Chief Justice in Eyre, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Master of the King's Bench Office, Steward of Westminster, Constable of Windsor, and Lord High Admiral of England." It is likely that none of these grand offices would have been given to Villiers had he not possessed beauty. The people were disgusted with James for his foolishness; then, I dare say, they wished that he could have exchanged his learning for *wisdom*.

One great source of trouble to King James was the misfortunes of his children. His eldest son, Henry, was a prince of great ability, but he died in the year 1612, to the great grief of the nation.

In the next year, 1613, James's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, was married to Frederick the "Elector Palatine." The palatinate was one of the Protestant countries of Germany; but Frederick, instead of being content with his own country, was induced to accept the crown of Bohemia. On this the Catholic powers of Austria and Spain made war against him, defeated him in the great battle of Prague, and took his kingdoms away from him.

The question of Protestantism and Popery was a most

important one in these times; and, when the English parliament heard of the doings of the Catholics, they insisted that James should make war with Austria to restore his Protestant son-in-law Frederick.

But James would not. One of his reasons for not doing so was, that he thought he could by his *great wisdom*, and by his virtue and moderation, persuade Austria to submit to his will. This was the right thing to do, if he could have done it; but the spirit of wisdom and peace which will prevent war comes from God, and it is to be feared that James had not this.

Another of the king's reasons for not helping his son-in-law was his views concerning his son Charles. The Prince Charles was the heir to the crown; and James had the foolish notion that it was beneath his son's dignity to marry any one but a princess. He had therefore selected the daughter of the King of Spain as a match for Charles; and on this account also he wished not to begin war with Spain and Austria.

But when the House of Commons heard of this design, and remembered that the Princess of Spain was a Catholic, they were highly indignant. I told you what strength the Puritans possessed in the parliament, and how they had determined to oppose the king; and you heard, too, what great ideas of the power of the crown James had derived from Elizabeth. Thus the question of power between the parliament and king had been disputed since the beginning of his reign, and it now caused a quarrel.

On the 14th of November, 1621, the Commons framed a remonstrance to carry to the king. They said that the conquests made by the Austrian family in Germany raised mighty expectations in the English Papists; but, above all, that the Spanish match elevated them to hope for toleration, if not a re-establishment, of their religion. They therefore entreated his majesty that he would immediately undertake the defence of the palatinate; and that he would turn his sword against Spain, whose armies were the chief support of the Catholics in Europe; and that he would marry his son to none but a Protestant princess.

When the king heard of the intended remonstrance he wrote a letter to the speaker, in which he sharply rebuked the house "for debating on matters far above their capacity." He strictly forbade them to meddle with anything that regarded *his* government, and especially not to touch on his son's marriage with the Spanish princess.

Upon this the Commons framed a new remonstrance, in which they asserted their right of debating on *all* matters of government; and that they possessed entire freedom of speech in their debates.

The king replied, that their remonstrance was more like a denunciation of war than an address of dutiful subjects; that their presumption to inquire

into *all* state affairs was such as none of their ancestors (even during the reign of the weakest princes) had ever pretended to. He added, that they had better show their wisdom by keeping within their proper sphere; and that in any business which depended on his honour they had no title to give their advice, unless he asked it, &c.

In return to James's message, the Commons "passed" the remonstrance which I have mentioned. Then the king, on his part, flew into a violent passion; he took the remonstrance out of their journals, tore it to atoms, dissolved parliament, and committed several members to prison.

This quarrel is worth noticing as it shows how the Puritans and the people were gaining boldness, and trying to limit the king's power; it shows, too, the spirit of James, which was afterwards imbibed by his son Charles to his own cost.

But although James dissolved parliament, his scheme for marrying his son made slow progress. He was anxious for the match because the Spaniards had promised with the princess the immense portion of £600,000. With this fortune, he thought, his son would relieve him from his debts, which were very great. In order to accomplish his purpose, and to please the Court of Spain, James released all the Papists who were in prison, and he privately agreed to the very terms which the parliament had feared, namely, the repeal of the laws against the Catholics, and a partial toleration of their religion.

The Spanish Court, however, were not disposed to hasten the marriage; they kept the matter in suspense for nearly five years, when, at last, the agreement was drawn up; all the terms were agreed to, and only the Pope's dispensation was wanting to complete the affair, when it was suddenly broken off.

This end to the negotiation was caused chiefly by the folly of George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham. The Prince Charles, after waiting impatiently for five years, longed to see the princess who was to be his wife. Buckingham therefore told him that it would be a gallant and romantic expedition to travel to Spain in disguise, and, like a devoted lover, to visit his lady in person; and proposed that they should go together. Charles at once consented; permission was obtained from the king; and Charles, acting the part of knight-errant, and Buckingham being his squire, the two mad-caps set out on their adventures. On reaching Spain the court and people of that country were much surprised at so unusual a step. They, however, received Charles with kindness, and indeed soon became attached to him; but they were disgusted with the bad behaviour of Buckingham. The latter therefore, for his own future safety, used all his influence with Charles to break off the match, and he succeeded.

Soon after this event Prince Charles was married to the

Princess Henrietta, daughter of the King of France. This match was almost as bad for the Protestant interest as the one proposed before. In the treaty of marriage it was agreed that the children of Charles and his wife should be educated by the mother, who was a Catholic, until the age of 13. So strictly were these terms afterwards observed, that the children were not even allowed to be suckled by Protestant nurses; and in their education they received that inclination towards Popery which proved the ruin of the Stuarts.

After breaking the agreement to the marriage with the Spanish princess, James had no objection to declare the war with Spain, for the relief of the Elector Palatine. An army of 6,000 men was sent over to Holland, which was immediately followed by another of 12,000; and the Court of France promised him help.

The expedition, however, totally failed. The French did not keep their word--not even giving to the troops permission to land. The soldiers were thus cooped up in their narrow vessels until nearly half their number were carried off by pestilence. The remainder seemed to be too small a body to march into the palatinate, and returned without effecting anything.

It is not known whether this loss affected the constitution of James or not, but he was soon after seized with a tertian ague, and died in the year 1625. When expiring he exhorted his son, Prince Charles, to persevere in the Protestant religion.

THE LITTLE DOG.

I'LL never hurt my little dog,
But stroke and pat his head:
I like to see him wag his tail—
I like to see him fed.

Poor little thing, how very good,
And very useful too;
For do you know that he will mind
What he is bid to do.

Then I will never hurt my dog,
Nor ever give him pain;
But I will always treat him kind,
And he will love again.

A faithful friend he ever is,
Nor e'er forsakes his trust;
O then, for all the care he takes,
I'll love my dog—I must.

Infant School Magazine.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

SUSSEX.

"My dear Children,—

"You may go from the Croydon Railway Station to a great many places.

"The name 'Brighton' is at the bottom of the railway table; it is printed in large letters because it is at the end of the line; for if the engines were to go any further they would run into the sea—but I was not afraid of any such mishap. I knew, without looking at the map, that Brighton is on the coast of *Sussex*, the county which I wanted to visit; therefore I took my place, and in an hour or two I was walking on the beach.

"On Brighton beach—what is there to be seen? Look before you, there is a wide, wide sea, as green as grass; but, even supposing it to be a sea-meadow, it is a very barren one—hardly a single speck of a ship disturbs its even surface.

"Then, behind you. 'Yes, here is plenty to be seen,' I said, as I turned round—for here was all the bustle of London—the Cliff, the Parade, the long row of shops and hotels, crowds of gay people on foot, and almost as many riding. The young ladies on horseback, accompanied by their riding-masters, or their papas, were very numerous. 'On the whole,' I thought, 'it is very much like London. I'll go and have a walk on the Parade.'

"The walk on the Parade quite settled the matter; it was *too* much like London. 'A crowd of gay company,' I thought, 'is a very pretty thing in its way; and as for these splendid shops, with their enormous plate-glass fronts; they are—magnificent, I suppose; so their owners think.' Well, they are right, but one does not leave London to see these things; so I hunted about for something different. I dived down the next turning, but I found it led to another street, and then to another, so I travelled from one end of the town to the other, and was amazed at its size. The hotels, the lodging-houses, and terraces, were in the grandest style. And they seemed to be without number—streets, and terraces, and squares; squares, and terraces, and streets; and new streets and old, dirty and clean, narrow and—in fact, read my walk through London in the 4th volume of Pleasant Pages, and you have Brighton.

"And it was very hot—very. There was hardly a breath of air stirring. I found myself under the shade of a large building called the Pavilion, and walked round to examine it. Certainly I thought it a curious specimen of architecture—with its domes, minarets, and pinnacles; it is half Chinese and half Turkish in character. As the gateway was open, and people were going

to and fro, I ventured to go inside, and walk through part of the grounds. Here I was struck with the desolate appearance of the building. The walls and windows were out of repair, and dusty; looking inside, the rooms seemed to be nearly empty, and the whole place to be neglected and deserted. I inquired, and found that the Pavilion was formerly a royal palace, that it was built and expensively furnished by King George IV., but that her Majesty the Queen does not make use of it, not being partial to Brighton. The building has lately been sold.

"So I wandered from the Pavilion back to the streets. Still the heat was oppressive. I sauntered to the Chain-pier, gazed at the bathing-machines, the baths, the children on the beach, and at last went down to try and pick up shells. Then, for the first time, I began to enjoy myself. Looking at the children and the waves, I was reminded of the old enjoyments at Ramsgate, and remembered what I had come to the seaside for.

"Then I was reconciled to Brighton, and was sorry I had grumbled at the town. There were the shops for those who liked shops; and the sea for those who liked sea; and 'The Ocean Queen' and other pleasure yachts, and boats.

"'Boat, sir?' said a waterman, touching his hat, as I thought these thoughts. 'Beautiful day for a ride, sir. Don't go away, sir; you'd better have a ride—havn't been out these two days.'

"The poor waterman seemed to want a job; for as soon as he saw I was half inclined to go he ran down to the beach, pushed out his boat, and so decided for me.

"'You can't earn very much at this kind of work, if this is all the employment you have had for two days,' I said to the boatman.

"'No, sir, not much,' said the man; 'but this is early in the season—and then, again, people ride so much in this place. There's so much riding on horseback. Look at the lots of young ladies that come out from the riding-schools; it's all the fashion here.'

"'Yes, I noticed a great many young ladies riding;—but which part of the year do you call the season?'

"'The busy time is just beginning now, sir. At midsummer we have the holiday folks, the tradespeople from London, and the children from boarding-schools—then in the autumn the great folks come, the grand fashionable company.'

"'But what a pity you never have the Queen here now! Her Majesty does not like Brighton.'

"'Pity, sir! not a bit. There are quite as many people as there were before; and more, perhaps; for a good many of the visitors used to leave whenever the Queen came.'

"'Did you ever see the Queen?'

"'Ah! that I did, sir, often. The last time she was here I was once as near to her as I am to you; she was just landing, and my boat was the nearest to

her—close alongside—when, as she was going to step on to the pier, she looked down and saw me.'

"'Indeed!'

"'Yes, sir, she did indeed. But as for our missing the Queen—there, sir! that's quite a mistake. Brighton always has been, and so it always will be, the most fashionable watering-place in England.'

"'You are going round the pier?' I said.

"'Yes, sir.'

"And when we had passed the pier, and stood out some distance, we saw Brighton to advantage; I never had any idea that the row of houses facing the sea was so long and varied.

"After floating about on the water, on the gentlest waves imaginable, which seemed so languid with the heat that they could only rock the boat enough to send one to sleep, I returned to one of the Brighton inns.

"Here I dived into the history of Brighton—found that it was once a fishing village called Brighthelmstone; that in the middle of the last century Dr. Russell (a medical man who wrote a famous work on the use of sea-water) recommended it as a watering-place; that George IV., when Prince of Wales, was partial to it as his summer residence, and in 1784 caused the foundation of the Pavilion to be laid, at the same time founding the prosperity of the town. Then I thought to myself, 'It is wonderful how, in the space of fifty years, Brighton became such a magnificent place.' With this thought I went to bed, slept, and woke the next morning soon enough to take the early train to Hastings.

"HASTINGS is an improvement on Brighton. It may be remembered because it is the most sheltered of the watering-places, and has the mildest climate in the winter. To see how sheltered it is, you must go up the steps to the top of the West Cliff (called St. Mary's Cliff), where the castle is. There you will perceive that the town is built between two great hills, and that it has hills behind it, at the north. The view of the sea on the East Cliff is very fine, and at some distance beyond there is a beautiful spot called the Lovers' Seat, where the view is finer still. The surrounding country is very pretty, and affords many a pleasant ride to the visitors.

"On account of the warm climate of Hastings there are visitors all the year round. Many poor people who are dying of consumption remain during the winter, in the hope of prolonging their lives.

"The old town of Hastings, between the cliffs, is now the least important part;—the High Street cannot make very high pretensions. To take lodgings in it would, by the fashionable people, be considered even 'low.' The new houses have been brought out to face the sea, in the regular watering-place style; so that there are the Crescent, Parade, and squares, such as other watering-places have. Joined to Hastings is a new and highly fashionable

neighbourhood, consisting of 'first-rate' dwellings, and called St. Leonard's.

"But the lowest part of all, which is furthest from St. Leonard's, but which pleased me most, is the neighbourhood of the fishermen, near the High Street and the East Cliff. Here, in a few hours, I learned very much about the mackerel and herrings which the fishermen catch; and one morning, having got out of bed at five o'clock, I saw the boats come in and unload, and saw the fish sold by Dutch auction, which I had heard of at Lowestoft (vol. iii. p. 76).

"Hastings is noted as one of the ancient 'Cinque ports,' which I spoke of in the account of Dover (vol. iii. p. 235); but, above all, it is famous for the battle between William the Conqueror and Harold, which you heard of in your English History.

"The village of Battle, and the abbey, which William I. built by way of thanksgiving, are a few miles distant from Hastings.

"I am, dear children,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

KINDNESS.

THERE'S nothing lost by being kind,
It never brings us pain;
Respect and love from all around,
Kindness is sure to gain.

It is a treasure to possess,
Which wealth cannot impart;
There's music in each whispered tone
Which reaches to the heart.

It is the sunshine of the soul,
True happiness it brings,
And raises up man's nobler powers
Above all meaner things.

If men were kind pure joy would spring
Into this world of ours,
We should see blooming everywhere
Love's amaranthine flowers.

'Twill breathe around celestial calm,
And cheer life's saddest gloom;
It will secure domestic bliss,
And make a heaven of home.

Then let our hearts be ever kind,
And we shall surely prove,
The richest joys we can possess
Spring from a life of love.

JOHN BOOKER.

SWITZERLAND.

W. Where is uncle Richard's letter, papa?

P. Uncle Richard has gone to ASIA. He purposed during his stay at Constantinople to write you a description of every country in Europe, but he could not persuade himself to remain any longer in Turkey. So we will ourselves finish the Geography of Europe, while he is taking notes in other quarters of the globe.

W. I remember the countries we have heard about—SPAIN and PORTUGAL, MALTA, GREECE, TURKEY, and ITALY.

Ion. Please let us hear about SWITZERLAND next. It is close to ITALY, just at the north.

P. Very well. You remember how uncle Richard said we were first to notice the *position* of a country and its *surface*.

Ion. And then, if we know the position and surface, we can tell something of the *climate*, and *soil*, and *produce*.

W. Yes. And when we know of the *produce* of a country, and notice its position again, we can pretty nearly imagine what *commerce* and *manufactures* it has.

P. And from these points we can often judge what the character of a people may be.

A mountainous or level country influences the character of a people.

An inland or a maritime country influences the character of a people.

A hot or cold climate influences the character of a people.

Particular manufactures and trades influence the character of a people; and the natural character of a people also influences their manufactures. We may see these things in the Geography of SWITZERLAND, and of most other countries.

To begin. You know the *position* of Switzerland, and by looking at the map you may tell something of its surface.

Ion. It is between Italy, Germany, and France. Italy is at the south; Germany at the north and east; and France at the west. So much for its position.

W. And the map tells us of its *surface* also. It is all amidst the mountains—the great Alps. The map also tells us how small it is.

P. Yes. We have these three well-known facts:—1. It is a very small country. 2. It is at the north of Italy. 3. It is the most mountainous country in Europe. You have heard of the ranges of Alps in your Physical Geography lessons (vol. ii. p. 315), and you know that most are above the *snow-line*.*

Then let us consider the last-mentioned fact, that Switzerland is the most mountainous country in Europe. What are the consequences when there are mountains, especially when they are above the snow-line?

* Vol. ii. p. 235.

Ion. I will count. (1) When there are mountains there must be valleys.

W. And (2) where the valleys are fertile there is pasture for cattle.

L. And (3) when there are many mountains and valleys there are not many broad plains, for corn-fields and other *arable* lands.

Ion, And (4) when the mountains are higher than the snow-line, then all the water above the line must become snow.

W. And (5) when in the summer some of the snow melts it causes vapour and rain.

Ion. And (6) it causes springs which swell the rivers, or form lakes.

L. And (7) mountains influence the character of the people. If the natives have to run up and down the steep places, even when they are boys and girls, I should think they would become active and hardy.

W. And (8) the people perhaps are more scattered, and have not so much chance of seeing one another; so they are not likely to improve so much.

Ion. I think *that* is, partly, because it is not so easy to make good roads; and there is another consequence to that (9), there will not be so much commerce.

P. And you may add something else (10). When a country is mountainous it is not easy to conquer. If enemies invade it, the natives know all the safe and dangerous places, and can attack them in the narrow roads and passes; or if they are conquered they can hide themselves. On this account *Wales* was a very difficult country to conquer; the *Highlands* of Scotland again were equally so.

W. And is all this true about the mountains of Switzerland?

P. Pretty nearly. The first three particulars are correct,—there are valleys—there is pasture land—there is not much arable land.

Let us talk of these particulars. The *valleys* of Switzerland are not all alike. Some are narrow, and intensely hot in the summer; some are broad and very fertile, some are entirely choked with snow. Above the valleys, in the highlands, are forests of larch, pine, beech, birch, maple, and oak. These are cut down by the people to build their cottages—for fuel—and for exporting. But I think they cannot export much now; the annual quantity consumed for fuel is so immense, that in some "cantons" the wood is becoming scarce, and the people are digging for coal.

Secondly. The *pasture land* of Switzerland is very important. The number of cattle, sheep, and goats is very large. They are the chief source of wealth to the rustic Swiss. The cows feed in the lower pastures and marshy land, the sheep in the drier and higher lands, and the goats and chamois gratify their *capering* propensities on the highest and craggiest parts.

With such a stock of cattle, the grass and *winter fodder* is very valuable. The mountain pastures are let to the cattle-

owners at so much per cow's feed, from the 15th of May to the 18th October. Sometimes the land-proprietors hire the cows at so much for the season, instead of the cow-proprietors hiring the land. Each cow's milk is worth about 3*l.* or 3*l.* 10*s.* per annum. To procure winter fodder for their cattle is a most important object to the peasants, and they collect every blade of grass with the greatest care. The fields in the valleys are shaved as close as a bowling-green; and on the steep places, where no cattle could climb, the peasants make hay with crampons (instruments to prevent them from slipping) on their feet; even the patches of grass which grow under the ledges of rocks are cut close.

Thirdly. The *arable land.* It is quite true that there is not much. Not near enough corn for the use of the people is produced. Some cantons scarcely possess a single field of grain. The best agricultural districts are along the borders of the lakes, and the banks of the Rhine.

We will talk of the other particulars in our next lesson.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower! I love in forest bare
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But, 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried;
I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

BRYANT.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

4th Week. MONDAY. Moral Lesson.

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER V.—A DISCOURSE ON "RICHES."

L. Now, papa, you have to tell us of the fourth visit which the fairies made to the earth.

P. True; and I will endeavour to put it before you in the form of a drama.

Ion. How will you do that, papa?

P. I will put the scene and the fairies before your mind so that you may see it. You must shut your eyes and use your imagination.

Now, imagine you are in the country of the prince.

W. I am imagining.

P. The sun has gone down, and there is a great crowd of people.

Ion. Yes.

P. And they are waiting for some fairies.

L. Yes.

P. And there are two men who seem of more importance than any of the others.

L. Yes, I see them; they are the poet and the prince.

P. And now the fairies are coming—the whole array—all you heard of at first. Hear them speak!

Oberon. Friends, we have passed sentence on our guests. Both spirits we have tried; and in our happy land last night we proved them well. One hath riches greater far than other mortals have. Behold him! (*taking the* POET *by the hand*) he is your king!

The Prince (*coming forward hastily*). Nay, stop! My people shall not hear these words. I am their prince, their lawful king. You say my cousin has more wealth than I?

Oberon. "Riches," I said, not *wealth*.

Prince. Well, riches, then. This is foul play, I say. Thou knowest, and all the people know, that when we visited your land last night we were not proved at all.

People. Fair play! fair play, for the prince; for, though we like him not, we would give him an honest chance.

Queen Mab (*coming forward*). Good people, the prince hath spoken ill against our lord the emperor; but all good fairies like fair play, and you shall see how faithful we have been.

We have served you with diligence and care, and we have measured with exactness the riches of each man. Here (*producing a paper*) is the written account. Let the prince himself prove its truth.

Prince. Not I! I will have all my riches brought from my palace to this spot. They shall be weighed; and they shall be my proof.

Oberon. You need not do that; will you that the people shall hear what passed last night?

Prince. That is the very thing I want.

Oberon. Then tell them. Did I not, and all my subjects, leave you suddenly soon after you arrived in fairy-land?

Prince. Yes, that he did, good people, and we were left alone.

Oberon. And when the two mortals saw my subjects dancing amidst the trees a new dance, which had never been danced before, one mortal cared not for the truth, but he boasted that he had himself danced that dance; but the other did not like to make such boast.

Prince. Yes, I remember. Well! I thought that perhaps I had danced it.

An old Porter (coming forward). And, Mr. Prince, who was it spoke the truth, and thus enabled you to pass my gate?

Prince. It was my cousin.

Oberon. And thus did your cousin show his spirit loved the TRUTH. We all saw that.

Prince. But I want to know what that has to do with our *riches?*

Oberon. Please answer our questions first. Say, who picked the flower that—

Prince. Ah, did you see that?

Oberon. Indeed we did; the poet had more HONESTY than thou. When thou didst run in the wrong road, and wishedst to cross the impassable marshes, who showed thee the right and proper way across the lake?

Prince. My cousin did.

Oberon. Thus did he show the love of ORDER—that great heavenly law.

And when he wanted thee to make amends to him who rowed thee on the lake, and when thou wert left to help thyself, did he not teach thee how? Thus thy cousin hath JUSTICE; he also hath INDUSTRY.

Prince. That is not much.

Oberon. These things are very much. Listen—

He who speaks the TRUTH doeth right.

He who acts with HONESTY doeth right.

He who acts with ORDER and JUSTICE, and hath INDUSTRY, doeth right.

Prince. That may be true.

Oberon. And he who tries to do right hath what is called "*Rectitude.*" This rectitude is part of the riches which all princes and others must have to make their way through the world. He who has rectitude may *respect* himself; then others can respect him. Thus he becomes "respectable."

But again; thy cousin hath much more than that.

It was the poet who felt sorrow for my old servant who rowed thee, and was going to be punished; he hath COMPASSION.

Again; thy cousin wished to believe the old man innocent; he would not think ill of him; thus he hath CHARITY.

Again; thy cousin begged for him to be forgiven. He spoke words of mercy towards him. Thus we found COMPASSION, CHARITY, and MERCY in thy cousin's soul. These riches are great *treasures*.

Prince. I do not call them "treasures." So, you have been trying our dispositions! Is that what you mean when you say you examined us?

Oberon. True; what do you think we would examine but thy soul? I told thee thou canst not *possess* anything except that which is in thy soul. But we will talk again of this soon.

And more, the spirit of thy cousin showed yet another treasure. Did you observe how he shared in the old man's joy, and felt great pleasure even in the joy of the insect? Who was it felt such delight in the love of the orphan brother and sister? I told you that the spirit of LOVE is worth more than mountains upon mountains of gold.

Prince. But suppose that my cousin hath more love than I, what does that matter?

Oberon. Then, I say once more, he is far richer, and more fit to be a king; his deeds will be such as will give great joy to all. Listen again—

He who hath COMPASSION will do *more* than right.

He who hath MERCY will do more than right.

He who hath CHARITY and LOVE will do more than right.

Thy cousin hath these things; so he hath more than "rectitude," he hath what we call "*virtue*."

Thus he is more than "respectable," he hath treasures, and is "rich"—

(*From all the company of Fairies.*) And thou, O prince, art poor! Poor prince!

Prince. I thought I should hear those words again. I tell you once more, I have more riches than the poet. I thought you would be wanting to call truth and love, and that sort of thing, riches; no one ever heard of such a thing before.

Oberon. Then will you tell us why you call your wealth "riches"?

Prince. Certainly I will. My wealth brings happiness; there is no bound to the happiness my wealth will bring; I can buy more paintings, and flowers, more gardens, parks, statues, jewels, ornaments, furniture, and splendid palaces than any one else can buy.

Oberon. And these will delight your eyes.

Prince. They will. And more; I can command the sweetest sounds which music can bring forth. And when I please, singing boys and girls do make soft melody, which—

Oberon. Which gives delight to your ears.

Prince. Yes; and from my gardens are wafted perfumes as sweet as those of "Fairy-land." The richest fruits, too, and drinks of the most enchanting flavour.

Oberon. True, and those shall delight your sense of smell, and your sense of taste. We have such things in Fairy-land; but oh! we do not call them "riches." They only enrich

the senses, they do not enrich the soul.

Listen, O prince, yet once more! those only are real riches which the *soul* can enjoy. Thy pleasures cannot be compared with those of the poet. Compassion gives pleasure to the soul. Mercy yields pleasure to the soul. Charity yields delight to the soul. And LOVE enriches the soul with pleasures such as you have not yet felt; pleasures, as I said before, which are more real than those which mountains upon mountains of gold can yield.

Prince. And do you mean to say, O fairy king, that such pleasures are greater than mine?

Oberon. They are; for they arise not from selfishness. Amongst the pleasures of love there is one luxury which is alone far greater than all thine, and is more *real*.

Prince. What luxury is that?

Oberon. It is "the luxury of doing good." And—

But here was another interruption. The drama was interrupted by the people. They shouted and clapped their hands, and hundreds of poor, and old, and young people came forward, and said they would prove how much of that luxury the poet enjoyed every day.

The prince, however, interfered; he said he had a right to be heard. As Oberon chose to talk of the riches of the soul, he would prove that he had other riches besides gold, which were a part of his soul, and which he had acquired at great trouble.

Then the people were silent again.

(*Continued on next page.*)

GET UP, LITTLE SISTER.

GET up, little sister, the morning is bright;
The birds are all singing to welcome the light;
The buds are all opening, the dew 's on the flower;
If you shake but a branch, see there falls quite a shower.

By the side of their mothers look, under the trees,
How the young fawns are skipping about as they please,
And by all those rings in the water, I know,
The fishes are merrily swimming below.

The bee, I dare say, has been long on the wing,
To get honey from every flower of the spring;
For the bee never idles, but labours all day,
And thinking, wise insect, work better than play.

The lark 's singing gaily—it loves the bright sun,
And rejoices that now the gay spring has begun;
For the spring is so cheerful, I think 't would be wrong,
If we did not feel happy to hear the lark's song.

Get up! for when all things are merry and glad,
Good children should never be lazy or sad;
For God gives the daylight, dear sister, that we
May rejoice like the lamb, and work like the bee.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

A FAIRY TALE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE DECISION OF THE FAIRIES.

Prince. You talked, King Oberon, of the riches of the soul; and then you called me poor, but you forgot something.

Oberon. What is that?

Prince. You forget how *learned* I am!

Yes, you forgot that! My learning extends down to the depths of the earth; for I know most of its strata, and the fossils and other remains which are there found. My learning extends up to the skies; for I know the fixed stars, and also the planets that wander there. My learning extends over the length and breadth of the world; for I know the mosses and lichens that grow around the poles, and the giant trees of the tropics. I have studied the habits of thousands of animals, and their curious parts and structure; so that I know even the numbers of their vertebræ, and the shape and size of the discs in their blood. This knowledge gives me great pleasure, and makes me rich. I can speak to thee in the various languages of the earth, and, if I were to count up before thee all my knowledge, you would see that the poet's riches cannot be compared with mine.

Oberon. No doubt, good prince, thou art very learned; but such learning is only the riches of the mind.

Prince. What do you mean by "mind"?

Oberon. The *mind* is the part of thee which thinks and learns. Thy *soul* is the part which feels, and loves, and hates. The riches of the mind are better than the riches of the senses, but the riches of the soul are the best of all. But what do you do with your knowledge?

Prince. I cannot say—I keep it.

An old Man (*coming forward from amongst the people*). Pardon me, O fairy king, but I would speak. The words of the prince are true. The knowledge he hath gained he hath surely kept to himself. There are none amongst the people who know, to this day, of our prince's learning. But it is true, sir, that we know much of the learning of the poet; and here are my two sons, and all the city besides, who are ready to show how he hath *used* his learning for our good.

Oberon. Then bring in one of thy sons.

The Gardener's Son (*enters, turning to Oberon*). Sir, I can prove that I was given to drunkenness and vice; and the poet became my friend. It was he who taught us many wonderful things about God's works, so that I was led to think; and at last I was so drawn away from my old pursuits, that I gave them up.

And I can tell of more.

Oberon. Well, proceed.

Gardener's Son. My brother and I have a small farm, which did not yield good crops; the

soil was bad. Then the poet taught us many things about the nature of the soil, and the gases it contained; he also taught us of the gases in the air, and of the different qualities of manure; and we so learned from him to cultivate our land, that now we have gained much wealth.

And again, sir, my neighbour, whose manufactures had failed, learned from the poet new secrets of Chemistry, which he himself can tell of better than I.

Manufacturer (*coming forward*). Yes, I can tell.

Two more Workmen. And we also can tell of all that we have learned from—

Several People. And we would wish to speak.

Oberon. You need not. All you can tell me of the poet my own subjects observed long ago. The poet has not so much learning as the prince; but he has made all the knowledge he has to be *of use*. Thus, O prince, his knowledge produces greater "riches" than thine, because he knows how to turn it to good account. Of what use is that knowledge which a man shuts up within himself? We cannot call it "riches."

Prince. I am almost ready to yield. My cousin is perhaps better than I. But one word more. I do not like you to sneer at all my gold; why do you call the poet's riches more *real* than mine?

Oberon. Because, if I must repeat it once more, they are within him, they are a part of him. Your wealth of gold may flee from you, then your pleasure is gone; but his living riches are always within him wherever he goes; therefore he *possesses* them. But I can give you a better reason why the poet should be made king.

Prince. What is that?

Oberon. You would not like to give your gold to others, you would thus lose it. But it is different with the living riches of the poet, which are always growing within him. When he gives happiness to the people, by showing them his compassion, or mercy, or charity, or love, he will not lose his riches by so doing. Instead of losing by giving, he will gain.

And again, these riches of charity and love which he may give to the people will grow in them; the love they learn they will teach to others, and their "riches of the soul" will go on, and go on increasing.

Prince (*with some disdain*). And when will the growth of such riches end?

Oberon. Never!

Prince. Indeed!

Oberon. Can you not see that such riches are never lost? They are a part of the soul, and the soul is immortal. Thus they must remain for ever.

But there will be an end to your wealth of gold. You *must* part with it when you are called, as all mortals are, to another world.

Prince. True; every one knows that.

Oberon. Then it is another proof that you do not *possess* your gold—it is not yours "to keep."

Prince. I have heard enough.

Oberon. Then acknowledge the poet as your king—THE POET IS THE RICHER MAN.

When these words had been uttered by Oberon in a decided tone, his sentence was confirmed by the people. They came forward with joy to acknowledge the rights of the poet.

And when the poet had been crowned, the fairies bade good-bye to the people; and the people blessed them for teaching the world to call things by their proper names. You would have liked to watch the crowds of men and women on their way home; and to hear them talk of the happiness they should have. Indeed, I think that if one of the bad fairies had offered to take them then to the Californian mines, nearly all would have said, No! we mean to search after the real riches—the "riches of the soul."

And so ends my tale.

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet;
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots, and gilliflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

COLERIDGE.

TALK ABOUT THE FAIRY TALE.

W. PAPA, you did not stop yesterday to make a regular *lesson* from the fairy tale.

P. No, but if you like we will do so to-day.

W. Please do. I want to ask one or two questions. First, What became of the prince? did he try to become like the poet?

P. I am glad to say he did, but he never became quite so good; for the poet, or the *king* as we must now call him, had begun to be "respectable," and even "rich," in his youth.

But now you may see why I have told this tale to you.

W. Yes; that Lucy and Ada, and Ion and I, may try and become rich too, while we are young.

P. True. I dare say you are like other children who think to themselves, "How *much* money I will get, when I become a man!"

Now, you know better than to think of such things. You may begin at once to gain true riches—to learn to speak the truth, and to be honest, and to have charity and love.

W. And will you say that part over again, papa, about what we must have to become "respectable."

P. Yes, remember—

1st. That there are in this world gold and other things which afford the *pleasures of* SENSE. These are good things, but they are not "riches"; they will not even make you "respectable."

2ndly. That in this world you may gain knowledge, and other things, which we call the *pleasures of the mind.* These are better things, but even they will not make you "respectable."

And 3rdly. That lastly, there are virtues which afford *pleasures for the soul.* These are the best of all. If you know the pleasures which arise from Truth, Honesty, Justice, Order, and Industry, then you have *rectitude,* you may respect yourself—you are "respectable"; but if you have the pleasures arising from Compassion, Mercy, Charity, and Love, then you have *virtue,* and you are indeed "rich."

W. I think, now, I should like to have such virtues, better than any thing else in the world.

Lucy. I should like to have virtue, and knowledge too.

Ion. I should like all three things—virtue, wisdom, and gold. Each is good in itself, only one is so much better than the others.

P. True; for all are sent us by God for His service. But, oh! remember to seek the better things first! Do not begin life with the *love* of gold; it may soon grow too strong, and leave no room for the riches of Love and Charity. Hear the warning which one of the poets gives:—

"But these thou must renounce,
if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted
heart;

For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve, unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream."

Ion. Well, I do feel kind sometimes; I'll try and feel more kind. But I think it will be very hard work to gain so many virtues.

P. It will; but remember our lesson on *Industry*—remember that few things are worth having which do not cost trouble. The trouble, however, will be very great if you try to gain these virtues without help.

Ion. Then who will help me?

P. He from whom all virtues, as well as all knowledge and wealth come. GOD will help you.

Truth, Justice, Order, Compassion, Mercy, Charity, Love, and all other virtues, are parts of His Holy Spirit, and God will give you His Spirit if you pray and work for it.

W. I have read something like that in the Testament, papa.

P. Yes. Fetch me the Bible, and I will read you the verse.

"But *the fruit of the Spirit* is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." *

W. Then I will ask God for His Spirit every day. But I don't expect ever to become a king.

P. Not a king—yet you may rule others. There have been greater rulers on the earth than kings. Good men whom you read of in history, and good men whose names are not known, have ruled the hearts of their fellow men, even after they have themselves died. They have left the riches of their spirit behind them, which have ever since been making others happy.

W. Yes, I think that is true; for didn't you notice how ready the people were to speak a good word for the poet? I noticed that! You see, his kindness, and charity, and love *had* ruled them already, before he was made king.

P. Then try at once to get such riches as the poet's. The "rich" men always have been, and always will be, the rulers of others.

* Galatians v. 22.

CHARITY.

Do you see that old beggar that stands at the door?
Do not send him away—we must pity the poor.
Oh! see how he shivers! he is hungry and cold!
For people can't work when they grow very old.

Go set near the fire a table and seat:
And Betty shall bring him some bread and some meat.
I hope my dear children will always be kind,
Whenever they meet with the aged and blind.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

SUSSEX.

"My dear Children,—

"If you can get a Bradshaw's railway map, and will examine it, you will see what is meant by 'The South Coast Railway.' Just as 'The North Kent Line' extends along the coast at the north of Kent, so does 'The South Coast Line' extend along the coast at the south of Sussex.

"You may also see on the railway map how easy it was to travel from Hastings to Arundel and Chichester; for both these places are stations on the South Coast Line.

"Arundel is a dull old place, famous for scarcely anything except its splendid castle. It may well remind one of the old feudal times, when the towns were built around the castles of the barons. The Duke of Norfolk, who lives in it, belongs to one of the most ancient families in England, and the inhabitants of this town seem to look up to him as if he were still their lord or baron.

"But the castle itself is very magnificent. I arose, with a friend, at six o'clock, to see it, but found that it was not open to visitors until ten. So we took a walk round the Duke's park.

"'Look at the number of children and country people coming out of that dairy,' said my friend. 'How that little boy and his sister are tugging at that can of milk, to bring it up the pathway!' Here are more people,—one, two, three,—all bringing milk. And what a fine building that dairy is for such a country place as this! Let us get some milk for ourselves. Accordingly we entered the dairy yard, and, taking out my purse, I ordered a pint of milk.

"'The Duke does not *sell* his milk, sir,' said the dairywoman.

"'What do you mean?'

"'This is the Duke's dairy.'

"'Oh! And do these poor people get all that milk for nothing every day?'

"'Yes, to be sure; but I can get you a glass, if you will have some.'

"'No, thank you, we'd rather not deprive them of their milk,' I said, looking at the children and others who were standing around with pitchers, cans, and other empty articles in their hands. So we bade the company good-bye, and thought to ourselves that it was very good of the Duke to give away so much milk.

"'It's much better milk than we get in London,' said my companion; 'how much money the Duke might sell it for if he would only send it off by railway to London!"

"'But,' I replied, 'a Duke cannot turn "milkman,"—nor would he, if he could; you may depend upon it, it has been the custom of the Dukes of Nor-

folk to give away the milk ever since the time of Robert Montgomery the first Earl of Arundel, who was William the Conqueror's kinsman and friend.

"By taking a walk across the meadows for some distance, we had a fine view of the castle and the river Arun, on which the town is situated. Unfortunately, however, we had not time to see the interior of the Duke's residence; for when ten o'clock came we found that the omnibus would start for the railway (a distance of nearly three miles) in half an hour, and, as we wanted to catch the next train, we would not risk losing our places.

"By train from Arundel to CHICHESTER. The distance is very short, as you may see on the map. Chichester is much larger than Arundel; and its principal merit seems to be its perfect stillness. During my few hours' stay I met with very few people, none of whom seemed to be particularly busy.

"Chichester is a cathedral town, but the cathedral is the smallest and plainest that I have yet seen. Many of the monuments inside, however, are very interesting. There are no less than nine by the great sculptor Flaxman: one of them is to the memory of the poet Collins. There is also a monument to Mr. Huskisson, whom you may one day read of.

"The most interesting object in the town is the large octagon-shaped *market cross*, a very ancient crumbling building, situated on the spot where the four principal roads meet.

"From Chichester I travelled to LEWES, a town situated on the Brighton Railway.

"The town of Lewes has not much to render it famous. It is principally interesting because it is near the South Downs—famous pasture-lands, which I had determined to see. The name Lewes is indeed derived from 'Leswes,' a Saxon word, meaning *pasture*, which was given to it some centuries before the Norman Conquest; so you see that the town is very ancient.

"But the South Downs. I slept at Lewes, and rose as usual at an early hour, to have a walk on the territories of my woolly friends. I had expected a beautiful sight, and was not disappointed. The Downs are broad green slopes, extending for many miles along the south of the county. The turf is very smooth, and as the morning sun shone on some of the slopes they glistened like bright green velvet. The effect of the sheep dotted over this beautiful surface was most delightful.

"'How many miles are there of these fine downs?' I said to a farmer who was walking in the same direction as myself.

"'The South Downs?' said the farmer; 'they are twenty-six miles long—they begin in the marshes of Pevensey (you may see them on the map), and extend to the high promontory called Beachy Head; they then continue from there as far as Shoreham, a long way past

Beachy Head: altogether they occupy about 100,000 acres.

"'You could see the Downs more to advantage close by the shore, for in many parts they slope right down to the sea; the south winds that blow upon them from the sea are warm and dry—and I dare say you know, sir, that sheep like a dry soil.'

"'Yes, I am aware of that,' I said.

"'And that's how it is our sheep are so very fine; see how fine, and short, and close-curled their wool is! Their fleeces weigh from 2½lbs. to 3lbs. a-piece; and as for the South Down mutton, it is the finest in England—it is so fine-grained meat, and good flavour.'

"'They are most of them polled sheep,' I said; 'some are black on the legs, and some on the head.'

"'Yes sir, our sheep are worth examining; just stop and look at this fat fellow. There! you see his head is small, and his lips are thin, and the space between his eyes and nose is narrow; his ears, too, are tolerably wide, and well covered with wool, like his forehead. And then again his eye is bright; look at his breast, too, how wide and deep it is; do you see how it projects forward? If you notice his belly and back, they are both very straight; and these are all marks of a good sheep. I dare say that sheep will weigh 11 stone when it is killed. I have known many a sheep weighing 21 stone to be killed off these Downs.'

"'And how many sheep do you think there are altogether on the South Downs?'

"'Ah, that's impossible to say! I have known when there have been just 300,000 here at once; 250,000 is a very common number.

"'Our county, Sussex, is noted, too, for its breed of oxen. If you'd come on with me, to my farm'—

"'Thank you,' I said, 'I promised to return to Lewes to breakfast. But I should like to walk a little further. What do you say of the soil of Sussex, on the whole?'

"'Well, I don't know that there is much else remarkable in our county besides these Downs. We grow *hops* in the part near Kent.

"'You may divide the soil of the county into three strips. The Downs form the southern strip. The middle strip runs parallel with the range of chalk hills. It is called the Weald of Sussex, because it was once covered with woods inhabited by hogs and deer, but now it is pretty nearly cleared; it has splendid arable and pasture land.'

"'And the northern district?'

"'Well, that is still very woody. It was once thick forests. Thousands of trees used to be felled to make charcoal for smelting iron ore. But now pit-coal is used, and the smelting-works have been removed to other counties long ago. Good morning, sir.'

"I remain, dear children,

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

ETYMOLOGY.

THE CONJUGATION OF A VERB.

P. To conjugate a verb means to repeat the whole of the different moods and tenses in a certain order. But before you can do this you must learn how much is contained in each tense.

Give me the present tense of the verb *To Love* in the indicative mood.

W. "I am loving." That is *present tense* because it speaks of the present time, and *indicative mood* because it points out that you are doing the action.

P. And you may remember that in the account of the personal pronouns we learned of three *persons*. *I* is the person who speaks, so it is said to be the 1st person; *Thou* is the person spoken to, so it is said to be the 2nd person; and *He*, or *she*, or *it* are persons spoken of, so they are said to be the 3rd person.

Ion. I remember those persons very well.

P. Then you may remember that the action of loving may be done by each of these persons. Thus:—

I am loving.
Thou art loving.
He (or *she*, or *it*) is loving.

L. And as we found out that I could act in the future and perfect, and every other tense, so I suppose that the other pronouns can act in each tense.

P. Yes. Each tense has the three different "persons" of the pronouns. And again, these pronouns may be used not only in the singular but in the plural number. Not only may Willie say "I am loving," but two people, Willie and Ion, may want to say it together; then, instead of saying "I and I am loving"—

W. We should say "*We* are loving."

P. Thus, then, the different persons of each tense may speak not only in the singular but in the plural number.

Here is the whole present tense of the verb to love:—

Singular.	*I* am loving.
	Thou art loving.
	He (or *she*, or *it*) is loving.
Plural.	*We* are loving.
	You are loving.
	They are loving.

I dare say you remember the *order* in which the moods of a verb are placed, and the different tenses of each mood?

L. Yes. We learned that in our last lesson.

P. Then we will write the whole of the verb *To Love*, with the moods and tenses arranged in that order.

(*See next page.*)

P. You may now commit this verb to memory.

W. Before we do so, I want to ask why there are no *persons* to the infinitive mood? It has a present tense and perfect tenses.

P. Because the infinitive

mood cannot well be used with a pronoun.

W. But we do use pronouns with the infinitive mood. For instance:—

"Puss likes *me* to stroke her.

"I like for *him* to play with me."

P. That is true. But, if you notice, though the persons whom these pronouns represent do perform the action, yet they are in the *objective case*. There is another manner of expressing these sentences without using the infinitive. You may say "Puss likes *that I should stroke* her," and "I like *that he should play* with me." Examples of the former manner of adding an infinitive mood to an objective case are found in the Latin language.

THE ACTIVE VERB "TO LOVE."

INDICATIVE MOOD.

IMPERFECT PRESENT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I am loving.	1. We are loving.
2. Thou art loving.	2. You are loving.
3. He (she, *or* it) is loving.	3. They are loving.

IMPERFECT PAST TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I was loving.	1. We were loving.
2. Thou wast loving.	2. You were loving.
3. He was loving.	3. They were loving.

IMPERFECT FUTURE TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I shall *or* will love.	1. We shall *or* will love.
2. Thou shalt *or* wilt love.	2. You shall *or* will love.
3. He shall *or* will love.	3. They shall *or* will love.

PERFECT PAST TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I have loved.	1. We have loved.
2. Thou hast loved.	2. You have loved.
3. He has loved.	3. They have loved.

PLUPERFECT PAST TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I had loved.	1. We had loved.
2. Thou hadst loved.	2. You had loved.
3. He had loved.	3. They had loved.

PERFECT FUTURE TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I shall have loved.	1. We shall have loved.
2. Thou wilt have loved.	2. You will have loved.
3. He will have loved.	3. They will have loved.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. Let me love.	1. Let us love.
2. Love thou.	2. Love ye.
3. Let him love.	3. Let them love.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I may *or* can love.	1. We may *or* can love.
2. Thou mayst *or* canst love.	2. You may *or* can love.
3. He may *or* can love.	3. They may *or* can love.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I might, could, would, *or* should love.	1. We might, could, would, *or* should love.
2. Thou mightst, couldst, wouldst, *or* shouldst love.	2. You might, could, would, *or* should love.
3. He might, could, would, *or* should love.	3. They might, could, would, *or* should love.

PERFECT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I may *or* can have loved.	1. We may *or* can have loved.
2. Thou mayst *or* canst have loved.	2. You may *or* can have loved.
3. He may *or* can have loved.	3. They may *or* can have loved.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I might, could, would, *or* should have loved.	1. We might, could, would, *or* should have loved.
2. Thou mightst, couldst, wouldst, *or* shouldst have loved.	2. You might, could, would, *or* should have loved.
3. He might, could, would, *or* should have loved.	3. They might, could, would, *or* should have loved.

CONDITIONAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. If I love.	1. If we love.
2. If thou love.	2. If ye *or* you love.
3. If he love.	3. If they love.

IMPERFECT PAST TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. If I were loving.	1. If we were loving.
2. If thou wert loving.	2. If you were loving.
3. If he were loving.	3. If they were loving.

Other tenses may be formed in the Conditional mood by repeating those of the Indicative, using the adverbs *if*, *though*, &c., before them.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

PRESENT. To love. PERFECT. To have loved.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT. Loving. PERFECT. Loved.

COMPOUND PERFECT. Having loved.

THE COACH AND THE FLY.

Upon a sandy uphill road,
Which naked in the sunshine glowed,
 Six lusty horses drew a coach.
Dames, monks, and invalids, its load,
On foot, outside, at leisure trode,
The team, all weary, stopped and blowed:
 Whereon there did a fly approach,
And, with a vastly business air,
 Cheered up the horses with his buzz—
Now pricked them here, now pricked them there,
 As neatly as a jockey does—
And thought the while—he knew 'twas so—
He made the team and carriage go;
On carriage-pole sometimes alighting—
Or driver's nose—and biting.
And when the whole did get in motion,
Confirmed and settled in the notion,
He took, himself, the total glory—
Flew back and forth in wondrous hurry,
And as he buzzed about the cattle,
Seemed like a sergeant in a battle,
The file and squadrons leading on
To where the victory is won.
Thus charged with all the commonweal,
This single fly began to feel
Responsibility too great,
And cares, a grievous, crushing weight;
And made complaint that none would aid
 The horses up the tedious hill—
The monk his prayers at leisure said—
 Fine time to pray!—the dames, at will,
Were singing songs—not greatly needed!
 Thus in their ears he sharply sang,
 And notes of indignation rang—
Notes, after all, not greatly heeded.
Ere long the coach was on the top:
Now, said the fly, my hearties, stop
And breathe—I've got you up the hill;
 And, Messrs. Horses, let me say,
I need not ask you if you will
 A proper compensation pay.

Thus certain ever-bustling noddies
 Are seen in every great affair;
Important, swelling, busy-bodies,
 And bores 'tis easier to bear,
Than chase them from their needless care.

LA FONTAINE.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

5th Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

COMPASSION.

"MAMMA," said Lucy, as she came in one morning from her walk, "I don't think there will be any 'washing' done this week. This is Wednesday, and none of the linen that you gave to the washerwoman last Monday has been touched yet."

M. How do you know, my dear?

L. Because, as I was passing down a little street, I found out where our washerwoman lived; for I saw the boy and girl who always help their father to carry the clothes-basket. They were sitting at the door of one of the houses, and were crying with all their might. When they saw me they ran in-doors; so I went after them, and there I saw all our linen, and some that was not ours, lying in a heap on the floor. There was a mangle in the room; and the washerwoman was sitting on the mangle, and was crying herself—more than the children were.

M. Did you ask her what was the matter?

L. Yes; and she said that her husband was in the station-house, or else in a prison—I forget which. She said that he had been out "electioneering"—that is, working at the elections; and that the people at one of the public-houses belonging to "his side" had given him so much to drink that he was quite tipsy; and then, when the election was nearly over, he and some men who belonged to the opposite side had a fight! They knocked each other about with the boards that they were carrying, and Mrs. Jones's husband broke another man's arm, and hurt him very much. So he was taken to a magistrate, who ordered him to be locked up.

M. I don't wonder at that; perhaps he *ought* to be punished, that he may be more careful another time.

L. That is just what I said to Mrs. Jones, but she wouldn't be comforted. I tried all manner of ways to comfort her, but it was of no use. She said it was such a disgrace; and that her poor husband was a good-natured man who never hurt anybody when he was sober. She said that he turns the mangle, and carries home the clothes, and works very hard, and that she doesn't know what she *shall* do without him.

M. And what did you say to her then?

L. I think I said "Never mind!" I know I told her it was of no use crying; I said

that a good many people had gone through more troubles; I said, too, that she wouldn't make the case any better, and that it would be better to try and *do* something; then she would forget her troubles—but she wouldn't be comforted.

M. And what did you say then?

L. I tried all I could to comfort her. I said, "Think about your children and see how they are crying. You will not get your washing finished by the end of the week; besides, your husband will be out of prison by the end of next week." But it was of no use saying anything to her. She said she should never get over the disgrace; and "what would her neighbours say about it?"

Then I tried to please the children; but while their mother cried, they would cry too; so I gave them some money that I had, and told them to buy something; for I thought, "They will think about the money instead of their father." But it did not do them much good; they looked pleased for a minute, and then began to cry again. Poor things! I felt very sorry for them.

M. Did you tell them that you were sorry?

L. No; I thought it would only make them cry more. I told them again to try and cheer up, or else they would never get the washing done. Then I came away.

M. So you could not comfort them, after all! I am not surprised at that; it was because you did not go to work in the proper manner. Would you like for me to try?

L. Oh, yes, mamma; very much. I dare say you can comfort them. Will you come now?

M. Yes; you need not take off your bonnet. I will be ready in five minutes.

Lucy had not to wait longer than five minutes for her mamma. They then went in the direction of the washerwoman's house.

"Here we are," said Lucy to her mamma as they reached the door; "shall I go in and tell her you are coming?"

"No," said her mamma; "let us *ask* for admission;" and she then gave the door a gentle tap, for there was no knocker—only a latch.

"Come in!" said a soft voice.

Lucy and her mamma then entered.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Jones, starting when she saw Lucy's mamma, "I suppose, ma'am, you have come about the linen. We will set about it directly."

"No," was the reply; "you're mistaken. Don't mind the linen. I've come to see about your troubles. Poor little things," she added, taking one of the little children by the hand; "I don't wonder that you cry. It must be a great trouble to you, Mrs. Jones, for so hard-working a man as your husband to be punished. I dare say he didn't do wrong on purpose."

"No, ma'am; indeed it worn't his fault. I will tell you how it all happened;—but don't you

sit on that old stool, ma'am—here's a clean chair."

"Thank you," said Lucy's mamma; "this seat will do; I'm very comfortable."

Mrs. Jones then went through the account of her husband's conduct, and took his part, saying, "that he might have been excused, as he had never been tipsy before."

Lucy had heard all the story, so that she did not pay much attention to Mrs. Jones. She took a great deal more notice of her mamma. She observed how she listened with the greatest patience; that she showed the greatest concern at the poor woman's misfortunes. "Ah!" she said to Mrs. Jones, "I can understand why you are in trouble. Poor thing! it is a great misfortune for you; but every one knows your husband to be an honest man. I don't wonder, I'm sure, that you are not able to work. You need not take the trouble to wash our linen this week; if you feel better next week, we can wait till then."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mrs. Jones, drying her eyes; "I think I can do them; I feel a great deal better now. I dare say some of my neighbours will help me. It is very good of you, ma'am, to come and see me."

"But, I'm sure," said Lucy's mamma, "that you must want some one to help you. If I could only go and fetch your husband, and bring him in at the door, I would."

"Thank you, ma'am! thank you! Never mind," said the washerwoman, "he will come back next week. I'm sure, ma'am you are very good to feel so sorry for me. Good morning, ma'am."

"How much better she seems now!" said Lucy to her mamma. "I think I know why; it is because you were sorry for her."

"That is right," said her mamma. "You, too, were sorry for her; and every one should be sorry to see such a hard-working woman in trouble. I have only succeeded better than you in comforting her, because I *showed* her that I was sorry. You know very well what we call such an action."

L. Yes; you have told me—that is called COMPASSION. You said that the meaning of the word was "having a like feeling with another."

M. Or, in other words, to have compassion is to *share* the sorrows of another. By sharing Mrs Jones's sorrow, I took a part of it for myself; thus she was relieved. Do you understand that?

L. Yes; very well.

M. Then you may learn a good lesson, and use it the next time you see any one in trouble. COMPASSION *relieves those who sorrow*; it gives more relief than good advice, or instruction: it even gives far more relief than *money*.

THE LINNÆAN SYSTEM.

P. Which parts of the plant are observed by Linnæus in arranging his classes?

L. You said, papa, that Linnæus classified plants according to the difference in their stamens and pistils.

P. True. The system of Linnæus contains twenty-four classes.

The first twelve classes are easy to be learned, as they differ only in the *number* of their stamens—in the other twelve classes there are differences in the *size*, the *position*, and the *arrangement* of the stamens; they will therefore require more consideration.

The *first* twelve classes are therefore made in this way :—

Flowers with only one stamen are in the first class;

Flowers with two stamens in the second class.

W. And are flowers with three stamens in the third class?

P. Yes; and so on until you come to class eleven; the flowers of this class have from twelve to nineteen stamens.

L. And suppose a flower has *twenty* stamens?

P. In that case it belongs to class twelve. This class includes all with twenty or *more* stamens.

Jan. Do you give any names to the classes, papa, besides saying "Flowers with one stamen," &c.?

P. Yes. The names which Linnæus used have the same meaning as the English, but they are written in foreign words. The Greek names for numbers are :—

1. *Monos.*	7. *Hepta.*
2. *Di.*	8. *Okto.*
3. *Treis.*	9. *Ennea.*
4. *Tetras.*	10. *Deka.*
5. *Pente.*	12. *Dodeka.*
6. *Hex.*	20. *Eikosi.*

The stamens of the flowers are expressed by the ending *andria*. Thus you can make the names of the first twelve classes yourselves.

Jan. We have only to join the ending *andria* to the Greek number—thus, for

One stamen—Class 1. *Monandria.*
Two stamens—Class 2. *Diandria.*
Three stamens—Class 3. *Triandria.*

P. Those are the names given by Linnæus—you need not stop to repeat them all.

The CLASSES of plants are divided into ORDERS, just as the classes of animals—the mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes—are.

W. I remember the twelve orders of mammals—we arranged them according to the differences in their limbs, senses, teeth, and other parts; and their habits and disposition.

L. But the plants have no senses or teeth?

P. No. The orders of the first twelve classes are formed according to the different numbers of their *pistils*. To express the names of the orders you

use the same Greek words for the numbers, and the pistils are expressed by the ending *gynia*.

Ion. So the names of the orders are *Monogynia*, *Digynia*, *Trigynia*, and so on, I suppose?

P. True; thus it is as easy to say the Greek names for the classes and orders as the English ones. But let us look at some of the flowers themselves.

Here is a flower!



Class 1. MONANDRIA.

W. Well, that's a very bad beginning! Certainly that is not much of a flower.

Ion What is it's name, papa?

P. It is called the *hippuris*, or mare's tail. I found it in a muddy pool on the common; there are plenty more there; you may often find them in the ditches. Perhaps you will observe its parts

L. We will observe as much as we can, papa. Where is its corolla?

P. It has not any.

W. And what has it done with its calyx?

P. It never had any.

W. Poor thing! but I forgot The parts we notice in arranging the classes are the stamens. It has just one stamen, Ion, look: so it belongs to class 1, MONANDRIA.

Ion. And it has just one pistil, so it belongs to the first order in the class — order 1, *Monogynia*; if you will notice, Willie, which *class* each plant belongs to, I will take care of the *orders*.

W. Have you any more flowers of this class, papa?

P. Yes; here is a flower called the *glass-wort*; it was sent me from Kent, where it was once much used in making glass and soap. It grows abundantly on the sea-shore. Next time you are at Dover you may find some on the cliffs. These plants were useful in the glass and soap manufactories, because, when burnt, their ashes contain a great deal of *soda*.

W. Mamma explained to us in our lesson on Salt that it is "chloride of sodium" (vol. i., p. 136). I suppose these plants get so much soda from the particles of salt in the atmosphere around the sea.

P. That is the case.

Ion. Why do you say that the plants *were* used for making soda, papa? Are they not now?

P. Not nearly so much. Napoleon Bonaparte suggested an improvement. He said that, instead of getting soda from the plants, it would be much better to make it from the sea-salt itself, and the chemists soon showed how that could be done. Thus the *barilla*, as they called the ashes of the glass-wort and other plants, is now hardly used.

But, how we are running away from our botany lesson! Look at the plant itself.

W. It has the form of a *cylindrical spike*, papa—we learned that name in one of our first lessons (see vol. iv. p. 229, fig. 3).

P. Its minute flowers have only one stamen, which shows that they belong to the class MONANDRIA. They have also only one pistil.

Ion. Therefore they are in the first order—*Monogynia.*

P. I do not know of any plants of the first *order* growing in Britain except the mare's tail and glass-wort, but here is another plant of the same *class.* It is called the *water starwort;* it grows in ditches and standing water.

W. And its petals have a star-like appearance.

P. But count its pistils.

Ion. It has *two* pistils, so it belongs to the second order, *Digynia.*

P. These are the only orders of the class. I find we shall not have time to-day to talk of any more classes.

W. I will write the name of this class and order once more.

Class 1. MONANDRIA, flowers with one stamen.

Order 1 *Monogynia*—such as the mare's tail and glass-wort.

Order 2. *Digynia* —such as the water starwort.

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.—THE SONG OF THE SNOW-FLAKE.

"WHERE art thou going thou little snow-flake,
Quivering, quivering, down from the sky?
What wouldst be doing thou little snow-flake,
Leaving thy home in the regions on high?
Earth is no place for a fair thing like thee,
Fragile as beautiful, graceful as white,
Meet for an angel to place on his brow
When he stands by the throne of the Father of Light."

"I am but one of a sisterhood fair,
We have a work to perform upon earth;
So we come quivering down through the air,
Leaving the fleecy clouds where we have birth;
We are commissioned to shelter and shield
From the sharp frost and the keen nipping wind
The roots and the seeds in the garden and field,
That fruits in due season may grow for mankind."

"But dost thou know, oh, thou little snow-flake,
Leaving thy home in the regions of air,
That when brought low, oh, thou little snow-flake,
Dark will thy lot be, and sad wilt thou fare?
Dashed into pieces, and whirled to and fro,
Trod on, defiled, and soon lost in the mire;
Never again to thy home shalt thou go,
Ne'er see the clouds with their edges on fire."

"Light-hearted questioner, we have no fear,
We have no care for whate'er may betide;
God hath commanded, our duty is clear,
What shall befall us 'tis He must decide.
Although on earth we be melted, defiled,
Forms yet more beautiful we shall assume;
E'en like the soul of a dutiful child,
By the Sun of Salvation called out of the tomb."

H. G. ADAMS.

THE STUARTS.

JAMES I.

P. BEFORE writing our "memory lesson" on James I., it will be well to notice one or two points in his character and reign which are of much importance.

In the first place, the reign of James was a peaceful one. There were no wars, except that shortly before his death, when the parliament insisted on his sending troops to assist the Protestant Elector Palatine. This peace was partly owing to the king's timid disposition, of which you have heard; for it is said that he could not even endure the sight of a drawn sword.

During these years of peace, literature, which, you may remember, made such rapid progress in Elizabeth's reign, was still cultivated with success. Sir Francis Bacon, the most eminent English philosopher, made this reign illustrious by his system of "Inductive Philosophy." The historians Camden and Raleigh, Napier, the inventor of logarithms, the dramatists Beaumont and Fletcher, and other great writers, lived and laboured in these times.

The Protestant religion was more firmly rooted in the hearts of the people, not only by means of the English Church, but by the Puritans. That the truth became known may be principally attributed to another powerful means—the new and more perfect translation of the Bible which was made. This translation was ordered after the conference with the Puritans at Hampton Court, and is the one which we now use. You may see at the beginning of your own Bible a copy of the address which the translators wrote "To THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE, JAMES."

The first translation of the whole Bible into English was produced by ALFRED THE GREAT, in the year 850. The next translation was made by JOHN WICKLIFFE, in the reign of Richard II., 1380. The third translation was that completed by MILES COVERDALE and WILLIAM TYNDAL, of which you heard in our lesson on Henry VIII., 1535. This was the first *printed* copy. The translation made in the reign of James was necessary, because much of the language of Wickliffe's Bible was obsolete, and because Coverdale's Bible was translated from *Latin* copies which could not be depended upon.

The divines who were entrusted with the new translation were 47 in number, and the rules for their proceedings were drawn up with much prudence by the king. They translated only from the "original tongues"—the Hebrew Bible

and the Greek Testament; and the work of writing and printing extended over four years, from 1607 to 1611. The printing was in the new Roman type, such as we use now; while the Bible of Coverdale was in German characters, which are much more heavy and black than Roman, and are called "black letter." Bibles were much more expensive in former times than now; in the reign of Henry VIII. a load of hay was often given for one gospel, which may now be bought for 1d.

The progress of learning in this reign was partly owing, perhaps, to the character of James, who was himself a writer of many books. He wrote several books on Theology, which was his favourite study, a book on Dæmonologie (a belief in witches), Poetical Exercises, Letters to his Son, a Version of the Psalms in metre, a Counterblast to Tobacco, and a great many more books. His title of "Solomon the Second" might therefore have been deserved, had it not been for his follies, of which you must hear.

The nature of this king's follies may be seen in one of his writings called "The Book of Sports." In this book James announced by proclamation, that on the Sunday, after Divine Service, persons should not be "disturbed, letted, or discouraged from lawful recreations, such as dancing of men or women; archery for men; leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations; nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used." These sports are enumerated as *lawful*; among the unlawful, bear-baiting, and interludes, and bowling are noticed as to be at no time the exercise of the "meanest sort."

James wrote this proclamation partly to annoy the Puritans, who were trying to enforce a strict observance of the Sabbath; but such sports were matters of much consideration to himself. He spent much of his time in playing at "golf," carousing at table, laughing at his own conceits, and the buffoonery of his courtiers. At one time his love of pleasure was a matter of general complaint. Twice a week he amused himself at the cockpit. The master of the cocks had a salary equal to that of his Secretaries of State. His favourite amusement, however, was hunting, in which he would spend entire days; and to improve the breed of horses, he established horse-racing at Newmarket. When the ministers of state complained of his neglect of business, James replied that he did not intend to make himself a slave; "his health," he said, "was the health and welfare of all," and required exercise and relaxation.

The sentiment that his health was "the health of *all*," indicates another weakness in James's character—his vanity. This was seen in his notions of the power of a king, which you have already heard were as extravagant as those of Elizabeth. He believed kings to be *deputies*

of God, and accountable to God alone for their deeds. He would therefore have governed as despotically as Elizabeth did if he could, but he had not her firmness of character. Unfortunately, also, for his opinions, they existed at a time when, as you have seen, the Puritans and the people were anxious to curtail the power of the crown.

The event in James's reign most favourable to his character, was his able government of Ireland. He attempted to civilize the barbarous people of that kingdom, by planting colonies of English labourers and others in Ulster, and in less than nine years he did far more good for Ireland than had been done in 400 years before. It is also worth remembering, that being king of Scotland as well as Ireland and Wales, James was the first king who bore the title of "King of GREAT BRITAIN and Ireland."

The domestic events of these times should not be passed over. In James's reign, the citizens of London first laid down broad *paving-stones* on each side of the roads for the foot-passengers to walk upon; and by proclamation the citizens were ordered to build the fronts of all new houses of stone or brick. The first *London Workhouse* was established; the *Charterhouse* founded, and *Smithfield* first paved, at a cost of £1,600.

In this reign *copper money* (half-pence and farthings) was first used, and put an end to the "private leaden tokens," which had been used throughout the kingdom.

The *New River*, which begins at Ware, and ends at Islington, passing through a course of 39 miles, having 43 locks, and 215 bridges, was undertaken by a goldsmith, named Hugh Myddelton, in this reign. In the year 1619, *Dulwich College* was founded.

The principal inventions of the time were those of the *microscope*, the *thermometer*, and *logarithms*. *Alum* was first made in England, and *mulberry trees*, *silkworms*, and the "*broad silk*" manufacture were introduced.

The *circulation of the blood* was discovered in this reign by Dr. William Harvey. The bad customs of smoking, taking snuff, and wearing hair powder were begun; and what was worse, public-houses were licensed for the first time. Carriages, hackney-coaches, and sedan-chairs also came into common use. It is likely that the king would encourage such safe modes of travelling, from an account of an accident which happened to him. It is said that when riding on *horseback*, after dinner, his horse stumbled and cast his majesty into the New River, when the ice broke. He fell in, head foremost, so that only his boots were seen. Sir Richard Young rescued him, and he was put into a warm bed.

The last events of the reign worth noticing are, a *frost which lasted four months*, so that

heavy carriages were driven over the Thames; a *comet*, which appeared for twenty-eight days, and much frightened many of the people; a dreadful *plague* in London which carried off sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-six persons in two years. Lastly, the discovery of Hudson's Bay and Baffin's Bay, by Englishmen, and Van Diemen's Land by the Dutch, who also, for the first time, doubled Cape Horn, were all events of this reign.

Lesson 35. *JAMES I.*

Began to reign.... 1603
Died..... 1625

James I. of England and VI. of Scotland was the son of Mary Queen of Scots, and a descendant of the house of Tudor. Under him England and Scotland were united as one kingdom.

The most remarkable events of his reign are the Conference at Hampton Court, and the subsequent translation of the Bible; the favour shown by the king to episcopacy, and the consequent opposition of the Puritans in parliament, and the Catholics in the gunpowder plot.

The progress of Puritanism during this reign was very great; and the violent contests for power between the parliament and the crown were the beginning of the great national struggle, which was soon to be experienced.

The marriage of James's daughter, Elizabeth, to the Protestant Elector Palatine; the proposal to marry Prince Charles to the Catholic Princess of Spain; his marriage to the Catholic Princess Henrietta of France; and the war on behalf of the Elector Palatine, are events which afterwards influenced the history of the nation.

The unjust death of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the infamous careers of the king's favourites, Carr and Buckingham, are also worthy of notice.

The progress of literature, and the names of Bacon, Raleigh, Camden, Napier, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others, may be remembered; while the numerous inventions and discoveries, such as the circulation of the blood, microscopes, thermometers, hackney-coaches, &c., &c., add to the interest of this peaceful reign.

SONG.

THERE'S not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

Juvenile Keepsake.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

HAMPSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"Before you read of my journey in Hampshire, you may learn the short notes on Sussex for which there was not room in my last letter.

SUSSEX.

1. Sussex *is a long slip of land on the southern coast of England. It is bounded on the north by Surrey and Kent, on the south and east by the British Channel, and on the west by Hampshire.*

2. *The soil is much like that of Kent; the southern strip of land contains beautiful sheep pastures called "The South Downs"; the middle contains arable land, and the north has much forest.*

3. *The principal rivers are the* Arun *and the* Rother.

4. *The capital is* Chichester, *an ancient cathedral town; and the other towns of note are* Brighton, *a fashionable watering-place; another watering-place named* Hastings; Arundel, *the seat of the Duke of Norfolk; and* Lewes, *which is rendered famous by the South Downs.*

"Hampshire is, as you may see, on the west of Sussex. It has Berkshire on the north, Wiltshire and Dorsetshire on the west, and the Isle of Wight on the south.

"If you will look again at the map you will see that the southern part is divided by a narrow bay, which runs a long way inland: it is called the *Southampton Water*. This is a very good name for it; for, just at the end of the bay, where the two rivers, the *Test* and the *Itchen*, meet, the town of Southampton is situated. A long way from Southampton is another river called the *Avon*.

The day after my visit to Lewes I found myself in the broad tract of land between the Southampton Water and the Avon. But how different from Sussex was the appearance of the place! Instead of the smooth, green, velvet-like slopes, the ground was rough, and covered with ferns, mosses, and leaves; instead of the clear blue sky overhead, I found myself shaded by leafy branches. In fact, I was not on the South Downs, but in the New Forest. I had seen enough sheep—I had come to learn about hogs.

"'The land of the hogs—the Hampshire hogs!' I thought to myself, as I sat on the stump of a tree. 'I wonder what this old oak was cut down for! How many bristly gentlemen have grunted forth their satisfaction and filled their bellies with the acorns that have fallen around this stump! How many'—'Ugh! ugh!'—that's the way my thoughts are often interrupted; for just at this moment three black-look-

ing swine passed along a path near me, followed by a dirty-looking man who carried a stick.

"'Just the man I want,' thought I, jumping up and running after him. 'I say, friend, can you show me the way out of this forest?'

"'Yes, sir—this way.'

"'You live in these parts, I suppose?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'How large is the New Forest?'

"'A rather biggish place, sir'—

"'But how large?—where does it begin?'

"'Well, sir, it begins near *Fordingbridge* — if you know where that is — and extends down to the sea. And then, it ends on the western side, near the river Avon—indeed, it fills up a goodish bit of the space between the Avon and Southampton Water. S'pose you know who planted the New Forest?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'William the Conqueror did. The tract of land was then thinly wooded, and it contained nearly 100,000 acres. It was a wicked thing to turn so many poor people out of their cottages, to make hunting-grounds. Now it contains about 64,000 acres. The forest still belongs to the crown. But look at these trees! I never before saw any oaks with such twisted, strange-shaped branches. There seem to be a great many oak-trees and beech-trees cut down—here's a great stump!'

"'Yes, sir. Don't you know why that is? It is the business of a gentleman called the *Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests* to keep the forest in order; but often there are gentlemen from Portsmouth dockyard here: they come and order the trees to be cut down, to make ships for the Queen. Of course such a great place as this is divided,—there are nine divisions, called bailiwicks; for one man could not look after it all properly.'

"'Is the forest well looked after?'

"'It is now, sir—it worn't a long time ago.—it was in a very rough state, and was overrun with rabbits, field mice, and all sorts of vermin. But there are a good many deer in the forest now, and a breed of very small horses; and then, there's a few half-wild pigs like these three afore us: they are what we call the old English breed. You see what lanky, raw-boned, and flat-sided animals they are.—they are very coarse—something like the old wild boars as you read about in books.'

"'Do you keep pigs?' I said.

"'Yes; my master do—plenty on 'em. He sells bacon; do you want any?'

"'Thank you, sir; not now.'

"'You should get some, sir, while you are in Hampshire, for this is a famous county for bacon. Did you notice the sign of "The Hampshire Hog" on a good many of the public-houses?'

"'No, I didn't; but how is it you are so noted for bacon, if you have such bad hogs?'

"'It's all owing to the way

we kills and cures them. We make our hogs fat on peas and barley-meal; and, before we kill them, we keep them fasting for twenty-four hours, then we kill them as gently as possible: we just insert a long-pointed knife into the principal artery—the one which comes from the heart; we then'—

"'Thank you,' I said, 'that is quite enough. I have read about the curing of bacon in PLEASANT PAGES (vol. i p. 330).

"'When we want delicate bacon, sir, we generally take a hog about a twelvemonth old, weighing about ten or twelve score; but, mind you, there's a great deal in the feeding. A young or old pig cannot make good bacon unless he has plenty of bran or barleymeal, or other corn-plant, or peasemeal. This is the reason why English bacon is so much dearer than the Irish; for if you put a piece of potato-fed bacon in the pot it shrinks in the boiling—while the English corn-fed bacon swells.'

"'Suppose,' I said, 'you want to cure *hams?*'

"'Then, sir, we don't fatten the hog so much. It's quite a business, sir, to keep hogs properly—there's a good deal in keeping them clean.'

"Yes, that must be very troublesome, I should think.'

"'Indeed it isn't, sir; it's quite a mistake to think that a hog loves dirt. Hogs only roll in the mud to cool themselves; for in the summer time they have such a heat in the skin, and itching, that the cool mud is very pleasant to them. But, sir, if a hog can keep himself clean, he will always do so; give him plenty of clean straw and clean water; there's nothing he likes better; and if you'll also take the trouble to wash him and curry him regularly, he'll thrive better—just as a horse do.'

"'I remember now that when I was a boy, the pigs used to come up to me to be scratched. I would stand and scratch them for a long time. But I remember an old sow who used to eat her young ones. Have you any such unnatural creatures in your pig-yard?'

"'Oh yes, sir! but it arn't unnatural; it's because they're hungry. Sows wont do such things if you look after them, and give them something else to eat instead; and when once the young hog has sucked there is not so much danger

"'I'll tell ye how some people often lose their pigs: they put too much straw in the sty, so that the young ones bury themselves under it, and the old sow lies on them. It is a good plan to use very little straw, and to put a ledge all round the sty, so that the sow cannot lean against the wall.

"But we are out of the forest now, sir; and here's our yard.'

"'Thank you,' I said; 'I should like to go in and see your family, but I have not time.' 'Indeed,' I thought to myself, 'it is time to learn something about HAMPSHIRE, as well as the *New Forest* and the *Hampshire hogs.*'

"Your faithful friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

ETYMOLOGY.

THE CONJUGATION OF A PASSIVE VERB.

Jon. We have learned the *active* verb To Love, which you wrote for us last week, papa.

P. Then we will to-day learn a *passive* verb. You will find it very easy to learn, as the "auxiliaries" of its moods and tenses are the same as those of the active verb; you have only to remember that the nominative does not perform the action, but the action is done to it.

THE PASSIVE VERB "TO BE LOVED."

INDICATIVE MOOD.

IMPERFECT PRESENT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I am loved.	1. We are loved.
2. Thou art loved.	2. You are loved.
3. He (she, *or* it) is loved.	3. They are loved.

IMPERFECT PAST TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I was loved.	1. We were loved.
2. Thou wast loved.	2. You were loved.
3. He was loved.	3. They were loved.

IMPERFECT FUTURE TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I shall *or* will be loved.	1. We shall *or* will be loved.
2. Thou shalt *or* wilt be loved.	2. You shall *or* will be loved.
3. He shall *or* will be loved.	3. They shall *or* will be loved.

PERFECT PAST TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I have been loved.	1. We have been loved.
2. Thou hast been loved.	2. You have been loved.
3. He has been loved.	3. They have been loved.

PLUPERFECT PAST TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I had been loved.	1. We had been loved.
2. Thou hadst been loved.	2. You had been loved.
3. He had been loved.	3. They had been loved.

PERFECT FUTURE TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I shall have been loved.	1. We shall have been loved.
2, Thou wilt have been loved	2. You will have been loved.
3. He will have been loved.	3. They will have been loved.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. Let me be loved.	1. Let us be loved.
2. Be thou loved.	2. Be ye loved.
3. Let him be loved.	3. Let them be loved.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I may be loved.	1. We may be loved.
2. Thou mayst be loved.	2. You may be loved.
3. He may be loved.	3. They may be loved.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I might be loved.	1. We might be loved.
2. Thou mightst be loved.	2. You might be loved.
3. He might be loved.	3. They might be loved.

PERFECT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I may have been loved.	1. We may have been loved.
2. Thou mayst have been loved.	2. You may have been loved.
3. He may have been loved.	3. They may have been loved.

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. I might have been loved.	1. We might have been loved.
2. Thou mightst have been loved.	2. You might have been loved.
3. He might have been loved.	3. They might have been loved.

CONDITIONAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. If I be loved.	1. If we be loved.
2. If thou be loved.	2. If ye be loved.
3. If he be loved.	3. If they be loved.

IMPERFECT PAST TENSE.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. If I were loved.	1. If we were loved.
2. If thou wert loved.	2. If you were loved.
3. If he were loved.	3. If they were loved.

Other tenses may be formed in the Conditional mood by repeating those of the Indicative, using the adverbs *if*, *though*, &c., before them.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

PRESENT. To be loved. PERFECT. To have been loved.

PARTICIPLES.

PRESENT. Being loved. PERFECT. Loved.

COMPOUND PERFECT. Having been loved.

No. 27. PARSING EXERCISE.

I (should buy) the book (if I were) you. I (would have bought) it, but I could not. I thought that I (might take) it, but I would not. John (may go) home. You may be mistaken. He hoped (to gain) the victory, but it was gained by his brother. (If I sit) still, I (shall feel) better. Come, John! Make haste. I (have seen) my sister. I (might have made) a fortune, but I tried in vain. The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes. Down came a blackbird. Her nose was snapped off. The queen was eating honey. Four and twenty baked blackbirds. His money had been counted. They were set before the king.

WILD FLOWERS.

Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers, to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed as in a queenly diadem:
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the young world came—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own blue-bell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful whereso'er we stray—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And though the worldling, scorning, may deride—
I love ye all!—NICOLL.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

6th Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

COMPASSION.

L. WILL you talk to me again about compassion, mamma?

M. Yes; you saw last week that compassion relieves those who are in trouble even more than money does. I will tell you a tale to show you what else compassion can do.

There lived on the borders of a common a man who earned his living by working in the fields. He was a strong man, and he worked hard like the good husband of our washer-woman. And he enjoyed his work; for as he toiled under the hot sun, he used to think of his wife and children at home. He used to say to himself, "My labour is their support."

No wonder that he thought about his children, they were such as he could not help loving. His wife was a clean and orderly woman; she kept his children in good order and taught them to love their father. She taught them too to obey him; and more, she taught them to love God. When he went away in the morning his children kissed him and bade him good bye, and when he came back in the evening his children ran out to meet him. So the love of his children made him work hard; they supported him, while he supported them.

But this good labourer fell into trouble, as many other men have done. When the eldest of his three children was about nine years old their mother died. For a long time he tried to take care of them as their mother had done, for their love still supported him; but he found that, as no one taught them while he was at work, they did not behave as well as they used to do.

One evening, at eight o'clock, the eldest child, whose name was JANE, said to her two brothers—You had better go to bed, as father has not come home; so they went to bed, and she waited, keeping his tea hot, until nine o'clock. Her father then returned with a strange look on his face; he hardly gave her more than one kiss, he hardly spoke one word to her, and he then bade her go to bed. From that time the children noticed the change in their father; they saw when he came home that he could hardly walk straight; they found that he seldom spoke to them kindly; and they soon learned that he spent his evenings in playing at skittles at the public-house, and in drinking strong drinks.

And they soon felt this change

in another way. "Father," said Jane, one evening, "we have eaten only dry-bread for three days; and we have nothing to eat to-morrow. Give us some money to buy some bread!" But their father looked at his children with a stupid, surly look, and told them he had none to give them, and they must go and beg.

So, the poor children did as their father told them—they could do nothing else. They went and asked money by the roadside, and when they could not get any, and were very hungry, they would take a turnip out of the turnip fields, or dig up a few potatoes without asking permission.

In this way they lived for a long time, when they found that their father had become a decidedly bad man. He had no work to do, and then they found that he used to stop at home during the day, and go out at night. They found too that he came home before it was light; and sometimes he brought a hare, of which they ate a part, sometimes a pheasant, or a partridge, or a rabbit; and once he brought home part of a sheep. They were very glad of these things; but they did not know the truth, that their father was a poacher and a thief. They saw, too, that he had money, but they did not know whence it came.

The condition of the poor father was much worse than that of his children. He was still a fine man, but not so strong as before; his limbs trembled, his head hung down, and he sometimes felt shame. When this feeling came upon him he was full of horror at himself; he would think of the happy days when he was respected by his neighbours, and his dear wife and children loved him. Then he would shudder, and think that he would reform; but again some one of his companions would tempt him to drink strong drink, and he thus became hardened and brutal as before.

One day he was sitting outside a public-house, and had asked for some spirits to drink. He intended to drink very much, for he had in his pocket two or three pieces of gold—he wished to drive away the sinking in his heart, which he felt when he thought how he had gained that money; for the night before he had committed his first highway robbery! He was thinking of the dark wood in which he and a bad companion had waited with pistols in their hands; he was remembering how he heard the step of a horse, and how as it came near he and his companion seized the bridle, and compelled the traveller to give them his purse. He remembered too, how they took the traveller's watch; and how, as he delivered it, he only said to them, "Poor men, you'll come to a bad end." Ah! he could not get rid of these words, nor forget the kind way in which they were spoken, so he was going to take another glass of spirits to drive the remembrance away, when a cheerful voice called out to him—

"Holloa! CHILTON, my old

friend; come and hold my horse!"

At these words he looked up and saw before him one whom he faintly remembered; it was the clergyman who had lived in his neighbourhood, and had married him and his wife ten years ago—he was in company with another gentleman, the magistrate of the neighbourhood, a harsh man whom Chilton well knew and feared.

"Do not take notice of that man," said the magistrate; "he is one of the most idle fellows in the neighbourhood; I expect that before long he will be brought to me for correction."

Chilton dared not then look into the clergyman's face; but, instead of being angry, the clergyman only called him again. "Poor Chilton," he said, as he came near, "how is it you have so changed? Why, you were one of the most promising men in the village in my time." He then bade him hold his horse, while he and the magistrate went into one of the rooms of the public-house to attend to some business.

The clergyman came out before the magistrate, and asked Chilton to walk with him across the common. He was much troubled to hear of the death of his wife, and that he was out of employment; and as he came near to Chilton's cottage, he asked him to let him enter and see his three children.

Chilton had hardly spoken a word all this time—he was now filled with shame when he thought how dirty and wretched his children were, and that his cottage was almost without furniture; but he could not refuse one who had been his friend.

As they entered his two boys did not even notice the stranger; but rushed to meet their father. "Father," they cried, "we have such good news! Jane has found upstairs under the mattress such a beautiful gold watch!" "Don't talk nonsense," said Chilton, colouring a little, "go up stairs to Jane!"

"No, don't let them go away," said the clergyman; "I want to notice your boys. Where is your eldest girl?"

"I will go up and fetch her," said Chilton, thinking to hide his confusion of face, and hoping that the clergyman might forget about the watch, but, at that moment, down came Jane herself with delight. "Look here, father!" she cried, "see—"

But Chilton rushed towards her with an oath, and told her to go up stairs—he was in a great rage and trembled violently.

He was too late, however; the clergyman had seen the watch; he also ran towards the girl, and took it out of her hand.

"What is this?" he said, looking sternly at Chilton.

Chilton now trembled more than ever; his countenance betrayed the truth, that the watch was stolen—he could not even invent a lie to excuse himself.

"Go out of the room! Go up stairs!" said the clergyman in a loud voice to the children. "Now, I will tell you what it is, Chilton," he said; "it is *my*

watch! and you, then, are one of the men who robbed me in the wood last night"—and as he held out the watch before him, looking sternly in Chilton's face, the man's trembling legs would support him no longer—he fell on his knees with a groan; he half-muttered something about not knowing whom he had robbed—and that he deserved to be punished.

So he knelt before the clergyman, but he dared not look up; the clergyman still stood looking at him in silence. And for five minutes neither spoke; they remained in the same position.

But if you had been there during that five minutes you would have noticed a strange change in the clergyman's face. His anger seemed to be passing away; he seemed to be looking back at the time when Chilton was just married; he seemed to be remembering when the man before him used to work hard in the fields, and went home to his happy wife. So his face showed signs of trouble, his eyes filled with tears, and he cried to the man before him, "*Poor man! what would your dear wife say to you now!*"

Chilton was still looking on the ground, expecting to be sent to prison; but at these words he could not look in the clergyman's face; he could not even thank him for his kindness; he only trembled more, and cried, "Oh, sir!"

"*Poor man!*" repeated the clergyman, "*You will come to a bad end!*"

These were the very words he had heard in the woods the night before; they reminded him again of his own folly; but the kind manner of the clergyman filled his sinking heart with hope,—he had not felt such courage for a long time.

"*Poor man!*" repeated the clergyman once more; "*I am truly sorry to see you so fallen. But I cannot punish you. I cannot bear to see you lose your character.* Here, keep the watch and use the money; it may help you to begin an honest course once more."

"*No, Sir,*" said Chilton, starting back, "I—"

"What! do you refuse what you took from me last night? Come, then, have more courage! you see you do not want to steal. Have courage for your children's sake! They do not know yet that you steal. My heart breaks to see them in such distress. Remember that *I* shall mourn for you, too, and that you will bring trouble on me, as well as on them, if you lose your character. Come, bear up! Try again to be honest for my sake also!"

I need hardly tell you what Chilton said; he hardly knew what to say; he hardly knew what he felt; there was a strange feeling like a *new life* within him; it gave him new strength and hope. He determined at that moment to try once more; and he solemnly promised the clergyman that he would never again touch strong drink. His benefactor allowed him to return the watch, but bade him keep the money he had stolen. "Keep it," he said, "that you

may see how truly sorry I am for you, and how much I want you to be honest.

"And," he added, "that you may see I want to save you from trouble, I will procure you work next week from one of my friends; I will also take your bad companion away to another part, that I may see if he too will improve." He then bade the unhappy man good bye.

W. And I suppose, mamma, that Chilton did reform himself?

M. Yes; a few years after, when the clergyman called at his house he saw once more a peaceful and happy scene. After Chilton had embraced him, he went to the cupboard and brought down from a cup on a high shelf the sovereigns which he had stolen.

"Here, sir," he said to his old friend, "is the money you gave me. Whenever I wanted to get any drink I took out these sovereigns, and told myself to spend them. Then they reminded me of your compassion, and gave me courage to say *No.* And now, sir, God bless you, I am happy."

L. I can see the lesson you want us to learn from this story, mamma; may I say it?

M. Yes.

L. Compassion *may turn those who are in an evil course.*

M. You are right. Then try to remember that lesson next time you see any one doing wrong.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could raise the daisy's purple bud!

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely soin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within!

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God.

DR. GOOD.

THE LINNÆAN SYSTEM.

Class 2. DIANDRIA.

P. What is this, Lucy?



L. Oh, it is a piece of *jasmine!* How beautiful it smells after the rain!

Ion. And it looks so white. Are we to examine it?

P. Yes.

L. It has five petals, so it is an exogen.

P. You are mistaken, Willie, in saying it has five petals. If you notice the corolla, the parts which look like petals are not separate—they are all in one piece. It is said to be a "funnel-shaped" corolla, with five "segments." But I want you to determine what *class* the flower belongs to.

W. Then we must examine its stamens. But I cannot see them very well, papa; they are in this little hole down the funnel.

P. Then I will slit the funnel for you. Now it is cut open. How many stamens are there?



L. There are *two*; so it belongs to the class DIANDRIA. Where are the pistils?

P. Here is the pistil, with the seed-vessel beneath it. Do you notice how the pistil, ovary, and calyx are joined?



Ion. Yes, but it has only one pistil, so it belongs to the order *Monogynia*.

P. That is correct—it belongs to the "class Diandria, order Monogynia." Here is another flower.

L. This is a piece of *lilac*. It is very much like the jasmine; it has a funnel-shaped corolla.

W. Only it has *four* segments instead of five. But I see that each little flower has two stamens and *one* pistil, so that lilac belongs to the same order in the class as the jasmine.

Ion. Are there any more in this class, papa?

P. Yes, here are some flowers of the *privet*. Have you never noticed them on the privet in our hedge?

Ion. No. I have only noticed the black round berries that come afterwards. This flower is very white, and the corolla is funnel-shaped again, but it has only *one* pistil; so it also belongs to the order *Monogynia*.

P. There are flowers in this class with two, and others with three pistils; the pepper plant, which grows in the East and West Indies, has three pistils.

Jon. So in the class DIANDRIA, the orders are *Monogynia*, *Digynia*, and *Trigynia*.

Class 3. TRIANDRIA.

P. Now for some flowers of another class. What is this?



L. This is a *crocus*, papa. Where did you get it from this time of year?

P. Never mind now; will you notice its stamens?

W. Yes, it has three stamens and one pistil — so it must belong to the class TRIANDRIA, and to the order *Monogynia*.

P. And if you will pick an *iris* next time you are in the garden, you will find that that also has three stamens and one pistil. *Cotton grass* also belongs to the same class and order.

Jon. Are there any other orders in the class?

P. Yes; the next order, with two pistils, is a very large and important one indeed. Perhaps you have never noticed the *flowers* of the corn plants; if you have, you must have seen that they have three stamens and two pistils. The order includes wheat, oats, rye, barley, and others, which grow, as we said, in panicles and spikes.

W. I have noticed that all we have spoken about in this class are endogens. You said that the parts of endogens are arranged in *threes*.

P. That is the reason why they form this class. Reeds, the sugar cane, and other canes belong to this class. The celebrated plant called the *papyrus*, which, from the use of its leaves, gave rise to the word *paper*, belongs to the class. There is another order in the class with flowers of three pistils, such as the *jointed pipewort*.

Jon. So that in the class TRIANDRIA there are three orders, *Monogynia*, *Digynia*, and *Trigynia*.

W. Now for the *fourth* class, or plants with four stamens.

Class 4. TETRANDRIA.

P. In the fourth class there are several well-known plants. You may examine them next time you meet with them.

L. What are their names, papa?

P. There is one called the *plantain*, with which you feed your canary. Here is another.



In the history of the cloth manufacture you may read of the minute hooks which this plant, the *teasel*, has on the flower-scales; these hooks serve as a very fine comb for *dressing* the cloth.

W. Oh, I know this plant very well! We find them on the common. We call them "Buzzies;" and the boys in our school pelt each other with them because they stick so to the cloth of one's coat; the other day a boy covered my back all over with them without my knowing it.

P. The *dodder*, *pondweed*, and the *holly* also belong to the class. All these have four stamens.

W. So they form the class TETRANDRIA.

P. The first two plants have only one pistil—the dodder has two pistils—there are others with three pistils; and the pondweed and holly have four pistils.

Ion. So that in the class Tetrandria the orders are *Monogynia*, *Digynia*, *Trigynia*, and *Tetragynia*.

Class 5. PENTANDRIA.

L. Will you mention, papa, some flower belonging to the *fifth* class?

P. If you like. Then you may go into the garden and examine them for yourselves. The fifth class is very large—it is said o contain nearly 1-10th of the vegetable world.

You remember, I suppose, that the flowers of this class have five stamens. The class contains the *primrose*, *violet*, and *currant*, which have one pistil, and others with two pistils; such as the *carrot*, *hemlock*, *deadly nightshade* (*atropa belladonna*), and other "umbelliferous" plants, which you have read of.* There are the *passion flower*, the *chickweed*, and *alder*, with three pistils; the *grass of Parnassus*, with four pistils; thrift and flax, with five pistils; and the plant called *mouse-tail*, with many pistils (for many we use the Greek word *poly* in describing the order).

Besides these, there are the *potato*, the *primrose*, the *cowslip*, the *henbane*, and a great many others belonging to this class. You may yourselves discover their orders. Good-bye.

L. Good bye, papa! We are going into the garden, and across the fields, to look for some of these plants, and arrange them.

Ion. Stop, Lucy! Before we go, let us write the names of the class and orders.

Class 5, PENTANDRIA.

Order 1. *Monogynia*; 2. *Digynia*; 3. *Trigynia*; 4. *Tetragynia*; 5. *Pentagynia*; 6. *Polygynia*.

* Fireside Facts.

BELIEVE not each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.—SHERIDAN.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES I.

On the death of King James he was succeeded by his son Charles I.

Charles I. was a very unfortunate king, as you will soon hear. His troubles began directly he came to the throne. They arose partly from his character, and partly from circumstances. In the first place, he had learned bad manners from his father's household; he had learned to be very extravagant—he had been allowed to see, and to laugh at, all kinds of vice—his father was, you may remember, fond of hunting, hawking, and the cockpit. He also indulged in many other sports; he would amuse himself for weeks with music, masked balls, and representations in the theatre. Thus Charles became accustomed to drunkenness; he had seen the "ladies," as well as the nobles and king, "roll about in intoxication;" he had joined in indecencies, profaneness, and the wildest riots.

Secondly, Charles had learned his father's notions of the power belonging to the king, and that the king was only accountable to God for his actions. Thirdly, he was very obstinate in his disposition, yet he was weak like his father—he wanted the firmness to carry out his ideas with success. This was a very bad thing; it is bad for a man to be obstinate, but it is much worse for him to hold a wrong opinion for a long time, and then to be *frightened* out of it—he thus loses the respect of others. Fourthly, with all these bad qualities Charles was much loved—he was what we should call "a good fellow"; he was very good-humoured, and his courtiers did what they pleased with him; his weakness was seen in his letting them have their own way.

So much for Charles's *character*. Then there were *circumstances* against him. Fifthly, he had bad companions, such as Buckingham and others, who were worse teachers than his father had been. Sixthly, he had a wife who was a Roman Catholic, and wished to encourage all of her own persuasion. Seventhly, he entered upon his duties burdened with heavy debts which his father had left, and having on his hands the expensive war with Austria and Spain.

Now, these things were enough to hinder any king, especially if he wished only to have the chief power in the government. But the *people* who were represented by the House of Commons, and the *nobles* of the House of Lords, had, as you heard, increased their power during the time of James. They felt that they were properly a part of the government, that they knew how to govern, and they were determined to do so.

With all his hindrances, if

Charles had made these parties his friends, he might have been a good king; but he made them his enemies, and then they were the greatest hindrances of all.

But why should they be his enemies? The truth was, they could not trust him. The Puritans of the House of Commons found that Charles was, even more than his father, attached to the bishops of the church, and that he thought Puritanism a worse sin than drunkenness or any other vice. There were other sober-minded men who were not Puritans; but they thought that neither Charles nor the bishops were good "Protestants"; and that they could not be depended upon. These men called themselves Patriots. Thus, both *Puritans* and *Patriots* had little confidence in the king; they only thought, "he wishes to increase his power, and we will try to limit it."

Their mistrust was also increased by the conduct of the queen. Henrietta, who resided at Somerset House, had a brotherhood of Capuchin friars living there. These Roman Catholic priests and Jesuits were seen parading the streets of London, and in other parts of the country: the court, too, was crowded with persons of the same faith.

It was, at this time, a novel thing for the Lords to be opposed to the king, but they had been much annoyed by the "meddling arrogance" of Buckingham, whose power seemed as great as that of Charles himself.

The consequence of this opposition was seen when the *first parliament* of Charles assembled. The king in his good nature spoke to them very lovingly of his confidence in them; and, although the voting of the *supplies* was a matter of the greatest importance to him, he did not even mention how much money he wanted: he merely took care to remind them that the war with Spain was begun at their request, in his father's reign, and they knew as well as he did that an immense sum of money would be wanted to carry it on. It had been calculated that it would cost £700,000 *per annum* to carry on the war, and that the government was £400,000 in debt.

The return which the House of Commons made to the king's speech was not a fair one. It is true they found that the war with Spain was not carried on for the sake of Protestantism, but principally to gratify the illwill of Buckingham; and they even found afterwards that Charles and the duke had lent English vessels to the French to fight *against* the Protestants of a town called Rochelle; but if they had wished the war to be discontinued they ought to have said so. Instead of doing this they granted the king only the small supply of £140,000.

Again, they irritated Charles in another way. The sovereigns for two centuries had derived part of their income from "duties" collected on merchandise which the ships carried in or out of port. These duties were called "tonnage and poundage." The Commons,

however, were very cautious now: they said, "We will take care that Charles shall not collect any money without our permission;" so instead of voting, according to custom, that the king should receive the tonnage and poundage during the whole of his reign, they granted it for a single year only.

With such a bad beginning Charles and his first parliament did not agree long. At their second sitting at Oxford, they determined not to grant any more money until certain matters had been inquired into. They wished for explanations concerning the war against Rochelle, and for more explanations about the conduct of Buckingham. It was of no use for the king to tell them that he wanted money very much. They did not want the Spanish war to be proceeded with; they were determined that the religion of the country, and the "grievances," should be attended to first; and at last they so provoked the king that, by Buckingham's advice, he declared the parliament to be dissolved.

After this event, Charles raised the money he wanted by *loans* from the clergy, nobility, and gentry, and by pledging his plate and jewels. With this he fitted out a fleet, and attacked Cadiz, a port in Spain, but the expedition totally failed.

The *second parliament* of Charles was assembled in the second year of his reign (1626). Its members, however, were not more agreeable to the king than those whom he had dismissed. On meeting, they prepared to grant larger supplies than before. and *voted* the sum of £300,000, but still determined that the money should not be paid until their "grievances" were redressed, one of which was, that the king had collected "tonnage and poundage" the *second* year without their permission. They also determined that Buckingham should be tried for his bad conduct. Serious charges were brought against him, and it was hoped that Charles would be obliged to dismiss him; but in the midst of his trial the king resolved to save him by dissolving the parliament once more. Many members of the House of Lords came and urged him to delay doing so, if only for a few days. But his answer was, "Not for a minute." Thus ended the second parliament.

The consequence of this dissolution was, as before, that the king lost his "supplies." Three hundred thousand pounds was a large sum to give up for Buckingham's sake; but he and his master set to work again, to force the money from the people. *Loans* were once more exacted, and the names of those who refused to lend them money were sent to the council. But these loans were not sufficient; the king tried to persuade the people that the supplies which the parliament had *voted* ought to be paid by them although they were not passed in a bill. The judges proposed this to 5,000 citizens in Westminster Hall, but as soon as they heard the proposal they shouted toge-

ther, "A parliament! a parliament! else no supplies."

After this, new measures were tried. A *forced* loan was announced by proclamation, in which the king acknowledged to the people that it would be highly proper to obtain the required money through the parliament, but that there was not time for so tedious a process. He also stated that the money should be returned from the supply of the next parliament.

This loan also was unpopular. The people, however, were obliged to pay it, but many who were rich allowed themselves to be sent to a distant prison rather than acknowledge the king's right to make the demand; others were forced from their homes to serve in the army and navy, but they would not pay the money; and the discontent became general, loud, and alarming.

The king, therefore, began to see that he must soon call a *third* parliament.

TO A FLY.

Prithee, little buzzing fly,
Eddying round my taper, why
Is it that its quivering light
Dazzling captivates your sight?
Bright my taper is, 'tis true;
Trust me, 'tis too bright for you.
'Tis a flame, fond thing, beware—
'Tis a flame you cannot bear.

Touch it, and 'tis instant fate;
Take my counsel ere too late:
Buzz no longer round and round—
Settle on the wall or ground:
Sleep till morning: with the day
Rise, and use your wings you may:
Use them then of danger clear.
Wait till morning; do, my dear.

Lo! my counsel nought avails;
Round, and round, and round it sails—
Sails with idle unconcern:
Prithee, trifler, canst thou burn?
Madly heedless as thou art,
Know thy danger, and depart.
Why persist? I plead in vain:
Singed it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this, deny who can—
Is not this a draught of man?
Like the fly, he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution; still
He rebels, alas! and will.
What I sing let pride apply:
Flies are weak, and man's a fly.—ANONYMOUS.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

HAMPSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"Isn't it a quaint old city? I said to myself as I looked through the bar-gate at one end of the city of Winchester. This bar-gate is all that is left of its ancient walls. The view of the High-street through it is very pretty.

"So I walked down the High-street, noticing how narrow the pavement was, how wooden were some of the houses—looking at the old clock projecting from—I forget where—and the ancient cross, a picturesque piece of Gothic architecture, but not so large as that of Chichester. Close by I saw a turning leading to the cathedral—but no! I would not be tempted, and walked straight on—past the market—past the Hospital of St. John—across the bridge over the river Itchen—and up the steep hill at the end of the town—there! I have forgotten the name again—the hill where the cheese-market is held every year. St. Giles's, St. Catherine's, or something else.

"Well; sit down on the hill. Ah, here's a beautiful view! You fine old cathedral! How silently you lift your grey head above all the other ancient places! What a fine soft shadow gives indistinctness to every sorrowful-looking old window! That smaller building is the famous college of *St. Mary*, founded by William of Wykeham. There is Winchester castle, which William the Conqueror built, and Oliver Cromwell blew up. The ruins were entirely removed by Charles II., so I can't see them. But there is *St. Cross* a long way off from the cathedral. I'll go and see that ancient hospital! And what is that great range of buildings on the distant heights? Those are the *barracks*—no, I will not go and see them. May the time soon come when neither soldiers nor barracks will be needed!

"The ancient city is, on the whole, far more interesting than any one object. How changed since the 'good old times'! When the Saxon kings reigned, it was the capital of England; and when Swein, King of Denmark, invaded England, it became the seat of his government. At his death, Canute and Edmund Ironside struggled together for the kingdom; and when it was divided, London was the capital of Canute's kingdom, and Edmund Ironside's capital was Winchester.

"In the time of the Romans Winchester was still the capital, and William the Conqueror built a strong castle: so it increased in glory until the time of Henry I.; then it reached the summit of its greatness. How you would have liked to stand on this hill then! You would have noticed the strong wall, William's fine castle on the

east, the bishop's castle on the west, the great palace of the king, the mansions of the nobles, the cathedral, the three royal monasteries, and the numerous churches. The suburbs, too, would have surprised you as much as the city; for there were houses extending a mile from the walls in every direction.

"But every thing in this world has its change; and from the time of Henry I. Winchester began to fall. Do you not remember the wars between King Stephen and Matilda? Those were sad times for Winchester: then both parties fought in the streets of the town for several weeks. The ruin was dreadful; down came nearly forty of the churches. The splendid royal palace was burnt; and nearly all the town north of the High-street was in ruins.

"Winchester sustained many more injuries In the reign of Henry VI. a petition was presented to the king on its behalf; for 997 houses and seventeen churches were shut up.

"The last great suffering of Winchester was in the wars between Charles I. and his Parliament. The city adhered to the king; but after a great battle it was entered by Sir William Waller. The stained glass windows, images, statues, monuments, and other relics in the cathedral, were destroyed by the puritanical rage of the soldiers. It was besieged a second time by Oliver Cromwell, who blew up the castle.

"I cannot describe to you the different places I visited —the shady walk in the churchyard, under the avenue of tall trees, up to the magnificent west front of the cathedral, or the beautiful interior of the cathedral, or the splendid view of the whole length, from the west end to the east. The most striking parts were the tombs. I did not in any cathedral, not even in Westminster Abbey, see anything so elaborate and finished as the tombs of Bishops Wykeham, Fox, and Beaufort. The dazzling silver images of the saints have, however, been taken out of their niches by the Puritans and others. The exterior of the cathedral is not striking; the west front being by far the most imposing part.

"It is a pleasant walk across the meadows, past the mill, past the trout stream, over wooden bridges, and stiles, to the *Hospital of St. Cross*. Stop to look at the fine gateway—go under the archway, and knock at the door of the porter's lodge. I did so; and the porter knew what I was come for—he brought me a piece of bread and cheese, and some ale; for this is a charitable institution, and all poor travellers who pass are entitled to a mug of ale and some bread and cheese, without payment. But the prettiest sight was the open square green with the almshouses all round it, and the honeysuckles and roses, and the poor old men in their long gowns marked with a cross; the hospital having been foun-

ded by *Henry de Blois*, Bishop of Winchester, for thirteen poor men who are past their strength.

"I wish I had time to describe to you this beautiful old hospital; but I can only add that, after seeing the hospital of St. John's, and other buildings, the last place I noticed was the county jail, which I passed on my way to the station of the railway that took me to Southampton.

"Only a few words on Southampton.

"What a contrast it is to Winchester! WINCHESTER, a great cathedral town with narrow streets, with little commerce, and in a decaying state, like most cathedral towns; SOUTHAMPTON, a bustling town with broad streets, with much commerce, and in an improving state, like many other commercial towns.

"The entrance to Southampton from the avenue is very pleasant. After passing through a handsome street you approach the bar-gate, which is larger than that of Winchester, with a grotesque figure on each side; you continue past the bar, through the High-street, in a straight line to the water's edge; thus one part of the High-street is called 'Above Bar,' the other part 'Below Bar.' The High-street is very picturesque, and is remarkable for the numerous bow-windows in the houses. This town was once used as a watering-place; but the shores of Southampton Water are too muddy, and the climate is too mild to benefit much the health of the visitors; the increase of commerce also renders the place less 'fashionable.'

"The most noticeable places in Southampton are the fine Railway-station– the terminus of the London and South Western Railway, the pier, and the docks: the latter have recently been made, and, in consequence, the mails for the East Indies, and the steam-vessels of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, start from this town, besides the steamers for Devonshire, the Channel Isles, France, and other parts. Southampton is now frequently called the capital of Hampshire, and such it certainly deserves to be, as it is now much more important than Winchester.

"In the neighbourhood of the town is a venerable ruin called Netley Abbey; it is one of the finest in England. On my way to it I crossed the river Itchen on a curious ferry-bridge, which moved from one side of the river to the other every ten minutes or quarter of an hour; it was moved by steam, for it had wheels which ran on immense iron chains, extending under the water from one shore of the river to the other.

"I cannot undertake to describe Netley Abbey to you,—in two words, it is most venerable and beautiful. Go and see it.

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

A CHILD'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

All the little flowers I see,
Their tiny eyes are closing;
The birds are roosting on the tree;
The lambkins are reposing.

The sun, where that dull streak of red
Is faintly glimmering still,
They say, has gone to seek his bed,
Behind the purple hill.

And I, through all the quiet night,
Must sleep the hours away,—
That I may waken fresh and bright,
To live another day.

And well I know whose lips will smile,
And pray for me, and bless me;
And who will talk to me, the while
Her gentle hands undress me.

She'll tell me there is One above,
Upon a glorious throne,
Who loves me with a tender love,
More tender than her own.

He made the sun, and stars, and skies,
The pretty shrubs and flowers,
And all the birds and butterflies
That flutter through the bowers.

He keeps them underneath his wings,
And there they safely rest;
Yet, though they're bright and lovely things,
He loves us far the best.

For, when the birds and flowers are dead,
Their little life is past;
But, though we die, yet He has said,
Our life shall always last,

And we shall live with him in heaven;
For He has sent his Son
To die, that we may be forgiven
The sins that we have done.

He'll make my heart grow like his own,
All loving, good, and mild;
For he will send his Spirit down,
And take me for his child.

Then happily I'll lie and sleep
Within my little nest;
For well I know that He will keep
His children while they rest.—E. S. R. A.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

COMPASSION.

W. Look here, Ion, under the carnations, here are nearly twenty snails; and I have found sixty already. Look! they are of all sizes—very little mites—great fat fellows—do you see how the big one is poking out his horns?

Ion. Yes; don't touch them, Willie! Now, I like to see them climb up the basket—each has a beautiful *mantle* like the one mamma taught us about a long while ago.

W. Will you pull these out from under the carnations, Ion, while I go into the kitchen for some salt.

Ion. What is the salt for?

W. To kill them. I have read, that if you put salt on snails, or put them in hot salt water they are sure to die.

Ion. Oh, Willie, come back, do! Don't talk like that! What do you want to kill such pretty creatures for? Let us make a house for them and feed them.

W. Well, that would be foolish; for you would only breed more snails; and we ought to get rid of them, because they eat the strawberries. Here comes mamma, I will ask her.—Mamma, is it not right to get rid of the snails?

M. Here is Lucy, ask her.

L. Yes, I think it is.

Ion. But it is not right to *kill* them—you make them feel pain.

W. Only a very little pain. Mamma said that they have not much power of motion, or much feeling.

M. Still, Willie, it is right to feel sorry for a snail, if it only feels a *little* pain. You should feel *compassion*—even for a fly. How dreadful it was when that little moth was burned to death in the candle the other night!

W. Yes, that was dreadful.

M. And if you will sprinkle a little salt on those snails, Willie, you will see them spit, and turn green, and show signs of death—would you like to see them do that?

W. No, I think it would be better to take them out in the fields and let them live on the hedges; there they would get simple diet, without spoiling our strawberries.

L. Only, if every one were to do so, perhaps there would be too many snails; just as there would be too many black-beetles in the kitchen, if we did not kill them.

M. We will not talk about that question now; if it be our duty to kill the snails, let us do so in the quickest way.

But you may have compassion on those in the basket. Take them outside the garden gate into the fields, and when you come back I will tell you a tale about compassion to animals.

* * *

W. Here we are, mamma. We are all three come back, and here is Ada. Please tell us that tale.

M. Very well. I used to read a tale in my French book about LOUISE. I have almost forgotten it now.

A little girl named Louise, sat at the window of her father's house watching the snow-flakes as they came quivering down to the ground. She saw that in the yard there were a great many birds; some on the trees, and some on the ground, but that none could get anything to eat. They scratched away the snow with their claws, but there were no crumbs underneath; they scratched in the heaps of rubbish, but found nothing; and one bold bird, a robin, came near to the house, and struck its beak against the window panes, as much as to say, "Give me something to eat."

The little Louise felt very sorry when she saw the birds in the snow; so she went to the door of the yard and threw some crumbs out. She then went to the window again and peeped out; she saw first c c. then two, then three birds fly down and fly up again quickly, each with a crumb in its mouth; soon she saw a great crowd who were very busy, until all the crumbs were gone.

Louise was delighted at this sight, and the next day she threw out more crumbs. The birds behaved very well while she threw them: they arranged themselves along the borders of the tiles, and looked down upon her until she went indoors, then down they came again. Thus, for several days she thought of the sufferings of the birds, and fed them.

One morning after Louise had been much delighted with watching her pets, she went out for a walk, and met a boy called ROB, the son of a shoemaker; he was carrying in his hand a cage containing nearly thirty sparrows. He walked and ran briskly, swinging the cage here and there, and knocking the heads of the birds against the bars.

"Oh, stop, Rob!" said Louise, "don't do that! you'll kill those poor birds. What are you going to do with them?"

"Going to sell 'em, if I can. If I don't I shall give them to our tomcat; he will eat them up, all alive."

"Tell me what you would sell them for," said Louise, eagerly.

"Farthing a piece, Miss," said Rob.

"Thirty farthings!" said Louise; "that is seven-pence-halfpenny. I have a little money, and if you will bring them gently to my house, I will buy them."

When Louise had bought them, her father was much pleased with what she had done. He had noticed her before when feeding the birds

every day. He said to her, "There is an empty room upstairs; you may keep your sparrows in there, so that they may have more space to fly in.

The report that Louise had bought Rob's birds, quickly reached the other boys of the neighbourhood, and soon a great crowd was seen standing at her father's door. The boys held up their cages, one higher than another, all asking her to buy. Louise's father saw that she had not money enough to buy so many birds, but he said to her, "I will buy these for you."

Louise was now more delighted than ever; she had a room full of favourites, and they ate so much grain and other food that she had not enough money to buy what they required. Her father now helped her once more. "My dear child," he said to her, "your compassion for those little creatures is like the compassion that God feels for us. Is it not pleasant to try to imitate God? I will give you whatever you want for their support." Thus Louise was able to feed her two families—the birds in the yard, and those in her chamber.

When the spring came Louise met Rob again. His mother was pulling him along by the collar of his coat, while he was trying to limp after her, and was crying out with pain. "Come along, sir! said his mother, "it serves you right!"

"What is the matter?" said Louise, running to his mother.

"Sprained my ankle," grumbled Rob.

"Serve him right," said his mother, "he was trying to climb over the squire's palings to get at a blackbird's nest; he was going to rob it of all its young ones, and now he's got a trouble as bad as he was going to bring upon them."

Louise did not find fault with Rob then; she only pitied him for the pain he felt, and she brought him something in the evening to do him good. Rob could not walk for several days, but during that time Louise came regularly to see him, and showed very great sorrow for him.

Rob thus became very fond of Louise, and was inclined to attend to what she said to him. So the first time he was able to go out for a walk, Louise went with him.

"How did you like the pain of the sprain in your foot, Rob?" said Louise.

Rob. "Not at all; 'twas very unpleasant!"

Louise. "And how would you like it if I were to come on purpose and make you sprain your foot?"

Rob. "I should think, Miss, as you was very hard-hearted. I should say you was a bad one."

Louise. "Then Rob, you were going to do a worse thing than that when you intended to take the young blackbirds out of their nest. Mind, Rob, that you never do like to do such things. You should always be sorry to see any dumb creature in trouble."

Rob. "Do you always feel sorry, Miss?"

Louise. "Yes; if you will come

with me to my house I will show you how much I care for the birds."

On their way to Louise's home, she told Rob what she had been doing in the winter; and added that the birds which she used to feed in the yard had gone away, because it was spring time. When they reached the birds' room, Louise showed Rob more than one hundred.

"How happy they seem, Miss!" said Rob.

"Yes," said Louise, "I told you how very glad I have been to give them food: they are dearer to me now than anything I have. I would not sell them for a great purse full of money; and now I am going to open the window and let them all fly!"

"Oh, don't do that Miss!" said Rob, "they won't come back!"

"I know that," said Louise: "yet I shall set them free. Don't you see how they keep flying against the window-panes, and knocking their poor heads? Papa says they are in great trouble, because they want to go on the trees and build their nests. Poor things! I can't bear to part with them, but papa says that I ought to have compassion on them and let them fly."

"But then *you* will feel trouble, Miss; you ought to have 'passion,' or whatever you call it, on yourself, too."

"That is what I told papa; but, he said that if my compassion for the birds is not stronger than my love for myself, it is not good; so I mean, Rob, to let them go, though they have cost me all the money I had. "There, then!" added Louise, opening the window, "Go, poor things, and be happy!" and very quickly all her dear birds flew away.

It is hardly worth while to tell you what Rob said when he saw this action. Louise made him think about it, and she easily brought him to care for the birds; and for other animals. He learned to care for worms, for snails, and even for earwigs, caterpillars, beetles, spiders, and flies; indeed he learned to feel sorry for every living thing that he found in trouble.

Rob is now a farmer, and he takes perhaps twice as much care as he would have done of his horses, cows, sheep, and pigs, if Louise had not taught him. To this day, when he has to drive his horse up a steep hill he gets out of his cart, and walks beside him.

The other day when it was very hot, one of Rob's friends who was driving a cart up-hill overtook him.

"Rob, you foolish fellow," he said, "why don't you jump up into your cart?—how you steam with perspiration!"

"Ah! and look at my horse," said Rob, "see how he steams too! I like to take a share of his troubles on myself—I like to have *com*passion on him."

This time Rob had learned the word in full.

THE LINNÆAN SYSTEM.

Class 6. HEXANDRIA.

P. Lucy, will you go up stairs, and tell Willie and Ion to get their caps? You and Ada may get your bonnets, and you may then come into the garden—you will find me in the summer-house.

* * *

W. I am in first, papa; I raced Lucy and Ion all the way down the path. Here's Ion! Look, Ion, at this flower which papa has in his hand.

Ion. It is a snow-drop. Papa found it a week or two ago in a shady place behind the lilac trees. It is very late.

P. Yes. I have been keeping it in water ever since, that you may count its stamens.

L. It has six stamens, papa, so it belongs to the sixth class of flowers, HEXANDRIA.

P. And here is a *Daffodil;* here, too, is a beautiful little flower, a *Lily of the Valley.* Will you run and see if any of the lilies are in flower yet.

W. Yes; here is a *white lily,* and here is an *orange lily.*

P. See how many stamens each flower has.

Ion. The white lily has *six* stamens.

W. And the orange lily has six.

P. And how many has this daffodil?

L. This has six stamens, too; and so has the little lily of the valley.

Ion. I am the counter of the pistils. The lilies have only one pistil each; they are of the order *Monogynia.* Most of these flowers have only *one* pistil.

P. True; but there are other flowers in the order, such as the common *dock,* the *sorrel,* the *water plantain,* the *rice plant,* and the great *American aloe;* some of them have *two,* others *three,* and others *many* pistils.

Ion. So there are four orders. The *Class* HEXANDRIA contains the orders *Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia,* and *Polygynia.*

Class 7. HEPTANDRIA.

P. I can only find you one flower belonging to the seventh class, but there are many others in foreign countries.

W. Is this the flower, papa, this *horse-chestnut* blossom?

P. Yes. See what an elegant-shaped cluster of flowers this is: it is the shape of a pyramid.

Ion. It has seven stamens, papa, and one pistil—so it is of the seventh class and first order.

P. There are others with two, four, and seven pistils.

Thus we have *Class* HEPTANDRIA containing the orders *Monogynia, Digynia, Tetragynia,* and *Heptagynia.*

Class 8. OCTANDRIA.

L. Have you any flowers of the eighth class, papa?

P. Only one, this piece of heath. Examine its pretty blossoms, and you will see that it has eight stamens.

Ion. Are there no more, papa?

P. There are not many in England; the principal are the *bilberry, cranberry, willow-herb, persicaria*, &c.

Some have one, some two, others three or four pistils.

Thus we have *Class* OCTANDRIA, containing the same number of orders as the 7th class, viz. *Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia*, and *Tetragynia*.

Class 9. ENNEANDRIA.

L. I have been looking for some flowers with nine stamens, papa, but I cannot find any.

P. Here is the flower of one of your laurels, Lucy. Now, look at it.

L. Yes, it *has* nine stamens, and only one pistil, so it is in the class ENNEANDRIA, order *Monogynia*.

P. All the different species of laurel belong to this class, such as the *camphor tree* and the *bay tree*. The rhubarb plant also belongs to this class, and another which grows in the water.

L. What plant is that, papa?

P. I will describe it to you. It has a round smooth stalk, which grows three or four feet high. I have even heard of ts growing to the height of *six* feet.

L. That is a very great height!

P. At the top of the stalk is a head of bright red flowers; sometimes there are not less than thirty in a head: they have a beautiful and stately appearance: it is called the *flowering rush*. Have you seen it?

W. No, I have not seen it; have you, Lucy?

L. No.

P. Some of the class have one, some two, some six pistils.

Ion. So the plants form the *Class* ENNEANDRIA, containing the orders *Mono, Di*, and *Hexagynia*.

Class 10. DECANDRIA.

P. Here is a flower of the tenth order, with which you are well acquainted.

W. Yes, I know it, because it is a *Sweet William*. I will count its stamens; it has *ten* stamens.

P. And will you, Lucy, examine this *carnation?* You may notice the *rhododendron*, Ion, and the *pink*.

L. My carnation has ten stamens, Ion. And so have the pink and the rhododendron.

P. And in this class are many shrubs; the *azalea*; the *hydrangea*, the *Venus's fly-trap*, and others; we will talk more of these flowers when we learn their classes in the "Natural System." Some of them have *one*, and others *two, three, five*, and *ten* pistils.

W. So that they form the *Class* DECANDRIA, orders *Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia, Pentagynia*, and *Decagynia*.

Class 11. DODECANDRIA.

P. The eleventh class contains plants which have from twelve to nineteen stamens, and is called DODECANDRIA, from the Greek word for twelve.

W. I remember that you told us that, papa.

P. Here is one of the class, you know it very well.

L. Yes, this is a piece of *mignonette*.

P. You need not stop to count its stamens now. Besides the mignonette, there are the numerous tribe of plants called *spurges*, the *houseleek*, and others. You may count the stamens of each of these plants at leisure, for we have no more time to-day. They have either *one*, *two*, *three*, *four*, *five*, *six*, or *twelve* pistils.

Jon. I will write the name of the class this time:—

Class 11, DODECANDRIA: Orders, *Monogynia*, *Digynia*, *Trigynia*, *Tetragynia*, *Pentagynia*, *Hexagynia*, and *Dodecagynia*.

Class 12. ICOSANDRIA.

W. Twelve to nineteen stamens! I suppose that in this class the flowers have *twenty* stamens, or more?

P. Yes. I told you so in a former lesson! Look at this pear blossom; see how numerous the stamens are! Here are the blossoms of the apple, cherry, and plum trees. Here also are the peach, nectarine, almond, and strawberry blossoms. And lastly, here is a blossom better known than any you have yet seen—what can be more fair and beautiful!

L. This is a *rose!* It is the first I have seen this year.

P. The orders in this class have either *one*, *two*, or *five*, or *many* pistils; but before you write these names you may notice how the stamens grow.

Will you take this cherry-blossom, Willie? Now pull off one of the sepals of its calyx.

W. I have; and one of the petals, and some stamens have come along with it.

P. Now pull off another.

W. I have.

P. Now another—pull off all the sepals.

W. There now, poor thing, it has no calyx! nor anything else hardly. I have pulled off all the petals of the corolla, and all the stamens, with the sepals—there is nothing left but the ovary and its pistil.

P. Thus you have learned something. You know which part of the plant the stamens are joined to.

W. Yes, they are attached to the *calyx*, just as the petals are.

P. Thus, when writing the twelfth class in the list before you, you must write it in this way:—

Class 12, ICOSANDRIA (Flowers with twenty or more stamens *inserted in the calyx*): Orders, *Monogynia*, *Digynia*, *Pentagynia* and *Polygynia*.

HOPE AND FEAR.

At times the cheek is ashy pale,
They flushes like the rose;
And thus, as Hope and Fear prevail,
The colour comes and goes.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES I.

You heard last week how two parliaments were dismissed, and that Charles saw that he must assemble a third.

The discontent which compelled the king to this step was increased by his declaring war with France. Buckingham was at the root of this, as well as former evils, for the war arose from a quarrel between himself and the prime minister of France, Cardinal Richelieu. Buckingham was therefore appointed commander of a hundred vessels, containing 7,000 men. It was disgraceful enough to bring thousands of men to kill each other because of this private quarrel; but it was thought more disgraceful when it was heard that Buckingham had failed.

The king, therefore, looked forward to the meeting of his new parliament with some fear. He felt, too, that, as before, there would be a contest either against his own or Buckingham's power. Accordingly, he first tried to make peace with his enemies, by setting free those who had been imprisoned for opposing his loan; he next took measures for defending himself by force; he knew that his own soldiers were newly levied, badly paid, and discontented, and that they were not strong enough to make the parliament obey him: he therefore made secret arrangements to procure from Germany a thousand cavalry and five thousand infantry.

The third parliament of Charles met in the year 1628. They at once voted the king five "subsidies," which amounted to more than had ever been offered him before; but, as usual, they determined that all grievances should be settled before paying the money. The grievances were by this time, as you may imagine, very heavy. The whole house rang with complaints, especially concerning those who had been sent to prison for not paying the "forced loan." It was declared against the law of the land that any Englishman should be sent to prison without cause; or that he should be taxed without the consent of his parliament. The house then determined to frame a law, which they called "The Petition of Right."

The Petition of *Right* was so called because it did not ask for new provisions, but merely for old "rights," some of which had been given by the Magna Charta. The three most important demands were:—

1. *That no one should pay any tax, "or other like charge," without the consent of parliament.*

2. *That no man should be put out of his land or house, or imprisoned, without being brought to answer for his crime by law.*

3. *That no one should be molested or disquieted for not paying any "gift, loan, or benevolence," asked by the king.*"

The House of Commons soon passed this petition; it was then consented to by the Lords, and the king, after trying for a long time to resist, was obliged to give his consent also. The bill which thus recognised the liberties of the people was welcomed with joy; it was regarded by the parliament and people as only second in importance to the Magna Charta, and the subsidies promised to the king were immediately granted.

The parliament soon began once more to complain. Their next "grievance" was the king's bad adviser Buckingham. They pointed to his vices and incapacity, the defeat which England had suffered in the sight of Europe, and the decay of commerce, and they called for his removal from office. Charles was much displeased at this remonstrance, and accordingly prorogued the parliament until the following year. Before that time, however, the subject of their complaints was dead. A war had been begun for the relief of the Protestants of Rochelle, and Buckingham had the command of the fleet. He was waiting at Portsmouth, ready to embark, and was talking with one of his colonels, when, as he turned round to enter his carriage, a gloomy-looking man named Felton approached him, and struck him in the breast with a knife. Buckingham had only time to draw out the knife, and to exclaim, "The villain has killed me!" when he fell into the arms of those about him and expired. Nobody saw the blow; in the confusion and alarm that followed it was thought that he had been struck with apoplexy; but a hat was picked up which was thought to belong to the assassin, and, on looking round, Felton was seen walking composedly up and down, exclaiming, "I am he!" It appears that the deluded man acted partly from revenge and partly from indignation at Buckingham's public conduct.

Thus, when the parliament met in 1629, they no longer feared the influence of Buckingham; but it was found that the king had another bad councillor in his place. This was no other than *Sir Thomas Wentworth*, who had been one of the most eloquent of the popular leaders. But he had deserted the people, in order to serve the king; he became Buckingham's successor, and soon after received the title of EARL OF STRAFFORD.

The principal "grievance" now related to religion. About this time a celebrated bishop named LAUD rose to notice; he gave offence to the Puritans and many others by introducing ceremonies into the church which were much like those of Popery. The king also persisted in collecting the tonnage and poundage without asking the parliament; for, with the new taxes he had laid on certain articles, it yielded nearly half his income. The House

of Commons determined to stop these evils before doing anything else. The king sent them many angry messages, but they did not heed them. A celebrated member named Sir John Eliot proposed a "protestation," consisting of the three following articles:—

1. *Whoever shall introduce Popery or other opinions disagreeing from the true and orthodox church, shall be reputed a capital enemy to the kingdom.*

2. *Whoever shall advise the levying of tonnage and poundage without the consent of the parliament, shall be likewise reputed a capital enemy to the commonwealth and kingdom.*

3. *If any merchant, or other person whatsoever, shall voluntarily pay the said tonnage and poundage, not being granted by parliament, he shall likewise be reputed a betrayer of the liberties of England.*

The 2nd of March, 1629, was the memorable day fixed for adopting these resolutions. In the morning Eliot entered the house for the purpose, and no sooner were prayers ended than he rose to denounce those who had offended the house. After a long speech he advanced towards the chair, showed the remonstrance to the Speaker, and called upon him to read it. The Speaker refused. He then presented it to the clerk, who also refused. But Eliot was not to be discouraged by such an impediment; he read the remonstrance himself, and desired of the Speaker "to put it to the vote;" this officer still refused, and at length confessed that *he was commanded otherwise by the king!* The whole house was now in an uproar. Three members, named *Selden*, *Hollis*, and *Valentine*, rose, and, when the Speaker attempted to leave the chair, the two latter pushed him back and held him in his seat. The disorder then became most violent. Some members tried to rescue the Speaker, but Hollis swore that he should sit there until the house chose to separate. The confusion still increased, and several placed their hands on their swords, when Eliot's voice was heard above the rest: he placed "the protestation" in the hands of Hollis, who assumed the functions of Speaker, and read its resolutions aloud, which were passed with loud acclamations.

During these proceedings, Charles sent the sergeant-at-arms to bring away the mace; but the doors were locked; he then sent the usher of the black rod, but he also tried in vain to enter; lastly, he sent a guard of soldiers, who were going to force an entrance; but Eliot's resolutions were then passed; the doors were, therefore, thrown open, and the members disappeared, passing in a crowd through the street.

This was the last act of Charles's *third parliament*. In obedience to the king's message, they separated until the 10th of March, when, having met, Charles went to the Lords, described the leaders of the opposition as "vipers," and dissolved the assembly.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

HAMPSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"Winchester, Southampton, and Portsmouth, are the three principal towns of Hampshire. Let us visit Portsmouth.

"We go by railway from Southampton, and we find that Portsmouth is on an island in the south of the county, called the *Isle of Portsea*. Portsmouth is situated in the south-west corner. At the east of Portsea island is another island of about the same size, and on the west is a town called Gosport. To go from Portsmouth to Gosport you travel by a floating bridge, something like that of Southampton, only much larger.

"But to begin. Portsmouth is perhaps the most celebrated naval station in England, so I need not, therefore, tell you of the number of sailors I met in the streets; nor of the great vessels, the men of war, in the harbour. Walking through one long street I saw that on one side of the way there was nothing but a very thick and high wall. 'Whatever is beyond this wall,' I thought, 'it is completely separated from the town.' 'What is on the other side of this wall?' I asked of a man with a shiny hat.

"'Dockyard,' was the answer.

"Now, I had often heard of this great dockyard, and I, therefore, determined to see it; but I did not get admission without some trouble. On entering I was not disappointed with the place: I never expected to see anything so extensive—the whole establishment is like a great town. My guide showed me the great *rope-house*, where immense cables and smaller ropes are made; he then led me to the *anchor wharf*, and the *anchor forge*, and from thence to a place where I was almost bewildered with the noise inside. 'Here, sir,' he said, 'you see the *copper sheathing foundry and mills*.'

"'Yes; that is copper which the men are hammering,' I said —'what is that great sheet of copper for?'

"'That sir, is *copper sheathing*.'

"'Oh, I remember now,' I replied: 'I have seen copper sheathing fastened outside the hull of a vessel.' After watching the operation as long as the noise would allow, I was led to the department for making *blocks*. Here I saw some beautiful machinery — there were three sets of machines, for different sized blocks; one set took up the rough timber and cut it, another brought it into its exact shape, another bored it, and, after every machine had carefully done its duty, the block came out in a perfect state, with a smooth, finished appearance, and ready for use.

My guide told me that this block machinery is very celebrated, and that it can produce 1,400 perfect blocks per day.

"'This is a noble sheet of water,' I said to him as we reached another spot.

"'Yes, sir; this is the *grand basin*, where we receive vessels to be repaired and rigged. Yonder are the *building slips*, on which the ships are built. The *gun wharf*, sir, is another remarkable place; it is the grand depôt for cannon, shot, and every kind of fire-arms.'

"'The whole place,' I said, 'is very remarkable. What an immense sum of money it must have cost the nation; and what an enormous sum it must still cost every year to keep up such a place as this!'

"'Ah, sir, that it do.'

"'It seems *too* large a place,' I remarked; 'and it seems to be too much money to spend to *kill* other men. But suppose, with all your ropes, and tar, and combustibles, your dock-yard were to catch fire!'

"'Well, sir, it has caught fire before now.'

"'Has it indeed?'

"'Yes, sir, three times. In the year 1760 it caught fire from the lightning; then, again, in 1770; but no one knows how that happened. The last time was in the year 1776,—the yard was set on fire by a fellow called *Jack i' Painter*; but he was punished for it, though; he was hung on a gallows 64 feet high, just outside the dock-gates; and afterwards he was hung in chains on the beach.'

"'Poor man! I think you might have found a punishment that would have done him more good. The hanging in chains could have done no good either to you, or himself, or to any one else.'

"But I found myself at the dockyard gates again; and taking a small sailing vessel, I set out on a trip to the Isle of Wight.

"As we sailed up the harbour I could not help noticing the fortifications of Portsmouth, which are said to be impregnable. The harbour itself is a very good one; it is not too wide, and has at all times sufficient depth of water for a first-rate man of war: at its mouth it is two miles broad, and there is a strong fort on each side to guard the approach.

"'Where are we now?' I asked, as we left the harbour, of the sailor who had charge of my little boat.

"'This, sir, is the "road-stead" between Portsmouth Harbour and the Isle of Wight; it is called *Spithead*. Yonder is the Isle of Wight in the distance.' The afternoon was very pleasant, and the water smooth; so we quickly glided over the waves to the island, and landed at Cowes.

"The Isle of Wight was named *Vectis* by the Romans, and the name seems to have changed from *Vectis* to *Vect*, *Wect*, *Wict*, and *Wiht* (the last three ways of spelling it are all found in the Doomsday Book), and it is now spelt *Wight*.

"East Cowes and West Cowes are the two principal

ports. There are two other ports, named YARMOUTH and NEWTOWN; neither is a large place — ten years ago the population of Yarmouth was 567, and that of Newtown numbered only 95. The chief town is named NEWPORT.

"None of the towns are very remarkable. The island itself, and its beautiful scenery, are the great attraction to visitors. I found that the best way to see the island was to hire a fly, which would convey me to all the remarkable places in the course of the day. The old horse in the fly had been accustomed to go round and round the island ever since he was able to go at all, and he, therefore, knew every place at which he was to stop. He took me to *Alum Bay*, where there are such beautifully coloured sands: we went to the rocky promontory called the *Needles* — to the beautiful village of *Ventnor*— and to the great steep cliff called *Black Gang Chine*.

"All these places I saw with much delight; I only wish there was time to describe them to you. Besides these well-known spots, there are three buildings which deserve to be remembered. One is *Osborne House*, the residence of Her Majesty the Queen; another is *Parkhurst Prison*, near Newport, where young convicts are sent to be reformed; and the last is an ancient ruin which, in the year 1647, was the prison of Charles I. Here I was shown the window through which the unfortunate monarch tried to escape. It appears that he got his head out of the window, but could not draw his body through.

"The name of this ruin is *Carisbrooke Castle*. Before leaving it I was shown the well of the castle; and here I saw a sight which would have much amused you. Instead of a handle to turn to draw up the bucket, there was a great wheel, which was so broad that a donkey was standing inside. When told to draw us some water he began to 'go' directly —like a squirrel in his cage— and, after a long journey, in which he found himself just where he was when he started, he stopped; his reason for doing so was, that he knew the bucket to have reached the mouth of the well. The water in this bucket was intensely cold, for the well was very deep; indeed, I shuddered on looking down it.

"On my return to Newport, where I slept, I determined not to go direct through Hampshire to Wiltshire; so that I did not stop to see any more towns. The principal towns besides those I have mentioned are *Christchurch*, *Lymington*, *Andover*, and *Basingstoke*.

"On my way to WILTSHIRE I made some notes for you to commit to memory. You shall receive them in my next letter. I remain, dear children,

"Yours faithfully,

"HENRY YOUNG."

ETYMOLOGY.

REGULAR AND IRREGULAR VERBS.

P. What is the perfect tense of "*I love*," Ion?

Ion. I loved.

P. And of *I kill*?

Ion. I killed.

P. You see that the perfect tense is much like the present; it only differs in having *d* or *ed* added to it. All verbs which make their perfect past tense in this way, by adding *d* or *ed* to the present tense, are called REGULAR VERBS. Now make the perfect past of *I write—I sing—I break.*

Ion. Yes. *I writed* yesterday *—I singed.* No! that won't do—it's not proper to talk so!

P. Let me try! *I wrote* yesterday *I sang* yesterday *-I broke* my arm yesterday. These verbs are different from the first, because the perfect tense cannot be made by adding *d* or *ed* to the present. The present tense is altered.

All such verbs, in which the perfect tense cannot be made by adding *d* or *ed* to the present, are called IRREGULAR VERBS. There is one part of the verb which is often exactly like the past tense of the indicative mood. I mean the perfect past *participle.* Thus you may say—

Perfect Tense.—I loved.
Perfect Participle.—Loved.
Perfect Tense.—I baked.
Perfect Participle.—Baked.

L. We learned before, papa, that the perfect participle is the part which we use with the auxiliary verb to make the other tenses. Thus—

I am *loved.*
I was *loved.*
I will be *admired.*

P. True. Again, I only said that in *many* verbs the perfect tense and perfect participle are alike, but it is not so in the three verbs we noticed just now, and in many others. Thus—

Perfect Tense.—I wrote.
Perfect Participle.—Written.
Perfect Tense.—I sang.
Perfect Participle.—Sung.
Perfect Tense.—I broke.
Perfect Participle.—Broken.

W. Thus we must learn the perfect *participles* as well as the perfect tenses of each of the irregular verbs.

P. Yes. The only way to do so is carefully to commit them to memory. Many persons who have not done this make sad mistakes; they often use the perfect tense with an auxiliary verb to make their compound tenses. Thus I have heard an ignorant person say, "I have *wrote* my name," instead of, "I have written." "I thought I had *broke* my arm," instead of, "I had broken."

W. Then, Papa, wouldn't it be a good thing to have a list of all those verbs that are irregular? Then we could learn them by heart. Do you think you could make such a list if you tried?

P. Yes. Several such lists have been made already in different books. Here is one which you may commit to memory. To-day you may only learn a part of the list—you may begin with those irregular verbs which have the past tense and past participle alike.

LIST OF IRREGULAR VERBS IN WHICH THE PAST TENSE AND PAST PARTICIPLE ARE THE SAME.

Present Tense.	*Past Tense and Participle.*
Abide	abode.
Beseech	besought.
Bind	bound.
Bleed	bled.
Breed	bred.
Bring	brought.
Build	built.
Burst	burst.
Buy	bought.
Cast	cast.
Catch	caught.
Cling	clung.
Clothe	clad, *or* clothed.
Cost	cost.
Creep	crept.
Cut	cut.
Dig	dug.
Feed	fed.
Feel	felt.
Fight	fought.
Find	found.
Flee	fled.
Fling	flung.
Grind	ground.
Hang	hung. (1)
Have	had.
Hear	heard.
Hit	hit.
Hurt	hurt.
Keep	kept.
Lay	laid.
Lead	led.
Leave	left.
Lend	lent.
Let	let.
Light	lit. (2)
Lose	lost.
Make	made.
Meet	met.
Pen (to enclose)	pent.
Put	put.
Pay	paid.
Quit	quit.
Read	read.
Rend	rent.
Rid	rid.
Say	said.
Seek	sought.
Sell	sold.
Send	sent.
Set	set.
Shed	shed.
Shine	shone.
Shoe	shod.
Shoot	shot.
Shred	shred.
Shut	shut.
Sleep	slept.
Slink	slunk.
Slit	slit. (3)
Speed	sped.
Spend	spent.
Stand	stood.
Stick	stuck.
Sting	stung.
Strike	struck.
String	strung.
Sweep	swept.
Swing	swung.
Teach	taught.
Tell	told.
Think	thought.
Weep	wept.
Wet	wet. (4)
Win	won.
Wind	wound.
Work	wrought. (5)
Wring	wrung. (6)

(1) *or* hanged. (2) *or* lighted. (3) *or* slitted.
(4) *or* wetted. (5) *or* worked. (6) *or* wringed.

Ion. Why are there no regular verbs in the list, papa?

P. You need not learn the regular verbs, because their past tense and past participle *are* always the same. I may mention that many verbs appear irregular because in speaking we pronounce the *d* or *ed* at the end very quickly, so that it sounds like *t*. Thus, for bended we say bent—for dwelled, dwelt—for dealed, dealt—for gilded, gilt — for kneeled, knelt — for meaned, meant — for spilled, spilt. Such verbs are either regular or irregular according to your manner of talking.

W. Yes. If I speak slowly, and say I spill*ed* the ink, the verb to spill is thus regular; and if I am in a hurry, and say, "Oh! I have spil*t* the ink," then the verb is irregular.

THE CHILD'S TIME TABLE.

Sixty seconds make a minute,
And sixty minutes make one hour;
In which time, if we begin it,
Much good work is in our power.

Twenty-four hours make out the day,
And seven days just make one week;
Four weeks will make one month, I say,
And one year just twelve months will take.

A second very quickly flies,
A minute soon is gone,
An hour is nothing in my eyes
When something's to be done.

And when from my sweet sleep I rise,
The day seems scarce begun
Before I close again my eyes,
That opened with the sun.

And when I go to spend a week
With some kind friend in town,
Before I've hardly time to speak,
The seven days have flown.

And when another month has passed,
My years they will be ten,
And twelve more months will go on fast,—
How old I shall be then!

Oh, may I ever spend my days,
And weeks, and months, and years,
In works of duty, prayer, and praise,
To my God who for me cares!

And if I should be spared to tell
My threescore years and ten,
My mother says, if I've done well
I shall be happy then.

INFANTA.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

8th Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

MERCY.

W. You did not write a lesson after the tale you told us last week, mamma. I think I can make one:—COMPASSION *is good for dumb animals.* Will that do?

M. Yes. You have now learned that compassion is good for dumb animals, for those who are in trouble, and for those who are in error. Will you try always to remember these things? You may remember, also, that compassion is good *for those who give it.* Lucy and I had much pleasure when we felt compassion for Mrs. Jones, the clergyman had much pleasure when he pitied the Labourer's children; and Louise had much pleasure even when she parted with her friends the birds, for she soon forgot her own trouble, and, whenever she heard the birds singing with delight, she felt delight too that she had shown them compassion.

Jon. But it is not right to show compassion to others only for the sake of the pleasure *we* may get, is it?

M. No; I only said that you may *remember* what pleasure compassion gives. So remember, lastly, that you should feel the sorrows of others for their sakes, even when it gives you pain to do so—just as Louise did.

To-day we will talk of another feeling, called MERCY. Mercy means "forgiveness." We say that one has mercy for another when, because of his compassion, he forgives him, whether he deserves it or not. Mercy is the *fruit* of compassion.

L. Yes. When the clergyman felt compassion for the poor man, he forgave him. That was mercy, and it grew out of his compassion.

M. True. But let us begin our tale.

SURREY
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.
GRAND FÊTE.
.
THREE ELEPHANTS.
.
FLOWER SHOW.
.
UNRIVALLED
BAND.
MONS. JULLIEN.
.
FIREWORKS.

"Listen to me, all of you!" said Tom Loseall, rushing into

the school-room;—"here's a long bill for you:—'Surrey Zoological Gardens—Grand F-ê-t-e'—that's French! Here! read it yourselves, I'm too lazy. But, let me tell you the news first—you are all going there!—that is, those who are able to pay 1s. 6d. omnibus there and back; and 6d. the gardens—that's two shillings total. What fun it will be! Who will lend me 6d.?"

But all the boys were too busy to notice Tom's question. They had gathered round the bill to read it; some were on the forms, some on the desk, some on the ground.

When they had read it, and determined they would all go to the gardens, a boy named James Saveall came up to Tom, saying, "I have got a long bill for you, too! You owe me eighteen-pence."

"No, don't talk about that now," said Tom, "I have only got 1s. 7d. and I want it, to go to the gardens. 'Pon my word, I'll pay you soon. My aunt is coming to see me next month."

"No," said James Saveall, "I'll not wait any longer. You've so often said that you'll pay me."

"But, only trust me this once," said Tom, "my aunt always gives me five shillings when she comes; and if you make me pay you now, I can't go to see the fireworks. Now *do* wait—there's a good fellow! Don't you think he could wait till next month, miss?" he said, turning to Miss Ellen, the schoolmaster's daughter, who was listening; "he is the richest boy in the school, miss—I am sure he's worth—FIVE POUNDS!"

"He has a right to the money, you know, if he likes to demand it," said Miss Ellen, "but I would rather not give an opinion. Here is your teacher, ask him."

"The money you have in your pocket belongs to Saveall," said the teacher, "so you must feel that it is *justice* that you should return it. Besides, you will learn a lesson of 'prudence'—it is not a good thing to be using other people's money."

"Very well, sir," said Tom, returning the money in great sorrow, "but I thought he might as well let me off for a little while longer. I shall be obliged to stop at home all alone to-morrow."

"Well, I could spare it," said Saveall, "but you have promised to pay me so many times that, as our teacher said, it is only *just* that you should suffer.

The next morning at eight o'clock two omnibuses were at the school door, ready to convey all the boys to their place of amusement. All were talking with delight except Tom Loseall, when they were startled by the sound of broken glass.

"Look!" they all cried, "Saveall has broken another window in the school-room; that is the third he has broken in a fortnight." "Now," said one, "*he'll* be obliged to stop at home!"

"Let us go into the school-room," said the teacher to the

boys. "This is a bad thing for you," he remarked to James, when he looked at the window. "You know the rule;—you will have to pay half the expense of the window, and to write a hundred times on your slate '*I must be more careful;*' and we shall start long before you have finished your task."

"But, sir," said Saveall, "may I not be excused this once?—may I not write it when we return?"

"No, indeed," said the teacher, "I cannot allow that; you break the windows so often. Remember your words to your friend Tom, yesterday afternoon,—'You have promised to pay me so often that it is only *just* that you should suffer.' Justice is a very good thing, but sometimes it is better to be more than just—to show MERCY. However, you would only give justice to your companion last night, so I can only give justice to you now." And with that the teacher and the other boys bade James Saveall good-bye.

W. Poor fellows! then neither of them went to the Zoological Gardens?

M. Yes, they did—both. In five minutes Miss Ellen came back into the school-room. She said to them, "I have kept the omnibus waiting, at the request of your companions. They all beg of me to show you mercy this time. So, Saveall, you may get your hat and come with me—but remember, in future, that we all need *more* than justice sometimes."

"Yes, miss, I will," he added; "and I will lend Tom two shillings gladly."

"No," said Miss Ellen, "I can't allow you—I am going to lend it him myself; but you may be more merciful to him and to others in future. I will make a moral lesson for each of you.

"You, James Saveall, may learn this—*Have more* MERCY; *mercy should not too often be hindered by justice.*

"You, Tom Loseall, may learn this lesson—*Have more* PRUDENCE, *that you may not too often depend upon mercy.* Now let us make haste to the omnibus."

THE ANT.

SEE the small ant,
Who, while the sun
Shines bright and strong,
In work goes on;
And lays up in store
For the cold hour,
When winds may blow,
And rains may pour;
These say to man,
"Waste not in sloth
"Thy life's short span,
"But do HIS will who gave it."

THE LINNÆAN SYSTEM.

Class 13. POLYANDRIA.

Ion. LAST week we left off with flowers having twenty or more stamens; they formed the 12th class.

P. And we will begin again with flowers having twenty or more stamens; they will form the 13th class.

Ion. But why not put them in the 12th class? Is it because that class would be too large?

P. No; although these flowers have twenty or more stamens, they are different from those of the 12th class. Do you remember, when we noticed that class, what part of the flower the stamens were attached to?

W. I do; because I pulled the cherry blossom to pieces. They were fastened into the calyx.

P. Here then is a poppy for you to examine. You see that it has a great many stamens. Now will you pull off one of its sepals and a petal?

W. Yes; there is one: but the stamens are not joined to the petal like those of the cherry blossom. I'll try the next. No! I have pulled off a sepal and petal too, but the stamens remain where they were. Now, I have taken away *all* the sepals and petals: there is something more remaining than the pistil this time, for the stamens are all standing round it.

P. Thus you see that the stamens are not inserted in the calyx as in the flowers of the 12th class. Will you notice what part they are joined to?

Ion. I have been observing them; they are fixed on to the part which the ovary is joined to. What is that part called?

P. It is called "the receptacle." You must mark this difference when you describe the class. But we will first discover some more plants belonging to it.

L. This flower, the *Columbine*, is one of the class, papa; it has more than twenty pistils, and they all remain after I have pulled off the petals.

W. I have served this great *Peony* in the same way. Here he is, without his red petals, and all his stamens are sticking to the receptacle.

Ion. And you see the same thing in this *Eschscholtzia*, and in this *Anemone*.

L. And in this *Larkspur*. Here is a piece of *Monkshood*; will you examine it, Ion?

Ion. Yes; it is like the larkspur. But I have been examining this *Christmas Rose*; it is different from the rose we saw at first, because the stamens are in the receptacle. And what is this flower?

P. This is the flower of the *Lime* tree; it also belongs to the 13th class: and this beautiful flower, the *Magnolia*, is another.

L. What a delightful smell it has!

W. But here is something more delightful still! Only

think that my old friend the *Buttercup* has turned out to be a 13th class flower. Look at him; I've stripped off his yellow clothes, just as I served the peony. I wonder what class the *Daisy* is in, whether he is higher or lower in the world than the buttercup. I'll go and fetch one.

P. No, do not do that, we cannot afford the time. We have found in the 13th class the *Poppy, Columbine, Peony, Eschscholtzia, Anemone, Larkspur, Monkshood, Christmas Rose, Magnolia, and Buttercup.* There are many more English flowers in the class; you can discover them, and add their names to the list some other day. They have either 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or many pistils. The class is called by the Greek name for *many* stamens.

Ion. The Greek word for many is "poly," so that the name of the class must be *Class* 13, POLYANDRIA. Orders: *Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia, Tetragynia, Pentagynia, and Polygynia.*

Class 14. DIDYNAMIA.

P. Now let us look at the next order. Here, Lucy, is a piece of *Mint.*

L. Does this belong to the next order, papa? It has only *four* stamens.

P. Yes; you must not suppose that the number of the stamens increases with the number of the order. Do you not notice something peculiar in these stamens?

L. Yes; they are not all alike, two are longer than the others.

P. The two longer stamens are therefore said to be *in power;* and this peculiarity is expressed by the ending *dynamia.* What is the Greek word for *two?*

W. Di.

P. Thus the class to which mint, and all such flowers, belong, is called DIDYNAMIA, which means "two *stamens in power,*" or two longer than the others.

W. This pretty little flower, the blossom of the *Thyme,* has two stamens in power.

Ion. And so has this *Foxglove.*

P. Yes; but there is a difference between the Foxglove, and the Mint and Thyme. You will be able to see this after the flowers are dead, when the seeds begin to ripen.

L. What is the difference, papa?

P. It is this; that if you examine the seeds of the *Mint* and *Thyme,* you will find they are not shut up in an ovary, or rather that they *appear* not to be. Each seed, however, has its covering, which adheres to it so closely that it seems to be naked. But if you examine the seeds of the *Foxglove,* you will see that they *are* enclosed in an ovary. Thus the Mint and Thyme belong to the first order, which is called *Gymnospermia,* from two Greek words, meaning "naked seeded." The *Foxglove,* again, belongs to the second order, which is called *Angiospermia,* from two Greek words, meaning a vessel, and a seed.

These are the only two orders

in the class—*Class* 14, DIDYNAMIA. Orders: *Gymnospermia* and *Angiospermia*.

Class 15. TETRADYNAMIA.

W. Have you any flowers of the 15th Class, Papa?

P. Yes; here is one, the blossom of a *Turnip*. You observe that it has four petals, which form the shape of a cross, and here are several more cross-shaped flowers. This bright yellow flower is the blossom of the *Mustard* plant; here is a *Cabbage* blossom.

W. And this single *Stock*, and this *Wallflower*, are cross-shaped.

P. And so is this blossom of the *Horseradish*.

L. But we are noticing the petals of the flowers, not the stamens.

P. True; and if you count the stamens you will see that each flower has six.

W. Yes, all have; and I notice in all, that four out of the six stamens are larger than the others: they are "in power."

P. And by prefixing the Greek numeral *tetra*, four, to the ending, *dynamia*, you make the name of the class TETRADYNAMIA. There are only two orders; like the orders in Class Didynamia, they differ in their ovaries rather than their pistils. But you cannot well discover this difference until the seeds begin to ripen. Then you may observe that the seeds of the Stock, Wallflower, and others, are enclosed in a *long* ovary, or pod.

L. Yes; I have noticed that, when we have been gathering the seeds of our stocks.

P. This long pod is called a *silique;* but if ever you collect the seeds of the horseradish, you will find them in a *short* roundish-shaped pod, which we call a *silicle*. There is a plant bearing a white cross-shaped flower, which grows plentifully by the road-side in the country. It is called the *Shepherd's purse*.



If you notice its silicle, it is a *short* heart-shaped pod, and with the little seeds inside, it is not unlike a pouch filled with money.

W. But the seeds would make very small money; only large enough for the fairies. I have picked the flowers of this plant myself.

P. The orders of the 15th Class, then, are very easy to learn, because they are only distinguished by the shape of the seedvessel. Those with a long

pod, or "silique," are called Order *Siliquosa;* those with a short pod, or "silicle," form the order *Siliculosa.* There—I think we have had lesson enough for to-day. You have heard of three classes.

Ion. Yes; but we will just write the particulars of this last class, before we go to play.

Class 15. TETRADYNAMIA—with four stamens *in power.* Order 1. *Siliquosa;* Order 2. *Siliculosa.*

SONGS ABOUT TREES. No. 2.—THE SONG OF THE ELM.

IN many a park, where old ancestral trees
Flutter and spread their foliage to the breeze;
On many a hill-top, and in valley green,
Where glide the bright streams willows grey between;
By many a dusty road, where travellers pass,
And field-path fringed with daisy-spangled grass;
On chalky common, and on heathy down,
By quiet hamlet, and by noisy town;—
Grows the Elm-tree straight and tall,
Often covered to the ground
With the leafy branchlets small,
Girding all the trunk around.

Sometimes in rows the stately Elm-trees stand,
And throw their shadows far across the land;
Sometimes they rear their trunks around the brink
Of overshadowed pond, where cattle drink;
Here from the hedge on either side they rise,
And from the rutted lane shut out the skies;
There clustering round the church, they hide from view
All save the vane that gleams their branches through.
Here a clump and there a group,
Shading dells and leafy nooks;
'Neath them wild deer frisk and troop,
Round them fly the cawing rooks.

The old familiar Elm, who loves it not,
Chief feature in some well-remembered spot;
Some haunt of boyhood, or of riper years,
Full often thought of, amid starting tears.
The English Elm—the tall, the stately tree—
Rearing aloft its boughs so gracefully;
Lovely in sunshine, beautiful in storm,
When lifting to the winds its towering form:
The useful Elm! it helps to rear
A dwelling for us while we live;
It forms the case which mourners bear,
When our remains to earth they give.

H. G. ADAMS.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES I.

THE important reign of Charles I. may be divided into four parts. First, the *four* years from 1625 to 1629, in which Charles's troubles arose partly from the wars with France and Spain, brought on by Buckingham; and partly from his contests with three different Parliaments. They wished rather to limit his power, than to grant him money for the expenses of the wars.

The second period consists of *eleven* years, from 1629 to 1640, in which Charles endeavoured by all manner of unlawful means to govern like an absolute monarch, until at last, when the Scots invaded England, he was obliged to call another parliament.

The third period consists of *five* years, from 1640 to 1645, in which the civil war between the parliament and the crown was carried on.

The fourth period consists of *four* years, from 1645 to 1649, in which the king was kept prisoner, and was at last executed.

But you have to learn of the second period: how did the king govern eleven years without a parliament?

This was not an easy thing to do. The members of parliament were perhaps more determined now than at the beginning of his reign. The king therefore began by putting some of them into prison. Nine of the most active, including Sir John Eliot who had proposed the late "resolutions," and Hollis and Valentine who had forced the speaker into his chair, were confined. Here they were kept until the principal, Sir John Eliot, died.

The next measure of the king was to save money by making peace with France and Spain; for the wars with those countries had only brought upon him expense and disgrace. Having thus reduced his expenses, and having the five subsidies which the parliament had lately granted, Charles was not so much in need of money, he thought to himself, If I can continue to collect the "tonnage and poundage" without opposition, I shall soon be independent of the parliament, and will reign as an absolute monarch.

But on carrying out his plan the king still met with resistance. A London merchant, named Richard Chambers, refused to pay tonnage and poundage until parliament should have granted it. The king, however, made use of the Court of Star Chamber, as Elizabeth had done. That court sentenced him to pay £2,000, and to be imprisoned until he should make public submission. The merchant would not submit, and was ruined.

Archbishop Laud (for he had now become archbishop of Can-

terbury) still continued his changes in the church. He thought to make the forms of worship so much like those of Rome that he would reconcile many of the Catholics to it. To compel those who opposed these changes, Charles made use of the "High Court of Commission." When a Puritan minister, named *Leighton*, wrote a pamphlet against prelacy (or the government of the church by *bishops*), this court caused him to be put in the pillory, to have his ears cut off, his nose slit, and the letters "S S," for Sower of Sedition, branded on his cheek. A barrister named *Prynne* had his ears cut off, was fined £5,000, and was imprisoned for life. A physician, named *Bastwick*, and a clergyman named *Burton*, were treated with equal cruelty.

By such severities Charles kept the people in awe; and by means of monopolies, by issuing proclamations and other acts, he contrived to govern absolutely. He might perhaps have continued to do so, but for the opposition he met with from a man named *John Hampden*.

John Hampden, a country-gentleman, was a friend of Sir John Eliot, and was intrusted with the care of his children when he died. He was remarkable for his mildness and modesty of manners, but he had also the love of freedom. The king had made a new tax, called *ship-money*, by which, at first the people who lived in the seaports, and afterwards those of the inland towns, were compelled to provide money for ships to defend the kingdom. The yearly amount thus produced was £200,000; but the tax itself was trifling—the charge to Hampden, whose income was £600 per year, being only 20s. Hampden, however, was the more resolved to dispute the tax; for he saw that the smallness of the charge induced the people to submit—he cared not for himself, but for the freedom of his country. The case of his refusal was therefore brought before the judges, and the question was argued for eleven days. The name of Hampden became familiar to all the people, and they watched the debate with the greatest interest.

The whole trial lasted nearly six months, for the king's friends tried every means to prove his right to make the tax. The Earl of Strafford, in one of his letters said, "If the judges decide in the king's favour, if he can only establish the justice of the tax, and accustom his subjects to pay it, his absolute power will at once be established." This was the question depending upon the trial—*whether the country should be governed by an absolute or a limited monarchy?* The king, therefore, would not allow the case to be decided against him—the judges knew they were his servants, and that he could dismiss them; they therefore gave their decision in his favour.

The effects of this trial were however most injurious to Charles. While it was pending, the people had freely discussed the question, and had reasoned about the *principles* of government: their opinions were there-

fore *against* the king; the spirit of the people was animated by Hampden's bravery, and was now more bold and threatening.

Had the king been content with this decision, the people might yet have submitted; but he was foolish and rash enough to attempt more. He now not only raised ship-money, but a similar tax for the army, called *coat and conduct money;* he made new taxes on merchandise; and monopolies almost without end, compelling submission by the Court of Star Chamber. Archbishop Laud also became more bold: by means of the Court of High Commission, he persecuted the Puritans more than ever; and many thousands left the country with all their property. They emigrated to North America, and founded the colonies of New England, which have now become a great nation.

By this means Charles might have rid himself of many enemies, but the persecuting spirit of Archbishop Laud would not allow him to do so. He became fierce, like some cruel animal who will not be disappointed of his prey. He induced the king to forbid, by proclamation, the Puritans to emigrate without permission. Amongst those who were thus forced to stop at home to be persecuted, were John Hampden, Oliver Cromwell, and others who had actually embarked in the Thames. Had they been allowed to go, the liberties of the people might never have been saved; but by retaining these men of bold spirit in the country, Charles and his friends retained that power which brought the force of the exasperated people upon them for their destruction.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The Rights of woman! What are they?
The right to labour and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o'er others' woes to weep;
The right to succour in distress;
The right when others curse to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all who mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
The right to lead the soul to God,
Along the path her Saviour trod:—
Such woman's rights, and God will bless,
And crown their champion with success.

THE NORTH STAR, U. S.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

WILTSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"I send you the notes on Hampshire to commit to memory before reading of my journey in Wiltshire.

HAMPSHIRE.

(Shape and boundaries.)—*Hampshire is a squarish shaped county; bounded on the north by Berkshire, on the east by Sussex and Surrey, on the west by Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, and on the south by the English Channel.*

(Soil.)—*The agriculture of the county is not peculiar. The most remarkable spot on the surface is the New Forest; there are also the forests of Alice Holt, Woolmer, and Bere.*

(Rivers.) — *The principal rivers are the* Itchen, *the* Avon, *and the* Test.

(Towns.) — *The capital of Hampshire is* Winchester, *an ancient cathedral town, formerly the capital of England;* Southampton *is a rising commercial town, and* Portsmouth, *a naval seaport. The other towns of importance are* Christchurch, Lymington, Andover, *and* Basingstoke.

The Isle of Wight *also belongs to this county. It has the most beautiful scenery. The most famous spots are Black Gang Chine, Ventnor, the Needles, and Alum Bay; the most remarkable buildings are Parkhurst Prison, Osborne House, and Carisbrooke Castle; the towns and ports, Newport, East and West Cowes, Ryde, Yarmouth, and Newtown.*

"'*Sheep* again!' I said to myself, as I stood on Salisbury Plain. I saw enough in Sussex on the South Downs. 'What breed of sheep are these?' I asked of a shepherd whom I met.

"'They are a variety of the *South-down breed*,' was the answer. 'The *Old Wiltshire breed* were horned sheep, but these are "polled." We tried the *Merino sheep* here, for they have a very fine wool, but they didn't answer; they were too delicate for the climate, and the feed was not good enough for them. We don't care so much about fine wool now—not since such quantities have been brought from Australia: the size of the sheep is the thing we notice, for we fatten them and send them to the butcher.'

"'You seem to have plenty of sheep on this plain. What an extensive place it is! For miles and miles there is nothing but plain, and flocks of sheep. What birds are those?'

"'Those, sir, are wheat-ears. The bustard and wheat-ear, and a few other birds are numerous here. But these are not the only plains in Wiltshire. I see you have a map, sir; I'll show you.'

"'Thank you—here's the map.'

"'You see, sir, the four principal rivers, 1st, the *Upper Avon* in the south of the county, where we are now; the capital SALISBURY is situated upon it; 2nd, the *Lower Avon*, at the north-west part; 3rd, the *Kennet*, which flows through Berkshire into the Thames; and 4th, there is a piece of the *Thames* at the very north of the county; it is here called the *Isis*.

"'Now you can understand where the northern plains of Wiltshire are; they are just at the north of the river Kennet, and they are called the *Marlborough Downs*. These downs and *Salisbury Plain* are both famous for sheep. There are downs too, sir, round about these plains; they are very wide, and spread in every direction.'

"'I do not see many houses either on the plains or the downs,' I said.

"'No, sir; the people live in the valleys. If you look at the river *Wilton*, which flows into Salisbury, you will see a town called WARMINSTER. Now all the way from Warminster to SALISBURY the Wilton runs through a beautiful valley, about eighteen miles long, and in this distance there are altogether two towns and seventeen villages, besides the "hamlets." Again, sir, in the valley which the *Avon* flows through, if y' take the twenty-five miles of valley north of Salisbury, you will find eighteen villages and one town.'

"'What sort of soil have you in this county?' I asked.

"'Why sir, you may divide the county into two parts. The north-west part contains broad arable lands, but the south-east part is nearly all chalk (look at the soil you are standing on now). This part and the chalk-district of Hampshire are the very middle of what is called the "chalk-formation" in England. A geologist who was down here some time ago, taught me that. If it's not too much trouble to get out your map again, I will show you the four ranges of chalk hills that branch out from here.

"'Here, sir, is the first range, the chalk range of the *Chiltern hills*, *Dunstable*, and *Royston*. You see, they extend through Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire, just the north-west corner of Essex, Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Norfolk, across the Wash into Lincolnshire, and Yorkshire, and ending at Flamborough Head—that's a pretty long range!

"'The second branch, sir, form the *North Downs* of Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent.

"'The third branch form the *South Downs* of Hampshire and Sussex.

"'The fourth branch form the *North and South Downs* of Dorsetshire.

"'I dare say, sir, if you have been a-travelling about in the counties, you have met with these hills—I have'nt been so far myself.'

"'Yes, I remember the hills in some of the places you have mentioned, but I never noticed their arrangement before. I

will "make a note of it." *The centre of the* CHALK-FORMATION *is in Hampshire and the South West of Wiltshire: the chalk extends in four different branches.*

"'But I came here to see that ancient building on the plain.'

"'You mean STONEHENGE, sir?'

"'Yes. I must go and see it. Good bye.'

"Stonehenge I found to be, as I have often heard it described, a collection of vast stones arranged in circles. Some of the largest are nearly twenty-five feet high. They are supposed to be the remains of one of the temples in which the old Druids and the ancient Britons used to worship idols. I also saw some of the ancient mounds called *barrows*, under which our forefathers used to bury their dead.

"After spending many hours on the plain, I was attracted by the tall spire of Salisbury Cathedral, and I set off for the city, where I now remain,

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

THE GLOW-WORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray;
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed,
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of might
That kindles up the skies,
Gives *him* a modicum of light
Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod;

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling-stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

COWPER.

ETYMOLOGY.

THE IRREGULAR VERBS.

W. We learned last week of the irregular verbs with the past tense and past participle alike.

P. Yes. And to day you may commit to memory the following verbs in which the past participle and past tense differ.

LIST OF IRREGULAR VERBS IN WHICH THE PAST TENSE AND PAST PARTICIPLE ARE DIFFERENT.

Present Tense.	*Past Tense.*	*Past Participle.*
Am	was	been.
Arise	arose	arisen.
Awake	awoke	awaked.
Bake	baked	baked, *or* baken.
Bear, *to bring forth*	bare	born.
Bear, *to carry*	bore	borne.
Beat	beat	beat, *or* beaten.
Become	became	become.
Begin	began	begun.
Behold	beheld	beheld, *or* beholden.
Bid	bade	bid, *or* bidden.
Bite	bit	bitten, *or* bit.
Blow	blew	blown.
Break	broke, *or* brake	broken.
Chide	chid	chidden.
Choose	chose	chosen.
Cleave	clove, clave, cleft	cloven, *or* cleft.
Come	came	come.
Crow	crowed, *or* crew	crowed.
Dare	durst, *or* dared	dared.
Dig	dug, *or* digged	dug, *or* digged.
Do	did	done.
Draw	drew	drawn.
Drink	drank	drunk, *or* drunken.
Drive	drove	driven.
Eat	ate	eaten.
Fall	fell	fallen.
Fly	flew	flown.
Forbear	forbore	forborne.
Forget	forgot	forgotten.
Forsake	forsook	forsaken.
Freeze	froze	frozen.
Get	got, *or* gat	gotten, *or* got.
Give	gave	given.
Go	went	gone.
Grave	graved	graven, *or* graved.
Grow	grew	grown.
Hide	hid	hidden, *or* hid.

Present Tense.	*Past Tense.*	*Past Participle.*
Hold	held	held, *or* holden.
Kneel	knelt, *or* kneeled	knelt.
Know	knew	known.
Lade	laded	laden.
Lie, *to lie down*	lay	lain, *or* lien.
Load	loaded	laden, *or* loaded.
Quit	quit, *or* quitted	quit.
Ride	rode, *or* rid	ridden, *or* rid.
Ring	rung, *or* rang	rung.
Rise	rose	risen.
Rot	rotted	rotted, *or* rotten.
Run	ran	run.
Saw	sawed	sawn, *or* sawed.
See	saw	seen.
Seethe	seethed, *or* sod	sodden.
Shake	shook	shaken.
Shear	sheared	shorn.
Shew	shewed	shewn.
Show	showed	shown.
Shrink	shrunk, *or* shrank	shrunk.
Sing	sung, *or* sang	sung.
Sink	sunk, *or* sank	sunk, *or* sunken.
Sit	sat	sitten, *or* sat.
Slay	slew	slain.
Slide	slid	sludden.
Sling	slung, *or* slang	slung.
Slink	slunk, *or* slank	slunk.
Smite	smote	smitten, *or* smit.
Sow	sowed	sown, *or* sowed.
Speak	spoke, *or* spake	spoken.
Spin	spun, *or* span	spun.
Spit	spit, *or* spat	spit, *or* spitten.
Spring	sprung, *or* sprang	sprung.
Steal	stole	stolen.
Stink	stunk, *or* stank	stunk.
Stride	strode, *or* strid	stridden.
Strike	struck	struck, *or* stricken.
Strive	strove	striven.
Swear	swore, *or* sware	sworn.
Swim	swam, *or* swum	swum.
Swing	swung, *or* swang	swung.
Take	took	taken.
Tear	tore, *or* tare	torn.
Thrive	throve, *or* thrived	thriven.
Throw	threw	thrown.
Tread	trod, *or* trode	trodden.
Wear	wore	worn.
Weave	wove	woven.
Wind	wound, *or* winded	wound.
Write	wrote, *or* writ	written.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Oh! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries.

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And trembling at the approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born Mouse detain.

Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood,
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth.

The scattered gleanings of a feast,
My frugal meals supply:
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny;

The cheerful light, the vital air,—
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind,
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

Or, since this transient gleam of day
Is all of life we share;
Let pity plead within thy breast,
That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crowned;
And every char'ty heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

MERCY.

W. I HAVE been thinking something about mercy, papa.

P. What is it?

W. I don't think that it is best to be always merciful. I gave a boy a good kick yesterday, and I think it did him good.

P. Indeed! what do you mean by a "good" kick?

W. Two or three of us were playing at hop-scotch, and this boy drove his hoop over the lines of the bases several times on purpose to spoil them. "Now," I thought, "that is sheer mischief! you are doing that only to aggravate us! and 't would do you good to give you what you deserve." So when he had the impudence to do it again, I kicked him. That kick was a "good" one, because it did him good—it made him *feel* how impudent he was—he looked ashamed of himself.

P. It might have made him ashamed, but it did not make him more kind to you. By mercy you might have made him feel more ashamed, and more kind to you also.

W. Yes, but I meant to show him my indignation. There comes a time, sometimes, when people are really too bad—then a little indignation does them good—it wakes them up, and shows them how bad they must be to make you feel so.

P. It may have that effect; and it is much more easy to be angry than to show mercy. But on that account I would have you take care how you begin such a practice. For, 1stly, it is not the best plan; 2ndly, you may soon learn to do it too often; and, 3rdly, you may thus sometimes show anger when it is *not* deserved. But I will tell you a story, and show you that it is not good to be angry, even after you have been *very* merciful.

Mr. Morris was a very kind man, he used often to say to his neighbour Mr. Freeman, it is not worth while to live in the world, unless you can do some good in it. Mr. Freeman thought so too, and though these gentlemen went to business every day, they found time to do a great many more things besides. I remember hearing one of them say, "What is the use of going to business to get one's living, and then living only to go to business? I like to have something more to live for." I often thought of those words.

Mr. Freeman was what is called a "guardian of the poor,"

and Mr. Morris was an "overseer," so that they met with a great many people whom they could do good to. Both gentlemen had families, and they often took their children with them when they had errands of mercy to perform.

I also remember asking Dick Bird the blacksmith, whether he thought that either of these gentlemen was kinder than the other. "Why, he said there's a little difference between 'em; for instance now,—when there is any good to be done, Mr. Morris will set about it more quickly than Mr. Freeman; he does not take so long to consider; but then again, he becomes angry sooner than the other. If he thinks that any poor fellow has done wrong and ought to be punished, he is sure to punish him. He'll tell you that if the man ought to be punished he *ought*, and there's an end of it,—he do like to keep people in order, and make them mind their P's and Q's."

Now, to make people mind "their P's and Q's" is a good thing, but it should be done in a proper way; and you may learn this from something that once happened in our parish.

"I'll tell you what I mean by MERCY," said Mr. Freeman to his friend Morris, as they were walking home together one evening. "I mean 'being *slow to anger*.' There is a verse in the 103rd Psalm, which tells us that God is 'merciful and gracious;' it adds, that He is 'slow to anger, and *plenteous in mercy*.' I think, do you know, if it is right to reason about God, that you may see the reason why He is 'plenteous in mercy,'—it is *because* He is 'slow to anger.'"

"But I think," said Mr. Morris, "that I *have* been slow to anger with this man. I am sure, I have felt my anger rise against him again and again; and every time I have kept it down. Let me count up how many times I have tried to help him, and he has vexed me. You remember, first, when he began business and had very little to do, that I got him a situation as one of the lamplighters to the parish. And you know how unpunctual he was then; the other lamplighter used to bring both the ladders from the station, and place Clay's ladder against the first lamp; and I have known him to be an hour and a half after time before he would come for it, and begin his duties. So, in some streets, the people had no light until they were going to bed, and did not want it.

"Then, secondly, when I employed him to take my children to school every morning, he failed. He often came for them at nine o'clock, instead of half-past eight, and Mrs. Morris then had to wash the baby, because the housemaid was wanted to go to school with the boys. I am sure, that I remonstrated with the man again and again. Instead of being angry with him, I *begged* of him to be punctual, until I was obliged to employ some one else."

"Yet, that is only twice that he has failed," said Mr. Freeman.

"But, I have tried to help him in other ways. When I gave him the job of building me a new stable, he was three weeks longer than the appointed time, because he used to be attending to everybody's business but his own. Fourthly, I gave him the repairs of our Sunday-school to do, but he did not get them finished in time. Fifthly, I tried to get two of his children elected into our free-school, but he did not try himself, so that they were not chosen. Sixthly, I lent him some money when he removed into his new premises, but he has not yet returned it as he promised, nor said anything about it; and Seventhly, I told him when I went out of town to repair my garden wall, and mend the green-house, and when I returned last Monday, I found he had done nothing to either, —consequently many of my grapes are spoiled."

"I must say," said Mr. Freeman, "that he is a very aggravating man — he is too careless."

"So I say," replied his friend. "Now, I have really tried to be merciful to him. Here is seven times I have felt my anger rise against him, and every time I have pardoned him. Now he has lost another chance by his carelessness; I think that this time he deserves to suffer the consequences of his folly."

"No doubt about it," said Mr. Freeman; "he has *deserved* such punishment several times already; but it is not always well to punish even those who deserve it. Don't you think it might be better first to find out why he has been unpunctual this time. If you were only to find out his fault and *teach* him, instead of punishing him, it might answer the same purpose, It would be a more merciful plan."

"Perhaps it would," said Mr. Morris, "but it is too late now; I have recommended some one else. I think, after all, that the punishment may teach him. It will make him remember. There is nothing like making a man suffer for his folly—that's the way to make him mind his Ps and Qs."

"Well, we shall see," said Mr. Freeman as they reached home and parted; "Good night!"

GOOD CHILDREN.

The little birds are in the tree,
Skipping and singing merrily;
The little lambs are in the mead,
From care, and pain, and sorrow freed;
And, lessons said, in cheerful play,
Children enjoy their holiday.
All, all are in a happy mood;
God makes those happy who are good.

THE LINNÆAN SYSTEM.

Class 16. MONADELPHIA.

L. What flowers have you there, papa? I see a *geranium*, a *mallow*, a *camellia*, and some others.

P. Yes. Take this geranium and notice its pistils. You see that they may all be pulled off together; they are all joined in one bundle.

L. So that when I pull one stamen the others come with it.

P. All such flowers form a distinct class, which we call *Monadelphia*, meaning *one bundle* of stamens.

The orders of this class are arranged according to the number of their pistils; they are distinguished by their stamens. Thus we have flowers with 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, and more stamens.

Ion. I will write the name of the class. *Class* 16. MONADELPHIA, with stamens in one bundle. Orders: *Triandria*, *Pentandria*, *Hexandria*, *Heptandria*, *Octandria*, *Decandria*, *Dodecandria*, and *Polyandria*.

Class 17. DIADELPHIA.

P. The difference between these flowers and those of the 16th class may be discovered by the name, *Diadelphia*.

W. I suppose that must mean *two* bundles?

P. Yes. Here are a pea and a laburnum blossom. By great care you may see that in each flower the stamens form two bundles. See how in this laburnum they surround the long ovary or pod.

There are four orders in the class, according to the number of the stamens. I will write the particulars for you. *Class* 17. DIADELPHIA, with stamens in two bundles. Orders: *Pentandria*, *Hexandria*, *Octandria*, and *Decandria*.

Class 18. POLYADELPHIA.

L. Have you brought any flowers of the 18th class, papa?

P. No; I have not. But, if you were to examine the blossom of an orange tree, you would see that its stamens can be divided into three or more bundles. In some plants of the class the stamens are inserted in the calyx, and in others they are not.

There are two orders in the class. Thus you have *Class* 18. POLYADELPHIA, with stamens united into several bundles. Orders: *Dodecandria* and *Polyandria*.

Class 19. SYNGENESIA.

W. What a curious name you have given to this class, papa. What do you mean by "syngenesia?"

P. The word signifies "a growth together," and you will see presently how suitable this name is for the class. First, notice what different flowers it has from those of the other classes. Here are the daisy, dandelion, sunflower, marigold, and thistle.

L. These are all *bunchy* flowers; each is made of a broad bunch of petals.

P. I will pull out one of these parts of the dandelion, which you call petals. You may now see that it is more than a petal; each of these yellow parts which make up the dandelion is a distinct flower. Because they are so small we call them *florets*.

L. Then "syngenesia" is a good name for the order, because so many florets grow together.

P. It is partly on that account. These florets all grow from the end of the flower-stalk, which we call the receptacle; but the stamens and pistil of each floret also grow together in a curious way. If you look at this floret of the dandelion you may see that the pistil is situated *in* the stamens.



W. The stamens are so small, papa, I can hardly see them. I only see that the style of the pistil is rather thick at the lower end.

P. That is because all the stamens are fastened round it. You see that their anthers are joined together, so that they form a tube, in which the pistil is placed. The filaments of the anthers are not joined.

L. How can you tell that, papa? they are so small that they seem to be united.

P. You shall see. I will show you a curious thing. By pulling the pistil, I have pulled it out of its tube of stamens. You now see that the filaments of the stamens are separate; the anthers are still joined. These are the principal distinctions of the class—1st, The stamens are joined together at their anthers, and form a tube. 2ndly. In this tube the pistil is placed.



Jon What are the orders of the class, papa?

P. The distinctions of the orders are not very easy to remember. We shall meet with these flowers again when we learn of the "Natural" System of Botany. I will, therefore, only mention the particulars.

In such flowers as the *thistle* and *dandelion* the florets are equal. These form the 1st order, *Equalis*.

In other flowers in the class, such as the *daisy* and *groundsel*, the florets of the circumference have pistils without stamens. These form the second order, called *Superflua*.

In others, such as the *sunflower*, the florets of the circumference have neither stamens nor pistils. These form the 3rd order, called *Frustranea*.

Others are more peculiar. In the *marigold*, for instance, the florets of the circumference have pistils without stamens, while those of the centre have stamens without pistils. These form the 4th order, *Necessaria*.

W. I will write the summary of the class, papa.

Class 19. SYNGENESIA, flowers with stamens united by their anthers, so as to form a tube. Order 1. *Equalis*; 2. *Superflua*; 3. *Frustranea*; 4. *Necessaria*.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES I.

P. Perhaps, Willie, you have seen a boy blowing bubbles.

I have.

When a boy blows bubbles he takes, in a tobacco pipe, a drop of water. The drop is solid and good, yet he wishes to make it larger, and he blows it. But it becomes hollow; he then wishes to make it larger still, and as he blows it, it becomes *more* hollow. Yet it looks very pretty. He sees purple and crimson, and gold colours on it, and he blows it more still. But the prettier it is the more hollow and thin it becomes, and even the air which passes all round it makes it shake. Then he thinks he will risk another puff, and make it more beautiful than ever. So he does: but this time it is so very thin that it trembles from the pressure of the air, and at last a rough wind so shakes the bubble that it bursts!

And you may see a *man* blowing bubbles, in the history of Charles. His power in the government was solid and good, like the drop of water, but he tried to make it larger, and it then became a bubble. The bubble might have been strong enough to stand, but he tried to make it larger still. He not only refused to redress the grievances, put his subjects in prison, and collected tonnage and poundage without permission, but he added the tax of ship money; he then added the "coat and conduct money," and made proclamations and monopolies. Then, though the people resisted, and, like the air pressed upon the bubble, he disturbed them more by dissolving his parliaments, by more cruel imprisonments, and by keeping the Puritans in England. You remember also how Archbishop Laud caused more disturbance by his changes in the church, and persecutions; and to-day you will hear how *he* gave the final stretch to the power of the king, which caused him to lose it all.

By trying to extend the king's power over the church of Scotland he excited a commotion in the air. An active "breeze" arose, and a rough *north* wind caused the bubble to burst!

That the changes which Archbishop Laud wished to make were rather Popish, may be seen from one instance—the consecration of St. Catherine's Church. In consecrating the sacrament the bishop advanced slowly to the altar, bowing to it five or six times on the way; and prostrating himself seven times before the bread and wine. After reading several prayers he went nearer to the bread; then slowly lifting the corners of the napkin, he looked in upon it; and immediately, as though awe-struck, he drew

back a pace or two, and bowed again three times.

At length matters were carried to greater extremes, and a proposal was set on foot, and negotiations were actually entered into for uniting the churches of England and Rome. Happily, however, these negotiations failed.

At this unfavourable time Laud determined to introduce his opinions amongst the people of Scotland, who were even more earnest Protestants than the English. In the Scottish church there were no bishops, but the ministers of the church governed themselves, and were called "Presbyterians." King James I. had introduced thirteen bishops, hoping that the clergy would be governed by them:—such a government is called "Episcopacy." The Scots had submitted to these bishops very impatiently, but Laud now advised the king to take another step—to force them to use a *Book of Common Prayer*, something like that of the English church, instead of allowing the clergy to pray to God in their own words, as they had been accustomed to do. He then prepared a liturgy or form of worship, which Charles declared should be used in every parish church in the country. This he ordered by proclamation.

The Scots were much excited at this Their anger at being compelled to worship God in any way *that the Archbishop might please*, knew no bounds. When the day arrived for the liturgy to be read, they resolved not to submit. In the principal church in Edinburgh, the dean ascended the desk, but he had no sooner opened his prayer-book than the whole congregation rose in violent tumult, making loud shouts. They threw their clasped bibles, and other books and stones, at the dean's head; even when the bishop rose to quiet them, a stool was hurled at him also. The congregation were then driven out by force that the service might proceed, but when outside, they broke the windows of the church, and made the most uproarious noise.

The officers of state in Scotland thus found that they must withdraw the new liturgy until they had consulted the king. Charles, however, did not dread any mischief, and gave orders that the clergy should read prayers as before. But it was found impossible in the face of a united people to carry out the king's order.

The Scots now arose, and bound themselves under a bond to resist this effort to bring the errors of Popery into their church. This bond, which was called the *National Covenant*, was signed by nineteen twentieths of the people. They then insisted on the calling of a *General Assembly of the Church*, according to the form of Presbyterian government. This assembly met; they formally excommunicated all the bishops, and declared that "Episcopacy" should not be tolerated in Scotland

Charles thus saw that he

could not, by force, carry out the plans of Archbishop Laud; but he dared not now give them up, as, by doing so, the Puritans of England would be immensely encouraged. Nothing now remained to be tried but war, and he assembled an army of 20,000 men. The Scots, however, assembled an equally large force, but when both armies met, they agreed to separate without fighting.

The king then tried other means, but with no more success than before. In the following year, 1640, the Scots did not wait to be attacked. They assembled once more, marched into England, totally routed the soldiers of Charles at *Newburn*, on the river Tyne, drove the English before them, and took possession of NEWCASTLE.

Charles and his minister Strafford, next tried to excite the old feeling of jealousy between the English and Scots. But both nations were now anxious for their religious liberty, and regarded each other as friends. Both looked on the king and his ministers as their common enemies, and Charles's soldiers were unwilling to meet the Scots in battle.

Seeing it impossible to reduce his enemies by force, Charles negotiated peace once more. It was soon after agreed that the dispute should be referred to the parliaments of the two countries, who were immediately assembled.

Thus ended, in the year 1640, the second period of Charles's reign—the period of his absolute power, which had lasted eleven years.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's; he takes the lead
In summer luxury; he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever;
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

KEATS.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

WILTSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"In talking to you of Salisbury, I have more to say of what it *was* than what it is.

"Suppose now that you were standing where I was a little while ago, on the north side of the city of Salisbury, then you would have seen about a mile and a half distant certain ancient earthworks—fortifications. Some of these fortifications are very high; if you had gone up close to them you would have seen that the outside rampart is surrounded by a ditch; and that, measuring from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the rampart, its height is 106 feet. That is a great height, isn't it? Then again, you would have seen some ruins of old walls, and other works. All these things are on the right-hand side of the Marlborough Road.

"But I dare say you want to know what those ruins have to do with Salisbury. Then, suppose that you had asked one of the country-people as I did. If he had been one of those who speak bad grammar, he would have said, '*Them*,' (putting the objective for the nominative case, you see). 'them is the ruins of the old city, Old Sarum.'

"And who was old Sarum?

"Have patience, then you shall know. We are going back 600 years and more. Early in the thirteenth century (you may remember that Henry III. began to reign in 1216) there was a castle in Old Sarum, and a cathedral; there were also plenty of people there. But it happened that the gentlemen who lived in the castle, the captains and others, could not agree with the bishops and canons of the cathedral. When the clergy found that they were oppressed, they determined to remove their church to another place. Accordingly the bishop, *Hebert Pauper*, or *Poore* (what a good name that is for a bishop! our Saviour was *poor*), obtained an indulgence from the Pope. This indulgence gave him permission to build a new church where Salisbury Cathedral now stands, which work he began in the year 1220, four years after the beginning of Henry III.'s reign. When the inhabitants of Old Sarum found that their bishop and clergy had gone away and settled around the new church they removed also; thus arose the city of *New Sarum*, now called Salisbury.

"I suppose you understand all that pretty well. There is little more to be added to the history, except that the new town is situated on the River Avon—that Henry III. granted it a charter, making it a 'free city,'—that it was fortified by a

wall and a ditch; and a bridge was built over the Avon,—that afterwards several parliaments were held there,—and that the Duke of Buckingham, who rebelled in Richard III.'s reign (you remember that, I dare say), was executed here in 1483.

"So much for Salisbury as it was—but I cannot say so much for Salisbury as it *is*. It may be called *New* Sarum, but it is old-fashioned. It once had good woollen manufactures, but they are nearly gone; its cutlery manufactures too have declined, but it has some manufactures of silk. Perhaps, however, you have noticed that we seldom meet with manufactures in the old cathedral towns. Can you tell the reason of that?

"Some of the streets have a stream of water from the river flowing through them, in canals lined with brick. The two finest buildings are the great county gaol, and the elegant cathedral. The latter is well worthy of notice; it has a beautiful spire, which is more than 400 feet high, and is seen to great advantage from the surrounding country. The tower, and the uniformity of the architecture in the cathedral—the ancient monuments of the interior, and the 'octagonal' chapter-house, would all please you if you were here to see them.

"But I think that that is all—except one word more on Old Sarum. Until lately *two members of parliament* were sent to represent this place, although it contained neither house nor inhabitant. At the passing of the Reform Bill, however, it was declared to be a 'rotten borough,' and was 'disfranchised.' I wonder what that means? You had better get the dictionary.

"There are two other noted towns in Wiltshire,—BRADFORD and DEVIZES; but I am not going to see either.

"It was said of Bradford three centuries ago: '*The toune of Bradford stondith by clooth making*,' which may be said of it now. It is one of the western *woollen* towns of England, of which we will talk soon. You may remember that there is another Bradford in Yorkshire, one of the northern cloth-making towns. I think I told you how the northern woollen manufactures are prospering, more than the ancient manufactures of the west. Bradford is on the Avon; its name is a contraction of the Saxon word 'Brandaneford,' which means *broad ford*. The river divides the town into two parts, called *Old Town* and *New Town*. The scenery on the hills around is said to be very beautiful.

"DEVIZES *was* one of the woollen towns, but that manufacture is now extinct. It has, I believe, manufactures of silk, crape, and sarsnet; there is a large snuff manufactory, too. In ancient records, this place is called *Divisæ*. It is supposed to have been so called because the place was divided by the king and the bishops of Salisbury. If you will look for the town on the map, you will see that it is not situated on a

river—perhaps this is one reason why the woollen manufacture has declined.

"There are other towns of importance in Wiltshire, such as Amesbury and Chippenham; but I must hasten to write your memory lesson. Mind that you learn it perfectly.

WILTSHIRE.

(Shape and boundaries.)—WILTSHIRE *is of a regular oblong shape. It is bounded on the north by Gloucestershire, on the south by Dorsetshire, on the east by Hampshire and Berkshire, and on the west by Somersetshire.*

(Soil.)—*The north-west part is fine arable land; but the south-eastern half is nearly all chalk, consisting principally of the broad sheep-pastures, Salisbury Plain and Marlborough Downs. The hills of Wiltshire are the very centre of the "chalk formation."*

(Rivers.) — *The principal rivers are the* UPPER *and* LOWER AVON, *the* KENNET, *and the* ISIS (*or Thames*).

(Capital and towns.)—*The capital is* SALISBURY, *on the Avon, containing a cathedral with a fine spire;* BRADFORD, *with a trade in woollen cloth; and* DEVIZES, *which formerly had cloth manufactures.*

DORSETSHIRE.

"I re-open my letter to say that, remembering there is another page to be filled, I am going to send you a few words on Dorsetshire.

"Have you ever heard of Corfe Castle? If not, look into your 'History of England,' and read about Edgar, the sixth king after ALFRED THE GREAT. You may read how he married a beautiful woman named Elfrida; also, how when he died he left two sons, that of his first wife, and that of Elfrida. You may read, too, that Edward, the son of his first wife, became king, because he was the eldest; and that, after four years, the wicked Elfrida wished her own son to reign in his stead. You may then read how, when Edward came on a visit to Elfrida at Corfe Castle, and was drinking, she caused him to be stabbed in the back. He then died, and was succeeded by Elfrida's own son Ethelred. He was afterwards called *Edward the Martyr.*

"I thought of all these things when looking at the ruins of Corfe Castle.

"At the south of Dorset are two islands, named the Isle of Portland and the Isle of Purbeck. Corfe Castle is situated in the latter; it is supposed to have been built by Queen Elfrida's husband Edgar.

"The ruins are now very fine; from their high situation they form a striking object—the ditch around the high wall is dry—the round towers lean as if ready to fall. The castle would, I dare say, have been wholly destroyed before now, as so many others have been, for the sake of the stone, but there is plenty of stone in the neighbourhood, and the cement with which the castle is built

seems harder to break than the stones themselves.

"'The stone in the neighbourhood' is a much more important subject than this castle. In the village of Corfe Castle I found that most of the inhabitants are engaged in the marble and stone quarries; indeed, the building stone of the Isles of Purbeck and Portland is one of the chief products of the county.

"The Purbeck marble was once much used for columns and ornaments in our cathedrals. Some kinds are nearly black, some abound in shells, and are used for mantelpieces, &c.

"The stone of Portland is much more common; it first came into repute in the time of James the First; he used it for rebuilding WHITEHALL. The architects found that it was white, solid, and durable they found, too, that it split freely in any direction, and resisted the action of water. From that time it came into general use. After the great fire of London A.D. 1666, it was used for rebuilding ST. PAUL'S and other large buildings. A great part of WESTMINSTER BRIDGE and the whole of BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE are of Portland stone. Besides these freestones, there is another product of Dorsetshire, of which I must speak in my next letter.

"Good bye, dear children,

"Your affectionate friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

THE BUTTERFLY.

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Sitting upon that yellow flower,
And, little Butterfly, indeed,
I know not if you sleep or feed;
How motionless, how still you seem,
And do you muse, or do you dream?
Till softly shaking you, the breeze
Has found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again.—
This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees these are, my sister's flowers,
Stay here, and in that harebell rest,
Or perch upon that rose's breast;
Or in that lily shly creep,
While soft winds rock you to your sleep;
Its white leaves closing round your head
Shall make a soft and fragrant bed.
And in the morning form a bower
Safe from the hail-storm and the shower:
From yonder woodbine's perfumed lip,
The choicest honey you shall sip,
And cowslip-cups each morn for you,
Shall still be filled with sparkling dew.

WORDSWORTH.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter III.

MIXED AND CONTRACTED VERBS.

P. These verbs are something like regular verbs, because you add *d* to make the perfect tense.

Sell	sold
Flee	fled
Do	did

Why are they *ir*regular verbs?

Jon. Because you change the vowels. In the first the present tense has *e*, and the perfect *o*, and so on.

P. As such verbs are like both the regular and irregular classes, we call them Mixed Verbs. Here are also some of another kind of irregular verb—

Present I put; *perfect* I put; *participle* put. *Present* I slit; *perfect* I slit; *participle* slit.

L. In these all three parts are alike; yet they are a sort of irregular verb, because you do not add *d* or *ed* to make the perfect tense.

P. Such verbs are called Contracted Verbs. The verbs which we spoke of in our former lesson, in which you *always* use *t* instead of *ed*, are also called by the same name. Thus, *present* lend, *perfect* lent (a contraction of lended); *present* send, *perfect* sent (instead of sended).

If you will look through the two lists of irregular verbs which we made in our former lessons, you will be able to make a small class of mixed, and another of contracted verbs from them. You can find other examples yourselves and add them.

W. But we will first define the four classes again:—

(1.) Such verbs as *cook, cooked; raise, raised; spill, spilled;* which form their perfect by adding *d*, or *ed*, are called Regular Verbs.

(2.) Such verbs as *run, ran; stand, stood;* which form their perfect by changing the vowel, are called Irregular Verbs.

(3.) Irregular verbs such as *think, thought; do, did;* which change the vowels, and yet add *d* to the present, are called Mixed Verbs.

(4.) Irregular verbs such as *hit, hit,* which have their present and perfect tenses alike, and others, such as *lend, lent,* which change the *ed* for *t*, are called Contracted Verbs.

P. For your parsing exercise to-day you may make lists of all the verbs of each kind which you may meet with. Arrange them all in four different classes.

No. 28. Parsing Exercise.

I *love* him now more than I *loved* him then. He cannot *speak* as he *spoke* before. Now I *teach* those who *taught* me. You *will find* that what it may *cost* to day, and what it *cost* yesterday *are* different things. *Shut* it up, just as I *shut* it yesterday. I *spend* now more than I *spent* before. *Come* to me as you *came* when I *wanted* you before; and *tell* me what he *told* you. *Buy* a dress like the one I *bought* last year. When he *sent* me I *ran* and *fell*, and *rent* my clothes; so I *told* him and he *mended* them for me. I *thought* he would; I *said* that he *ought*. I *left* home this morning; *lend* me your coat.

SWITZERLAND.

W. We learned three particulars about Switzerland last time, papa; and we said, fourthly, "On the mountains which rise above the snow line the rain forms snow and ice."

P. That is as true as the other particulars. You should mount the lofty *Finsteraarhorn.*

Jon. What is that, papa?

P. That is the name of a mountain. The German word Finster means *dark;* aar, *eagle;* and horn, *peak:* so that the whole word is *dark-eagle-peak.* On that gigantic pyramid, which is 14,000 feet high, the ice above the snow line may be seen to perfection. A gentleman who has been there says, "We found ourselves amidst a world of ice, extending around, above, and beneath us. . . . Eternal and boundless wastes of ice, which had stood untrodden since the creation, met our view. There is no trace of vegetation—no blade of grass, no bush, no tree, no weed, not even a creeping lichen invades the still desolation. It seems to be another world, where death unresisted holds his terrific reign. The only sound that reaches the ear is that caused by the cracking of the ice, which opens into new abysses with the crash of thunder, causing an echo like the voice of a mountain storm."

W. And you said, papa, that when the snow melts it forms vapour and rain.

L. And causes springs, which swell the rivers and form lakes.

P. Yes; but the most remarkable consequences of the melting of the snow are the great ice-fields called *glaciers.* A glacier is an enormous mass of frozen water, partly solid ice, and partly thin spongy ice, like frozen snow. Some of these masses are twenty miles long and two or three miles broad. These collections of ice, I said, are formed of snow-water, which freezes as it descends from the summit; they are, therefore, situated on the steep sides of the mountain.

W. But it is curious for them to be on the sloping sides of the mountain; for if they do not stick fast I should think they would slip down.

P. They do slip down; sometimes fortunately, and sometimes unfortunately. They leave the regions above the snow line, slide into the temperate regions, and thence into the warm valleys, to the very borders of cultivation; they even invade the huts of the peasants.

W. That must be as bad as an invasion from Julius Cæsar.

P. Or worse, if the glacier be large enough to crush the houses. There are persons living who have seen the ripe ears of corn and the glaciers touching, and have gathered ripe cherries from the tree, with one foot standing on the ice.

W. But will you tell us the *cause* of the glacier's descending, papa? I should have thought they would have been frozen hard to the earth.

P. The natural heat of the

earth is one cause of its descent; it causes the ice nearest to it to melt; secondly, the intense heat which I told you is found in the valleys ascends to the glacier and melts it; thirdly, the rain in the summer falls upon the glacier, and filters through the cracks and fissures of the ice; fourthly, the action of the sun itself melts the ice. The consequences of these causes are something more than the mere descent of the glacier. The melted ice forms beautifully clear and refreshing rills, which unite and make larger streams. These swell the rivers, as we said in our last lesson, and thus, from the action of the sun, the Rhine and other great rivers derived from the Alps, have their greatest floods in July; while those rivers which derive their water from the rain on the mountains have their greatest floods in the spring and autumn.

One of the most curious things to notice in the drainage of the glaciers is the contrast produced in the rills during the day and night. In the heat of the day, the mountain torrents are found to swell, and to roar loudly; but no sooner has the sun set than, from the rapid chill of the evening and the cooling of the earth's surface, the glacier freezes again. The whole mass then seems torpid; the sparkling rills shrink almost to nothing; their murmurs and the roar of the waterfalls subside, and when the sun rises in the morning he finds that a deathlike silence reigns, and that he has to set all things in motion again.

Ion. Which are the principal rivers formed by these streams, papa?

P. The principal are the noble *Rhine*, the *Rhone*, the *Inn*, and *Tessin*.

L. And which are the principal lakes?

P. The first is the beautiful lake of *Geneva*, which is 40 miles long, and covers 330 square miles. It is 1,230 feet above the level of the sea.

W. How the mountains must shut it in! If it could only escape, how rapidly it would all empty itself into the sea!

Ion. Unless there are some parts more than 1,230 feet deep.

P. The greatest depth is about 1,000 feet. The river Rhone flows through the Lake of Geneva.

The second important lake is the lake of *Constance*; the third, the lake *Lugano*; the fourth, the lake of *Lucerne*; the fifth, the lake of *Zurich*; the sixth, the lake of *Neufchatel*; and the seventh, the lake of *Thun*.

L. I have heard of something else besides the glaciers on the mountains, papa; something about the falling of the snow.

P. You mean the *avalanches!* Yes; we must not in our history of Switzerland, omit them. These avalanches are slips of immense masses of snow; they are sometimes of such size, and descend with such velocity that they carry rocks and forests before them, and sometimes bury entire villages. Not only these snow fields, but mountains themselves sometimes slide

into the country below. In the year 1806 a piece of the Rosberg, which was twice as large as the city of Paris, slipped down at once into the lake beneath, and made most frightful devastation. There are innumerable valleys in Switzerland entirely desolated by the avalanches which constantly fall into them. They are not accessible to anything which has life.

Jon. What causes so much snow to fall? Why does it not melt instead?

P. Much does melt, and much freezes and becomes hard; but new layers of snow accumulate on the old ones, and slide over them. It is said that just pushing your foot against the edge of a bed of new snow is enough to cause the fall of an avalanche. The discharge of a gun, or even the jingling of bells, or the voices of men may cause sufficient motion in the air to produce the same consequences.

The shepherds and others living in the valleys have many contrivances for protection. Some build their houses under ledges of rock, which project over the roof; but it must be a sad thing to live in the midst of such dangers.

SONG OF THE BEES.

We watch for the light of the morn to break;
And colour the eastern sky,
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,
Then say to each other, "Awake! awake!"
For our Winter's honey is all to make,
And our bread for a long supply.

And off we hie, to the hill and dell,
To the field, to the meadow, and bower;
We love in the columbine's horn to dwell,
To dip in the lily with snow-white bell,
To search the balm in its odorous cell,
The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,
Of the painted thistle and brier;
And follow the steps of the wandering vine,
Whether it trail on the earth supine,
Or round the aspiring tree-top twine,
And reach for a state still higher.

While each, on the good of her sister bent,
Is busy, and cares for all,
We hope for an evening with full content,
For the Winter of life; without lament
That Summer is gone, its hours misspent,
And the harvest past recall.

TRAY.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

10th Week. MONDAY. Moral Lesson.

MERCY.

P. Let us continue last week's tale.

The man whom Mr Morris and Mr. Freeman had thus talked about before parting, was the village bricklayer, John Clay. Certainly few people found fault with Clay, except those who employed him. He was a good workman and a truly, good-natured man; yet he was the most careless and unpunctual man in the parish. If you gave him any business to do, and he thought that some other person's business was more important, he would neglect his own affairs to help his neighbour. Thus he did not do justice to himself; this was his besetting sin.

The eighth time that Mr. Morris had tried to help him, was when a new ward was to be built in the Free Schools. At the recommendation of Mr. Morris, the committee had agreed to give Clay the whole work to do, provided he could do it for a certain price. He was to have met the committee at half-past one on a certain day, but as he did not come at the appointed time, the work was given to another builder. Thus he lost a profitable job, which Mr. Morris said was a proper consequence of his carelessness. No mercy had been shown him this time.

About two months after this event Mr. Morris was asked by Mr. Freeman whether he would take charge of a poor family who were in great want. "I think," said his friend, "that you will find them very deserving; they work hard, but cannot earn enough to buy bread—the husband of the widow was a working man, but he was killed by an accident. They were for a long time helped by a friend of his, but he, poor man, has not been rich enough to help them lately. They have been obliged to apply to the Union for relief, but we could not give them much, unless they came 'into the house,' but they could not bear to be separated."

Mr. Morris gladly undertook to relieve the poor people, and the very next day he called upon them. He found four little children living with their mother, two of them depending entirely upon her labours for food.

"How much can you earn a week with your own hands, my good woman?" said Mr. Morris.

"Generally, sir, I earn about 3*s.* 6*d.* with my needle, and about 1*s.* 6*d.* by making straw-plait.

My eldest boy and girl are very young, but they can plait a little, and they sometimes make 9*d.* or 1*s.* between them in a week."

"Poor woman!" said her visitor, "you must have had a very hard time since your husband's death."

"Yes, sir. We should have starved if an old friend of his had not helped us. Ah, he has been a good friend to us, indeed, sir! he was once my husband's fellow-workman; but he can hardly do anything for us now."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, he has had great losses in his business—he spent nearly all the money he had to help a brickmaker out of difficulties, and in consequence of doing so he lost the best chance he ever had of getting on in the world."

"What is your friend's name?"

"His name is *John Clay*, sir."

"Indeed," said Mr. Morris, starting a little, "I should like to know exactly how his helping the brickmaker caused him to lose such a good chance?"

"Why, sir, it happened in this way. A good gentleman who had been his friend all his life, wanted to help him, and offered to give him some very profitable work to do in the Free School; I don't know what it was. But the same morning that he was to meet the School Committee a brickmaker whom he knew came to him in great distress, and begged him to lend him thirty pounds. He said, 'It will save me from going to prison, and I have more than thirty pounds' worth of bricks, which you can use for the building you are to do in the Free School.' Well, sir, John Clay did not want so many bricks, and he could hardly spare the money, but he rode over with the brickmaker to look at them, lent him the money and when he came back he was too late to meet the School Committee. So, sir, he lost the work, and had thirty pounds' worth of bricks on his hands, which the brickmaker is too poor to buy back again. Ah, sir, he has been a good friend to us, John Clay has, but he wants help now, almost as much as we do."

Mr. Morris did not hear any more. He gave the widow some relief for a time, and hurried home to Mr. Freeman.

"I wish," he said to his friend, "that I had been merciful to John Clay the eighth time, and had not let my anger deprive him of his work."

"Why?" said Mr. Freeman.

"Because I have punished him more than I intended. Though he deserved to lose the work for not being punctual, yet he deserved mercy for *something else*." Then Mr. Morris told all to his friend.

"And what is more," added his friend, "you have punished the innocent as well as the guilty. Even John Clay's wife and children are in great trouble, as well as those you have seen to-day."

After a little consideration, Mr. Morris thought that careless John Clay had been

punished enough. He sent for him, and set to work, as Mr. Freeman had advised, to teach him to be more punctual in future. He carefully pointed out to him all his faults; he not only procured for him some profitable work, but at the same time he taught him to be more business-like in his habits.

W. Are you going to make any lesson from that tale, papa?

P. Yes You thought, Willie, that it might be a good thing to be angry with a boy, and knock him down, that he might learn to behave himself.

W. That is when the boy deserves it.

P. But you see that you cannot always tell when others deserve your anger. Thus, next time you think of punishing any one who has made you angry, be very careful. It is better to be "slow to anger,' then you will be more "plenteous in mercy."

W. You mean, I suppose, that we are to *keep down* our anger, when we feel it rising. Now, Mr. Morris did keep down his anger at John Clay seven times; but I have read in the Testament that we ought to do so seventy times seven. I don't think that my mercy would last out so long as that.

P. If you will let GOD teach you it will, for God's mercy lasts longer. We read that "His mercy endureth *for ever*."

SONGS ABOUT ANIMALS.

No. 2.—THE SONG OF THE GUINEA PIG.

A SWINE without a swinish nature,
A pig without a piggish feature,
They had a curious nomenclature
 Methinks, who so could name it;
And then, oh, circumstance absurd!
A *Guinea* Pig, upon my word!
Of such a thing who ever heard?
 For sure "The Brazils" claim it.

A pig? no pointed snout is there;
With lips divided like the hare,
And longish toes, all clothed with hair,
 And not a sign of tail;
A pig? its flesh then why not eat?
And think and call it quite a treat?
And why not feed it on pig's meat,
 And offer it for sale?

The little creature, to my mind,
Is of the hare and rabbit kind,
But like some things in life we find,
 'Tis call'd by a wrong name;
Hence may we learn that we should ne'er
Be prejudiced by *names*, but e'er
Inquire well into *character*,
 Before we harshly blame.

H. G. ADAMS.

THE LINNÆAN SYSTEM.

Class 20. GYNANDRIA.

P. To-day we will talk of the last four classes in the system of Linnæus. Here is the flower of an *orchis* plant.

Ion. What are we to do with it, papa?

P. Notice its stamens and pistils.

Ion. They grow in a curious manner; I cannot understand them. They seem to be mixed up curiously.

P. That is because the stamens are fixed *on* the style of the pistil. From this union of the pistils and stamens, the class is called "Gynandria." This word is composed of the names Gynia and Andria, which you have used for the pistils and stamens. The orders of the class are arranged, not according to their pistils, but according to their stamens; some have one, some two, and some six stamens.

Ion. Then the summary of this class may soon be written:—*Class* 20. Gynandria, flowers with stamens and pistils growing together. Orders: *Monandria, Diandria*, and *Hexandria.*

P. Classes 21, 22, and 23 may be easily distinguished. You may remember that we talked of flowers which have only stamens without pistils—these are called *staminiferous;* there are others which have only pistils without stamens—these are called *pistilliferous.* The plants of these classes are known because the staminiferous and pistilliferous flowers are separated.

Class 21. MONŒCIA.

In the 21st class you may see staminiferous and pistilliferous flowers growing on the same plant. Such plants are said to be "single-housed," which we express by the word Monœcia.

The orders of this class you may easily distinguish by these names.

Class 21. Monœcia, stamens and pistils in separate flowers growing on the same plant. Orders: *Monandria, Diandria, Triandria, Tetrandria, Pentandria, Hexandria, Octandria, Icosandria, Polyandria*, and *Monadelphia.*

Class 22. DIŒCIA.

In this class you may take two plants belonging to the same species, and find that their flowers are different. In one plant all the flowers may be staminiferous, and another may have all pistilliferous flowers. Such plants are said to be "double-housed;" the class is, therefore, called Diœcia.

Class 22. Diœcia, staminiferous and pistilliferous flowers on separate plants. Orders: *Monandria, Diandria, Triandria, Tetrandria, Pentandria, Hexandria, Octandria, Enneandria, Decandria, Dodecandria, Icosandria, Polyandria*, and *Monadelphia.*

Class 23. POLYGAMIA.

In this class many of the flowers are like those of the 21st and 22nd classes. Some are staminiferous, some pistilliferous, and some are perfect, that is, having both stamens and pistils on the same flower. Sometimes you may see flowers of each kind on one plant, and sometimes they are only found on different plants.

L. That is a rather puzzling class to understand.

P. Yes; to do so, you must consider the above description several times. Because of the difference in these flowers the class is called Polygamia. There are only two orders.

Class 23. POLYGAMIA, having staminiferous and pistilliferous flowers, and flowers with both stamens and pistils—sometimes on the same, sometimes on different plants. Orders: *Monœcia* and *Diœcia*.

Ion. Now, have we heard of *all* the classes made by Linnæus, papa?

P. Of all the classes of the *flowering* plants (which you may remember we called "Phanerogamia"). There is, however, the great division of plants which are without flowers; they are called "Cryptogamia," and they may form a 24th class. —the class contains five orders.

Class 24. CRYPTOGAMIA, or flowerless plants. Orders: 1, *Ferns* (or, Filices); 2, *Mosses* (or, Musci); 3, *Liverworts* (or, Hepaticæ;) 5, *Sea-weeds* (or, Algæ); and 5, *Mushrooms* (or, Fungi).

THE INFANT'S EVENING PRAYER.

The day is over, my frolic child;
Thou has left thy sports of glee;
With looks composed, and with accents mild,
Thou hast sunk on thy bended knee;
And the moonbeams play on thy hazel eye,
And shine on thy flaxen hair,
While thy voice is raised to the Power on high,
In a simple evening prayer.

Few are thy words, my gentle boy,
Thou art but of infant years;
Thou canst not tell of the world's vain joy,
Its temptations, toils, and tears;
But thou still canst ask, from the Lord above,
His protecting grace and care,—
And each earthly friend who has won thy love,
Is named in thy evening prayer.

Ere thy lips could a lengthened sentence frame,
Or utter a perfect tone,
We taught thee to lisp thy Maker's name,
And bow at his heavenly throne;
We bade thee gaze on the bright blue skies,
And told thee his home was there,
And he will not the simple words despise
Of our infant's evening prayer.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES I.

In the year 1640 began the third period of Charles's reign. After an interval of eleven years, the celebrated parliament, called *the Long Parliament*, met.

The acts of this parliament soon showed that they knew their own power. Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton were immediately taken from prison; and they entered London in triumph, wearing ivy and rosemary round their hats. It was voted that the levying of ship-money was illegal. The judgment given in Hampden's case was cancelled, and one of the judges was imprisoned for high-treason, and taken off the bench for his opinion in that case. They also proceeded to abolish the Star Chamber and Court of High Commission. This was not all. Before the parliament had sat eight days the Earl of Strafford, the king's prime minister, was impeached for high-treason, and the impeachment of Archbishop Laud speedily followed. Both were committed to the custody of the black-rod.

The principal charges against Strafford were, that he had been, like Buckingham before him, the king's bad adviser, and that he had tried to alter the constitution from a limited to an absolute monarchy. The king had great regard for his minister, and much wished to save him. He told both houses that he could not in conscience condemn him of high-treason. But his message was to no purpose: the Earl was tried, and though he defended himself with great eloquence, he was condemned to death. Even after his condemnation, Charles tried to save him; but he dared not to do so. An armed mob had, during the trial, assembled at Westminster, crying, "Justice! justice against the Earl of Strafford!"—the people in all parts cried for vengeance—reports of conspiracies, invasions, and insurrections were heard on every side. The king's principal counsellors had fled from fear of arrest—he was thus without any one to advise him. His queen Henrietta, who was much terrified, urged him to give way to the people, so that they might become content. Even Strafford wrote him a letter desiring to be made a sacrifice to reconcile him and his people. Charles, therefore, consented to Strafford's death, and he was beheaded on Tower-hill on the 12th of May, 1641. He bore his fate with dignity: it is said that 10,000 persons were present at the execution, and that bonfires were lit at night to rejoice at the event.

When Charles signed the warrant for Strafford's death, he also consented to a bill which was almost as fatal to

himself—viz., *that the present parliament should not be dissolved or adjourned without their own consent.* Archbishop Laud was not yet put on his trial; he was kept for future punishment, and the bishops were obliged to retire from the House of Lords for fear of the House of Commons.

The Commons had now attended to the business which interested themselves: they next considered the question of supplies, which interested the king, for he was sorely in want of money. They began, however, by granting four subsidies for the king's army in the north, and by paying the money due to the Scottish army in Newcastle. They not only paid the troops their full pay, amounting to about £850 per day; but they voted them £300,000 besides—nearly one-third of this was paid down. Thus they gained the good will of the soldiers, for they thought if the king should in future resist, they will help us and will be able to pay the expenses of war.

The king, in his turn tried to please the Scottish army. He passed through the camp at Newcastle, dined with *General Leslie*, and created him Earl of of Leven, putting the coronet on his head with his own hand; and all who had been his greatest enemies, he treated with the most marked kindness. Even the *Earl of Argyle*, who had been the chief leader of the Covenanters was made a Marquis. Thus as it has been said, the affections of the Scots were set up to auction between the king and the parliament. The question was, who is the highest bidder? Which party will give most for our help, should you begin to quarrel openly?

Charles's visit to Scotland was, however, interrupted. After he had spent three months in Edinburgh, he was called away in consequence of a most violent rebellion and massacre in Ireland. Many thousands of Protestants were killed. The rebellion partly arose from the bad government of the late Earl of Strafford, who had tried to make the king's power absolute in the country. The affair brought some disgrace upon Charles, who found when he arrived in England, that matters were in a desperate state, and that the Parliament were almost ready to rebel against him.

The first important act of the parliament after Charles's return was to present to him a paper called the *Remonstrance.* In this an elaborate account was given of all the grievances that had ever existed, or still existed. It was widely circulated amongst the people, who thus became more dissatisfied.

The Parliament had now been in power one year, and Charles had really redressed many important abuses; but they had lost their confidence in the king, and it seemed that their quarrel with him would only be decided by the sword. He, therefore, restrained his anger no longer. He gave instructions for seizing six of the

most violent members, namely Lord Kimbolton, Hollis, Hampden, Haselrig, Pym, and Strode. He impeached them for high treason, for trying to deprive him of his power, as they had impeached Strafford for attacking the power of the people.

This step was a bold one, but it was not prudent. Neither was it successful; for the parliament would not deliver them up. The next day, he astonished his subjects by a much more imprudent step, for he went in person to the House of Commons, took possession of the speaker's chair, and told the members that he had come in person to seize those whom they had refused to deliver to the serjeant-at-arms. The members had, however, escaped a few minutes before he entered.

Thus disappointed, the king remarked that, "the birds had flown," and left the house. He then proceeded to the common council of the city, to demand of them, to deliver them up. On his way thither, the populace cried out to him, "Privilege! Privilege!" The common council answered his demands with contemptuous silence. On his return, an insolent fellow threw into the king's coach a paper, on which was written "*To your tents, O Israel!*" a watchword used among the Jews when they intended to abandon their princes.

Soon after this quarrel, the authorities of London, instead of delivering the impeached members to the king, carried them in triumph back to their seats in Westminster. Charles, who had retired to Windsor, reflected on his rashness, and offered to withdraw his accusation against them. This submission did not pacify the parliament: it only made them more bold. They demanded that the tower should be put into their hands; that the ports, Hull, and Portsmouth, and the fleet, should be in the charge of their party. When Charles complied with their requests, they next demanded the command of the army. But this last demand was almost equal to declaring their intentions. Charles became exasperated; his answer was positive; he exclaimed, "No! not for an hour." After this refusal, both parties prepared for the horrible and barbarous expedient of settling their quarrel by *war*.

TREES.

The Oak is called the king of trees,
The Aspen quivers in the breeze,
The Poplar grows up straight and tall,
The Peach-tree spreads along the wall,
The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,
The Willow droops in watery glade,
The Fir-tree useful timber gives,
The Beech amid the forest lives.

COLERIDGE'S PRETTY LESSONS.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

DORSETSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"What is *Plastic Clay?* The word 'plastic' means soft, and impressible, or capable of being moulded into any shape. The plastic clay of Dorsetshire and the horizontal stratum of *pipe-clay* are as worthy of notice as the Portland and Purbeck stones, or Corfe Castle.

"The plates and cups and saucers which hold your daily food, should daily remind you of the Dorsetshire clay. It is not only plastic, but is very soft and firm; it is, therefore, sent to the Potteries of Staffordshire. There it is mixed by the potter with flints which have been 'calcined' and ground into a powder; the whole then forms a fine paste, which is the material for crockery-ware. The use of the pipe-clay I must leave you to imagine.

"The *produce* of Dorsetshire occupied my attention, after the soil. The greater part of the land is pasturage, and beautiful sheep downs. If you remember the words of the shepherd on Salisbury Plain, the North and South Downs of Dorsetshire form the *fourth branch* of the "chalk formation." The chalk, however, ends in this county. The principal sheep country is round the capital, Dorchester. It is said that within eight miles of that city, 170,000 sheep and lambs are kept. No wonder then that the poet Dyer talks of

"——Dorchestrian fields
Where flocks innumerous whiten all the land."

"The fine fleeces of these sheep are used in the Western woollen manufactures, of which I spoke in my last letter; each sheep yields about three and half pounds of wool. Most of the early *house-lambs* of which the Londoners are so fond, are the young of the Dorsetshire ewes.

"Cows as well as sheep, are fattened on the Dorsetshire pastures—the Dorsetshire butter is very famous in London; it is sold as 'fresh butter.' Many of the dairymen in this county *hire* their cows of the farmers, paying £8 or £10 for the use of the cow, during the season.

"The Dorsetshire *cheese* is also liked on account of the streaks of blue mould, found running through it.

"*Flax*, *hemp*, and *sainfoin* are other Dorsetshire products.

"The principal rivers of the county, are the Stour and the Frome, on which are situated some important towns.

"The capital is Dorchester. This town is pleasantly situated. It is on the river Frome. Two-thirds of the town are surrounded by a delightful, well-shaded walk. Its trade is very trifling.

"Dorchester may be remembered as one of the places visited by the cruel Judge Jeffries. You may remember that, in the reign of James II, this man tried the people of the Western

counties who had taken part in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. Of thirty persons brought for trial, he sentenced twenty-nine to death. On the following day, he ordered eighty more to be executed.

"Dorchester was called by the Saxons Dourceaster. Probably the first syllable is derived from the ancient British word *dur*, water; *ceaster* is the Saxon word for port, or town.

"If you look at the map of Dorsetshire, you will see *Weymouth Bay* adjoining the isle of Portland. Here is the town of WEYMOUTH, a very ancient seaport. This town furnished six of the ships sent to attack the Spanish Armada. It was a declining place until the end of the last century, when it was visited for its sea-bathing. In 1789 George III. had a royal lodge built there; and, as the climate is mild, the sands smooth and firm, and the slope gradual, and there is a fine broad terrace, a mile long, called the Esplanade, it has now become a favourite watering-place.

"BRIDPORT is on the western part of the coast. It would have been an important place, but unfortunately the harbour is liable to be choked by sand. It has manufactures of rope, sail-cloth, and shoe-thread.

"Between Bridport and Weymouth is ABBOTSBURY, remarkable for its share in the mackerel fishery of this coast.

"In the eastern corner of the coast, near Purbeck Isle, is an important sea-port, called POOLE. It has much trade, and oyster and other fisheries.

"BLANDFORD is another town of some importance: it has a small manufacture of buttons."

DORSETSHIRE.

(Shape and boundaries.)—*Dorsetshire has an irregular shape. It is bounded on the north by* SOMERSETSHIRE *and* WILTSHIRE, *on the south by the* ENGLISH CHANNEL, *on the east by* HAMPSHIRE, *and on the west by* DEVONSHIRE.

(Soil and produce.)—*Two-thirds of the county are pasture-land; the beautiful downs from the chalk-hills are whitened with innumerable sheep, producing fine wool and house-lamb. Dorset-shire butter is much eaten in London, and the cheese is also good. The plastic clay, potter's clay, Purbeck and Portland stones, are also important products.*

(Surface.)—*The ancient ruin of* CORFE CASTLE *in this county has an historical interest.*

(Rivers.)—*The principal rivers are the* FROME *and the* STOUR.

(Capital and towns.)—*The capital is* DORCHESTER. *The other important towns are,* WEYMOUTH, BRIDPORT, ABBOTSBURY, POOLE, *and* BLANDFORD.

THE OLD MAN'S REMINISCENCES.

WHEN you and I were young, dear,
How gaily flew the time;
How blithe the wild birds sang dear,
In sweet spring's early prime!

I'm sure such joyous music ne'er
Trilled from each little tongue,
As the glad notes we loved to hear
When you and I were young!
Remember you the daisied heaths
Where we so often met,
And twined the wild flowers into wreaths
While yet with dew-drops wet?
Oh! Time, the wizard, as he passed,
No shadow yet had flung
Hope's sunny beaming to o'ercast,
When you and I were young.
Remember you the sparkling stream,
Where the pale lily bent?
How brightly did its small waves gleam,
All singing as they went!
Singing to cheer the drooping flower
That o'er the waters hung;
Ay! we have watched it by the hour,
When you and I were young.
The lilies bloom there still, dear,
Still flows the tiny river,
And there's music in the rill, dear,
And the flowers are bright as ever;
But now the fairy spell is o'er
Which to the loved scene clung,
And ne'er again shall we feel more
As we felt when we were young.
What would'st thou give to summon back
Again those golden hours,
When all life's worn and dusty track
Was strewn with summer flowers,
And not a single thorn to wound
The rosy buds among?
But flowers are gone, and thorns are found,
Since you and I were young.
And yet ours have been happy lives,
And thou hast been to me
The best of friends, the best of wives—
And what am I to thee?
Oh! that fond smile, that gentle tone
Tell that "not all unstrung
Is the sweet cord of unison"
We felt when we were young.
And thou art even more beloved,
Than in thy summer prime,
For truth like thine may best be proved
By the stern touch of time!
And life hath yet full many a ray
Of light, for love hath flung
A chastened halo round our way,
Since you and I were young.

R.A.P.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter III.

RECAPITULATION.

P. We have talked of the different sorts of verbs, and their different inflections. It will be well now to commit the principal particulars to memory. Get your slate, Ion, and write a memory lesson. I will dictate.

Memory Lesson 5.

ETYMOLOGY.

THE INFLECTIONS AND DIFFERENT SORTS OF VERBS.

1. *There are several kinds of verbs, viz., the* ACTIVE TRANSITIVE, *such as* I kill; *the* ACTIVE INTRANSITIVE, *such as* I cry; *the* PASSIVE, *such as* I am fed; *the* NEUTER, *such as* I have; *and the* AUXILIARY VERB, *such as* I am: *the parts of these verbs are either "simple," such as* I cry; *or "compound," such as* I was crying.

2. *There are different manners of expressing an action; the alterations which are made in the verbs to express these differences are called "moods." The five moods are the* POTENTIAL, *such as* I can eat; *the* INDICATIVE, *such as* I eat; *the* SUBJUNCTIVE, *such as* If I eat; *the* IMPERATIVE, *such as* Eat; *and the* INFINITIVE MOODS, *such as* To eat.

3. *There are also parts of a verb which participate in the nature of both adjectives and verbs. These are called* PARTICIPLES, *such as* running, killed.

4. *There are different times for performing an action. The inflections of the verb which express these times are called tenses. There are three imperfect tenses, such as,* 1. PRESENT, I fear; 2. IMPERFECT, I was fearing; 3. FUTURE-IMPERFECT, I shall fear; *and three perfect tenses, such as,* 4. PERFECT, I have feared; 5. IMPERFECT, I had feared; *and* 6. FUTURE-PERFECT, I shall have feared.

5. *Adverbs do not form their tenses and participles in the same way. Those which form their perfect tense by adding* d *or* ed *to the present are called* REGULAR VERBS, *such as* love, loved; *and those which form the perfect tense by changing the vowel of the present are called* IRREGULAR VERBS, *as* write, wrote. *There are also* CONTRACTED *and* MIXED VERBS.

RECAPITULATORY QUESTIONS ON THE WHOLE OF THE THIRD CHAPTER.

NOUNS.

1. Make a sentence containing a PROPER and a COMMON NOUN.

2. (*Gender.*) Others containing nouns of the MASCULINE, FEMININE, NEUTER, and COMMON GENDERS.

3. (*Number.*) Another containing a SINGULAR and a PLURAL noun.

4. A sentence with a noun ending in *y* and another ending in *ey*, in the plural.

5. Another with the words *loaf*, *child*, and *foot*, in the plural.

6. Another with the words *sun*, *France*, and *sheep*, in the plural.

7. (*Person.*) Form a sentence containing nouns in the FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD PERSONS.

8. (*Case.*) Form a sentence containing nouns as the nominative, possessive, and objective case.

9. Another in which the possessive case has no *s* after the apostrophe.

ADJECTIVES.

10. (*Degree.*) Form a sentence containing adjectives in the POSITIVE and COMPARATIVE DEGREES.

11. Another with the adjective *magnificent* in the COMPARATIVE and SUPERLATIVE degrees; and with a numeral adjective.

12. Another with *little*, *red*, *many*, and *gay*, in the different degrees; and say why their degrees are so formed.

PRONOUNS.

13. (*Gender.*) Mention all the personal pronouns in the MASCULINE, FEMININE, COMMON, and NEUTER GENDER.

14. (*Number.*) Form a sentence with the two personal pronouns in the singular, and two in the PLURAL number.

15. (*Person.*) A sentence containing pronouns of the FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD PERSON. Another with the same pronouns in the plural number.

16. (*Case.*) Form a sentence containing the pronoun *I* in the NOMINATIVE, POSSESSIVE, and OBJECTIVE cases — also seven sentences each containing one of the pronouns *thou*, *he*, *she*, *it*, *we*, *you*, and *they*, in all three cases.

17. Form two sentences each containing one of the DEMONSTRATIVE PRONOUNS in the singular and plural number.

18. Write a sentence containing the word *that* used both as a DEMONSTRATIVE and a RELATIVE PRONOUN.

19. Form four sentences each containing a DISTRIBUTIVE PRONOUN.

20. Make four sentences each containing one of the INTERROGATIVE PRONOUNS.

21. Make four sentences each containing three INDEFINITE PRONOUNS.

VERBS.

22. (*Voices.*) Make a sentence containing an ACTIVE TRANSITIVE and an ACTIVE INTRANSITIVE VERB.

23. Another containing a PASSIVE and a NEUTER VERB.

24. (*Moods.*) Write the verb *to eat* in five different moods.

25. (*Tenses.*) Write the verb *to keep* in the six tenses of the indicative mood, arranging the imperfect and perfect tenses in their proper order.

26. Write the same verb in the four tenses of the potential mood.

27. Make a sentence containing two PRESENT PARTICIPLES.

28. Make another sentence containing two PERFECT PARTICIPLES.

29. Form a sentence containing a present and perfect participle used as adjectives.

30. Write a sentence containing the present and perfect tenses of an IRREGULAR VERB.

31. Another containing the same tenses of a REGULAR VERB.

32. Another containing a MIXED VERB in the present and perfect tenses.

33. Another containing a CONTRACTED VERB in the present and perfect tenses.

ADVERBS.

34. Write six sentences, each containing one of the following kinds of adverbs: ADVERBS of MANNER, TIME, PLACE, QUANTITY, NUMBER, AFFIRMATION, and NEGATION.

ARTICLES.

35. Write a sentence containing the articles *a*, *an*, and *the*.

PREPOSITIONS.

36. Write a sentence containing a preposition which shows the connection between a pronoun and a noun.

37 Another sentence with a preposition showing the connection between a verb and a noun.

CONJUNCTIONS.

38. Write a sentence containing one conjunction.

39. Another containing two conjunctions.

40. Another containing three conjunctions.

INTERJECTIONS.

41. Write three sentences each containing an interjection.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June;
Sole voice left stirring 'midst the lazy noon,
When e'en the bees lag at the summoning brass:
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass:
Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song,
In-doors and out, summer and winter—mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

SWITZERLAND.

P. We have talked of the valleys, mountains, pasture land, climate, glaciers, rivers, lakes, and avalanches of Switzerland. Now let us see what sort of a *people* live in this country.

L. We supposed them to be a hardy people.

P. Such is the case. They are generally robust and handsome. Their dress is very simple, and so also is their food; it consists of milk, rye-bread, walnut-cakes, and goat's flesh. Many of the people, it is said, are doomed to live and die in the place where they were born, knowing little of events beyond their neighbourhood. This is not the case with all; many engage themselves as valets and gentlemen's servants, but when they have thus earned and saved enough money they return to their own country. Others again recruit in foreign armies. So general was this habit once, that in some cantons it is now prohibited. Numbers living in the mountainous parts are guides, muleteers, and innkeepers, and in these professions they seem to be selfish and grasping.

The Swiss are mostly of the Reformed religion; for it was at Geneva that the celebrated *Calvin* laboured, while the reformer *Zuinglius* was equally zealous at Zurich. A considerable number, however, are Catholics.

The *language* of the Swiss differs as much as their religion. This is owing to their different races; for the south-western part of the country contains Celtic people, and may be called "French Switzerland," while the opposite part, inhabited by Germanic races, may be called "German Switzerland."

The political divisions of the country are, however, the most remarkable. Switzerland is divided into twenty-two small states called cantons. These little cantons are like separate nations, for they are independent of each other, each having its own government. The largest of these cantons is Berne, and the city of Berne is accounted the capital of Switzerland.

W. Has each canton its own king, papa?

P. No; the people of Switzerland do not approve of kings; in nearly every canton the people govern themselves. In some cantons, if the people wish to make a new law, those who have a right to vote assemble together, and when a sufficient majority approve of the proposal, it becomes a law accordingly.

Jon. But I want to know if these independent states form one country? Who governs Switzerland? Who governs all the states?

P. They are governed by a committee, or parliament, if you like so to call it, which consists of members sent from each canton. The proper name for this assembly is the Diet.

Some cantons send two members, some three, and some four—in all fifty-one. This Diet declares war or makes peace for the whole nation, and attends to the general business.

I should be glad to show you how those cantons became connected, but the history of Switzerland is very intricate. In very early times Switzerland was under the power of Rome; it was afterwards subject to Germany and Austria. Austria tried to extend its power and to enslave the whole country, but the liberty of Switzerland was secured by *William Tell*, of whom you have doubtless heard. The wars for freedom against Austria and France, begun by the great Swiss patriot in 1307, were some of the most determined struggles ever recorded in history. They were almost as remarkable as those of ancient Greece against Persia. It was not until about 200 years after that the affairs of Switzerland were settled.

The town and manufactures of this country are as worthy of notice as the cantons. Ever since the time of Tell, Switzerland has been a manufacturing country.

BERNE, the capital, and GENEVA, are the two largest cities, the latter manufacturing 100,000 watches, principally gold, every year, besides musical boxes and watches.

ZURICH has in its different towns immense silk manufactures. Silk handkerchiefs, ribbons, and cotton prints are here famous. The weaving is carried on in the cottages, so that the men and women work in the fields and at home—even the children, when they come home from school, are employed in winding silk.

The cantons of ST. GALL and BASLE have similar manufactures. Indeed the manufactures of silks, cotton-prints, watches, and jewellery, have long been famous in Switzerland.

L. Now we will make a lesson on Switzerland, papa?

SWITZERLAND.

1. SWITZERLAND *is the smallest country in Europe, and is situated between Italy, Germany, and France.*

2. *It is famous for its mountains called* THE ALPS, *its valleys, pastures, lakes, rivers, glaciers, and avalanches.*

3. *The principal mountains are* MONT BLANC, ST. BERNARD, *and* ST. GOTHARD. *The principal lakes,* GENEVA, CONSTANCE, ZURICH, LUCERNE, *&c. The principal rivers the* RHINE, *the* RHONE, *&c.*

4. *The inhabitants are hardy and strong. Some live by making butter and cheese, and by other produce of their pasture-land. Some engage themselves as servants, or soldiers to foreigners; others live as guides and muleteers; and others by manufacturing silk, cotton-prints, watches, &c.*

5. *Switzerland is a republic divided into twenty-two cantons. It was formerly subject to Austria and Germany, and it now owes its freedom to a long and heroic struggle begun by the patriot* WILLIAM TELL *and others, in the year* 1307.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

11th Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

MERCY.

Ion. Do you know, papa, that I can make a moral tale? At least, I think I can, if you will let me try.

P. Why do you think so?

Ion. Because something the teacher at our school did last week reminded me of the tale about Mr. Morris. But perhaps you are tired of hearing about our school?

P. No; let me hear.

Ion. You know Mr Tasker, papa, the teacher of our class: he is a very kind teacher, but very strict. If the boys don't get through all the lessons they have to do, he has no mercy on them. As we were coming home from school the other day, William Harvey was talking about his big kite. You know that his is the best kite on the common; it goes up a wonderful height, and is very steady indeed. When he was telling us how high his kite went last time, a new boy, who has just come from America, said, "I have a kite that will fly higher than yours; I'll warrant that it is a better one than yours, and a very different shape."

"What shape is it?" I asked.

"Ah, that is telling!" he said. "You must wait till you see it. I'll back my kite against Harvey's, or that of any boy in the school."

"Will you?" said Harvey; "then on Wednesday afternoon all of us in the first class will go on the common and try both kites—that is, if we all get through our recapitulation."

P. What is that, Ion?

Ion. The recapitulation of some Latin: it was a very hard lesson for us, and it cost each of us four hours; for we had to give the Latin for the English of 200 lines of Ovid.

P. And did you all learn it?

Ion. No; William Harvey, the boy whom we wanted so particularly, was turned. It wasn't his fault: he never hardly misses a lesson; but some friends came on Tuesday evening to see his father, and he was wanted.

You should have seen how anxious all the boys in the class were that he should get through his Latin. The first boy went through his part perfectly, and so did the second and the third. William was fourth; but he stammered at some of the hard lines, and his part was passed on to the next. We thought he would get through the next ten lines, for they were very easy; but, when Mr. Tas-

ker found that he made two or three blunders, he looked very angry at him. He said, "You have wasted nearly ten minutes of our time, just because you did not give enough of your own time to the lesson last night. Remember, too, how you wasted *my* time yesterday, when you were turned with your algebra. If you make two mistakes in the next ten lines, you will be turned."

This speech frightened William; so when his turn came again, and he saw the black look on his teacher's face, he *was* turned.

"It will not do," said his teacher; "I cannot show you any mercy; you must go to your place."

Oh, we were all so vexed then! We were sorry for him, and for ourselves; and I was just thinking, "Good-bye to our kite-flying this afternoon," when Mr. Tasker called him back. He said, "I had resolved not to show mercy to any who might not know this lesson; yet, if you can show any reason why I should excuse you, I shall be very glad."

Then we all felt hope again. I came out of the class, and said, "Please, sir, let me tell you." Then I explained all about it.

P. And what then?

Ion. Why, then he was forgiven, of course. Our teacher is a very kind man, and he likes to be merciful as well as kind; for though he was angry with William for not bringing an excuse to say that he didn't know the lesson, he would not punish him, because his father had hindered him. No; he was kind and merciful too; so we all had a good half-holiday, and William's kite beat the American's, which was a very curious one. 'Twas a circular shape, and went up very high, but was not a good flier—it had no steadiness, and "wabbled" about.

P. And what moral lesson can you make from such a tale as that, Ion?

Ion. A very good one, I think:—that it's good to be merciful as well as kind. If our teacher had not been "slow to anger," and kept his anger down even when he said he could not, why, he would have done an unkind thing—he would have punished George, and all of us too.

W. That is just the lesson I was going to make; because, if you remember, though Mr. Morris was a benevolent man, he wasn't always merciful; and you see what happened. He was doing great kindness to the poor woman and her family by relieving them; but, after all, he had actually caused their trouble, by not being "plenteous in mercy" to their friend, John Clay.

P. Yes, BENEVOLENCE and MERCY mean nearly the same thing. Benevolence is giving to others the *compassion* which they have not earned or deserved; and mercy is giving to others compassion which they do not deserve. So learn to try and practise both together.

RECAPITULATION.

W. I should like, papa, to make a long memory lesson on all that you have told us about the system of Linnæus.

P. Very well; we will do so to-day. We will write the distinctions and names of the classes, the orders, and some examples of each class. I have here a table, printed by Mr. Hugo Reid, in his little work "The Science of Botany." You may learn from this, after I have made a few alterations in it.

THE SYSTEM OF LINNÆUS.

CLASSES.

STAMENS AND PISTILS PRESENT.	FLOWERS have both STAMENS and PISTILS.	*Stamens distinct from the Pistil.*	Stamens distinct from each other.	1 stamen . .	1. MONANDRIA.
				2 stamens . .	2. DIANDRIA.
				3 stamens . .	3. TRIANDRIA.
				4 stamens . .	4. TETRANDRIA.
				5 stamens . .	5. PENTANDRIA.
				6 stamens . .	6. HEXANDRIA.
				7 stamens . .	7. HEPTANDRIA.
				8 stamens . .	8. OCTANDRIA.
				9 stamens . .	9. ENNEANDRIA.
				10 stamens . .	10. DECANDRIA.
				11 to 19 stamens .	11. DODECANDRIA.
				20 or more on the calyx	12. ICOSANDRIA.
				——— receptacle	13. POLYANDRIA.
				2 long and 2 short	14. DIDYNAMIA.
				4 long and 2 short	15. TETRADYNAMIA.
			Stamens united to each other	By the filaments. In 1 bundle	16. MONADELPHIA.
				By the filaments. In 2 bundles	17. DIADELPHIA.
				By the filaments. In several do.	18. POLYADELPHIA.
				By the Anthers .	19. SYNGENESIA.
		Stamens united to the Pistil			20. GYNANDRIA.
	FLOWERS have STAMENS ONLY, or PISTILS only.			Both kinds of flowers on each plant	21. MONŒCIA.
				One kind of flower on each plant	22. DIŒCIA.
				Perfect flowers, or with stamens only, or pistils only, on the same or on different plants . . .	23. POLYGAMIA.
Stamens and Pistils absent or not visible					24. CRYPTOGAMIA.

THE LINNÆAN SYSTEM.

ORDERS.

1. Monogynia, Digynia.
2. Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia.
3. Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia.
4. Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia, Tetragynia.
5. Monogynia, Digynia, Tri-, Tetra-, Penta-, Poly-gynia.
6. Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia, Polygynia.
7. Monogynia, Digynia, Tetragynia, Heptagynia.
8. Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia, Tetragynia.
9. Monogynia, Trigynia, Hexagynia.
10. Monogynia, Digynia, Trigynia, Pentagynia, Decagynia.
11. Monogynia, Digynia, Tri-, Tetra-, Penta-, Hexa-, Dodeca-gynia.
12. Monogynia, Digynia, Pentagynia, Polygynia.
13. Monogynia, Digynia, Tri-, Tetra-, Penta-, Poly-gynia.
14. 1. Gymnosperma, seeds naked.
 2. Angiosperma, seeds in a seed-vessel.
15. 1. Siliculosa, seeds in a silicula, or short and round pod.
 2. Siliquosa, seeds in a siliqua, or long and narrow pod.
16. Triandria, Pentandria, Hept-, Oct-, Dec-, Dodec-, Poly-andria.
17. Pentandria, Hexandria, Octandria, Decandria.
18. Dodecandria, Polyandria.
19. 1. Æqualis, all the florets perfect.
 2. Superflua, florets of the disk perfect, ray with pistils only.
 3. Frustranea, florets of the disk perfect, of the ray having neither stamens nor pistils.
 4. Necessaria, florets of disk, stamens only; of ray, pistils only.
20. Monandria, Diandria, Hexandria.
21. Monandria, Diandria, Triandria, Tetrandria, Pentandria, Hex-, Oct-, Icosandria, Polyandria, Monadelphia.
22. Monandria, to Dodecandria, Icosandria, Polyandria, Monadelphia.
23. Monœcia, Diœcia.
24. Filices, Musci, Hepatiæ, Algæ, Fungi.

THE LINNÆAN SYSTEM.

Examples of each Class.

1. Mare's tail, star wort, stone wort.

2. Sage, lilac, speedwell, pepper, privet, ash, enchanter's night-shade, duckweed.

3. Crocus, iris, wheat, oats, and other corn plants, valerian, water chickweed, many grasses.

4. Teasel, plantain, holly, pondweed, woodruff.

5. Primrose, violet, currant, carrot, hemlock, chickweed, thrift, flax, mousetail, scorpion-grass, bugloss, bog-bean, pimpernel, convolvulus, campanula, henbane, honeysuckle, ivy, elm.

6. Snowdrop, lily, rice, sorrel, dock, tulip, daffodil, star of Bethlehem, Solomon's seal, rush.

7. Horse-chestnut, chickweed.* winter green.

8. Bilberry, heath, persicaria, evening primrose, whortleberry, maple.

9. Laurel, rhubarb, flowering rush.

10. Rue, pink, stone-crop, lychnis, catch-fly.

11. Agrimony, spurge, mignonette, houseleek.

12. Plum, cherry, apple, bramble, strawberry, pear, meadowsweet, rose.

13. Poppy, lime-tree, peony, larkspur, monkshood, columbine, anemone, celandine, clematis, white water-lily, yellow water-lily, rock rose, crowfoot, buttercup.

14. Mint, thyme, foxglove, ground ivy, dead nettle, horehound, yellow rattle, toad-flax, snapdragon.

15. Shepherd's purse, wallflower, stock, turnip, cabbage, mustard, radish, candy-tuft, sea-kale.

16. Geranium, common mallow, camellia, stork's-bill, marshmallow.

17. Pea, broom, clover, laburnum, acacia, fumitory, furze, vetch.

18. Orange, St. John's wort.

19. Thistle, dandelion, daisy, groundsel, sunflower, marigold, sow-thistle, lettuce, hawkweed.

20. Orchis, ladies' tresses, ladies' slipper.

21. Spurge, sedges.

22. Willow, mistletoe, hop, poplar, juniper, yew.

23. Only one order of British plants under this class—the atreplex, or orache.

24. *Ferns*, such as common brake, maidenhair, and spleen, horsetail, club-moss. *Sea-weeds*, such as scarlet plocarnium, purple laver and green laver, dulse, red cerarium, common ectocarpus, various *mosses* and *lichens*.

* The only *British* specimen of this class.

THE BUTTERFLIES.

Their wings all glorious to behold,
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide their display; the spangled dew
Reflects their eyes and various hue.—GAY.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES I.

When the war with the parliament seemed unavoidable King Charles and his family retired to York. That city became the head quarters of the Royalists, and London of the parliament.

The whole nation now divided itself into two parties. Three-fourths of the nobility and gentry, the bishops, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge took the part of the king. These royalists were termed Cavaliers, because so many of them were horsemen. They were badly supplied with arms and ammunition, for the parliament possessed the ports and the powder magazines. They were, however, the king's faithful servants; many devoted their whole fortunes to his cause; the University of Oxford melted down all their plate; and the queen went to Holland to sell her jewels, and buy weapons. The king's standard was therefore soon raised at Nottingham; on it was written, "*Give to Cæsar his due.*" The king himself commanded, and he was assisted by Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, sons of the Elector Palatine.

The friends of the parliament consisted of the Puritans, and those engaged in trade and commerce, particularly the people of the eastern coast of England; for at that time there was more trade in those parts than in the west. These parliamentarians were called Roundheads, because they wore short hair. They were firmly attached to their cause; for zeal for religion, and hatred to Popery, as well as the love of freedom, animated their actions. Like the royalists, they showed their faithfulness by contributing their money; they willingly paid the heavy taxes made by the parliament, even one which required them to give up one meal a week, and pay the money thus saved. They contributed voluntarily incredible sums; many a rich Londoner brought his plate to be coined, and the women gave up their bodkins and thimbles. The leader of their army was the Earl of Essex, while John Hampden trained and commanded the militia of Berkshire.

The first great battle between the two parties was fought at *Edge-hill*, in Warwickshire. Nearly five thousand men are said to have been killed, and the greatest advantage was gained by the king. More battles were quickly fought, at Bristol, Newbury, and other places; and, on the whole, the first "campaign," ending in 1643, was in Charles's favour.

It is, however, dreadful to think of two armies, composed of the same nation, meeting to kill each other; of friends and relations who spoke the same

language, who were familiar with each other, and had sat by the same fireside, rising up to cut one another in pieces. During this first campaign two of the greatest men, John Hampden and Lord Falkland, were killed.

The accounts of such battles had better be passed over, and forgotten. It is said that, in all, there was little military order. The cavaliers used to rush upon the enemy only to cut down as many as possible, or pursue them to death. The first appearance of superior order was seen in the regiment of horse commanded by OLIVER CROMWELL, a man whose perseverance and skill served, as you will soon see, to raise him to the highest authority.

In the second campaign the power of both parties was nearly balanced. They therefore looked for help from their neighbours. The parliament was assisted by the Scots, who sent their old general, the Earl of Leven, with an army of 20,000 men. The king was assisted by the Irish. The two principal leaders of the Roundhead party were Oliver Cromwell and Sir Thomas Fairfax. By their skill and courage they soon gained great advantages over the king.

The great battle of the campaign was fought at *Marston Moor*, when both armies contained nearly 25,000 men. The king's forces were commanded by Prince Rupert, but he was defeated by Cromwell, who had a chosen body of troops which he called his "ironsides." Other battles were fought during the year 1644, but the Royalists never recovered the blow.

Towards the close of the year an attempt was made to end the dispute by means of a treaty; but neither party could agree to terms. About the same time the Commons brought Archbishop Laud to trial, condemned, and executed him. The same day that he died the ceremonies of the Church were totally altered; the Liturgy was abolished; the modes of worship were made like those of the Puritans; while the Scots' army and the citizens of London gave public thanks for so happy a change.

The third campaign was begun in 1645. Before beginning operations, Fairfax and Cromwell employed themselves in remodelling their army. It is said that "never surely was a more singular army established than that of the parliament. To the greatest number of the regiments chaplains were not appointed. The officers assumed both spiritual and military duties. During the intervals of action they gave sermons, prayers, and exhortations. While they poured out their harangues, they mistook that eloquence which flowed in upon them for divine illuminations from the Holy Spirit. Wherever they were quartered they excluded the minister from his pulpit, usurped his place, and preached to the audience with all the authority derived from their power and their military exploits. The private soldiers were seized with the same

spirit: and an enthusiasm seized the whole army such as was scarce ever equalled.

"The Royalists ridiculed this fanaticism of the parliamentary army, without knowing how much they had to dread it. They were equal, if not superior, in number to their enemies. But they were very licentious, and were more dreaded by their friends than their enemies. When not engaged in war they committed universal spoil and havoc, and their neighbourhood was laid waste by their rapine. Thus even many of the king's friends wished for success to the parliamentary forces, so as to put an end to these disorders."

The result of this difference of character was seen in the last great battle, fought at *Naseby*, in Northamptonshire. Here the leaders of both armies distinguished themselves; all fought with intense obstinacy, but nothing could stand the religious zeal of the Puritans. Urged on by the wonderful activity and courage of Fairfax and Cromwell, they gave the Royalists and the valiant Prince Rupert such a defeat that the contest for the kingdom was from that time decided.

There were not many important engagements after this battle. One strong city after another, such as Bristol, Bath, and Chester, was taken by the army of the parliament. At the close of the year the unfortunate king shut himself up in Oxford for the winter season. Here he made repeated efforts for peace; and, being vanquished and humbled, he resolved to grant whatever the parliament might demand. But his enemies would trust him no longer. Fairfax marched to Oxford to besiege it, and Charles, rather than run the risk of being taken prisoner, surrendered himself to the army of Scots.

The Scots were glad to receive Charles for their own advantage. Instead of protecting him, they treacherously determined to sell him to the parliament. A treaty was therefore made, in which they agreed to deliver up Charles to his enemies for the sum of £400,000. After this atrocious agreement was fulfilled, the Scots returned home laden with plunder.

Thus ended this dreadful civil war.

THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

See, sister, where the chickens trip,
All busy in the morn;
Look how their heads they dip and dip,
To peck the scattered corn.

Dear sister, shall we shut our eyes,
And to the sight be blind!
Nor think of Him, who food supplies
To us, and all mankind?

BOWLES.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

Somersetshire is on the N W. of Dorsetshire. It is the first county on the western coast which we have yet reached.

Two days after writing my last letter, I found myself in the beautiful city of Bath, where I began to make inquiries about the surface and soil of this county. Bath is situated in the valley of the fine river Avon. The surrounding hills are not steep, but they are remarkable because their summits consist of oolite stone: they are of the "*oolitic formation*," as a geologist would say, just as he says that the chalk hills are of the *chalk formation*. This oolite rock not only crowns the hills, but great masses are found scattered on the slopes, and in some places they form a terrace which projects into the subjacent valleys. (I see by the grammar lesson of last week that you have begun to learn etymology. Now find out the meaning of *sub*-jacent.)

And I dare say that you would like to know the etymology of the word "oolitic." Its meaning is very different from that of the "word plastic" which you heard last week. It is derived from the Greek words *oon*, an *egg*, and *lithos*, a stone. The stone is so called because its round grain so much resembles the eggs in the roe of a fish. You will often meet with the termination *lite*; mind that you remember what it means.

I think you would say that it is good to live in the neighbourhood of the "oolitic formation," if you were at Bath, for, as oolite is such a fine-grained freestone, it answers the purpose of the builder very well, and the houses of Bath are built of it. There is enough in the mountains to build plenty of Baths, and other cities besides, for the stratum is in some places 140 feet deep. The builders naturally call it "*Bath*-stone," just as the people in Dorsetshire say *Purbeck*-marble, or "*Portland*-stone."

The other minerals of this county are interesting. Somersetshire is at the south of Gloucestershire; and not far from Bath is the "*Somersetshire and South Gloucestershire coal-field*." Coal, if you remember your geology lessons, is, like the oolite, one of the strata of the Secondary Formation. If you were to descend some of the coal-pits in this field you would be struck by the number of formations which you would pass through before reaching the bottom. You would pass nearly all that are generally situated above the coal—sand and gravel - sandstone—blue and plastic clay—red marl—oolite—lias—red sandstone—and so on. You may see what strata you would pass by look-

ing at the geological table in Vol. I. of PLEASANT PAGES, page 366.

This coal-field extends from the north of the county to the *Mendip Hills*, where we meet with two or three interesting minerals. Here I discovered a mistake which has been made in PLEASANT PAGES. In the lesson on lead (Vol. II.) you may read that lead is procured *principally* from the Mendip Hills, &c. I find, however, that it is not so. There were large lead-mines, but most of them have been given up, partly because the ore is exhausted, or else because it is so difficult to procure. In the centre and western parts of the range *zinc* and *calamine* are abundant: calamine is used in making brass. *Manganese* and *red ochre* are also found. The Mendip Hills are a beautiful range. In some parts their summits rise to 1,000 feet; they have been well termed "a lofty mineral tract."

I think now that we have nearly done with the hills. Let us descend to the marshes. I have read somewhere of the Somersetshire marshes, but I did not cross them myself: they are, I believe, famous for yielding the best goose feathers for beds.

The vegetable products of the county are not remarkable. The southern parts near Dorsetshire, and the western districts near Devonshire, are very fertile. The extensive valley of *Taunton* in particular has very rich soil. The wheat produced here is so fine that it is sought from other counties to be used as seed.

More northward, near the Mendip Hills, is *Cheddar*, famous for its cheese. The Cheddar cheese is said to be the best that is made in England from pure milk without adding cream. Thus it is very scarce, and is bought up quickly.

Whenever you hear of Cheddar cheese, you may also remember the *Cheddar Cliffs*, which I cannot help mentioning. These cliffs are formed by a stupendous "chasm" in the Mendip Hills. What a terrific noise must have been made in the earth when the mountain split in this way! It made a wide opening, which, as it is said, yawns from the summit of the mountain to the roots, and opens a sublime and tremendous scene. You would say so if you went there. In one part the cliffs form perpendicular precipices, which serve as walls to both sides of the road; they rise to such a height that your eye would get weary in trying to look up to the summit. The fantastic shapes of some of the rocks, and the caverns, would much surprise you. One cavern, called "Woking Hole," is almost as fine as the caves in Derbyshire.

But I am sure you have heard enough of the minerals and mountains and produce of the county. We will return to the city which we started from—let us go to Bath!

The city of BATH is the capital of Somersetshire. It is celebrated for its hot mineral springs, into which we will dive at once, according to the custom of other visitors. This way—come along! To the

centre of the city. Here are three precious springs. Hot bath, King's bath, and Cross bath.

We will try their temperature first. Hot bath has a temperature of 117° Fahrenheit, King's bath 114°, and Cross bath 109°; therefore King's bath wins. Let us try their quantity. King's bath is first again! It yields 128 gallons per minute, while the others only yield 20 and 12 gallons each per minute. It is said that the daily quantity of water discharged by these springs is 184,320 gallons. Thus we find large public and many private baths.

These baths I have heard are not much visited by the townspeople. They are chiefly attended by strangers, who come in great numbers from all parts, rendering the city very gay and fashionable. These visitors are generally supposed to be sick, and many are. They take the waters both externally at the baths, and internally at a place called the Pump-room. I did not taste the water myself, for when I read in a book of its composition I fancied it could not be nice. It said that a pint of water taken from the hot springs contains the following good things:

Carbonic acid . .	$1\frac{1}{3}$ in.
Sulphate of lime .	9 grains.
Muriate of soda . .	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Sulphate of soda . .	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Carbonate of lime . .	$\frac{1}{3}$
Silica	$\frac{1}{3}$
Oxide of iron . . .	$\frac{1}{68}$

These minerals are "good" for diseases in the skin, especially scrofula and diseases of the joints, the elbow, knee, &c, for leprosy, gout, rheumatism, and palsy; but mischief may be done by using them improperly.

The city of Bath has, as I said, a pleasant appearance. It is pleasant to see the long streets of white houses built of oolite or Bath-stone, rising one above another. There are some fine buildings too—the great Assembly-rooms, the Pump-room, the theatre, and other places of amusement. It is also pleasant to see the visitors and children who come, and get well, and amuse themselves. They show that truth was the same when written thousands of years ago as it is now. Read what the old Roman SENECA wrote, perhaps long before Bath was inhabited:—

Ubicumque scatebunt aquarum calentium venæ, ibi nova diversoria luxuriæ excitabuntur.

Wherever warm springs abound new places of amusement are sure to spring up.

Yet Seneca never visited BATH!

AIR.

How cool, how sweet
The breeze of morn;
It moves the trees,
It waves the corn,
It makes the buds to blow;
But for the winds
All plants would die,
No beast could move,
No bird could fly;
Nor could we breathe,
Nor could we live;
Then with our breath,
Our praise shall flow,
To HIM who makes the winds to blow.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter IV.

DERIVATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

P. Let us see what the English language is composed of.

L. I suppose it is composed of words.

P. But what sort of words? We read that in the times before the tower of Babel, when men lived together, there was only one language. But this is not the case now. Mankind are separated into different nations, and they have different names for the same thing. Though these names are different, yet some of the words used for *common* objects are much alike. Thus, here is the name of an object seen by children of every nation when they first open their eyes. Sanscrit language, *mâtri*; Persian, *mader*; Greek, *meter*; Latin, *mater*; Russian (or Slavonic), *mater*; German (or Teutonic), *mutter*; Ancient Britons' (or Celtic), *mathair*; English, *mother*.

Thus, in the principal languages of Europe and Asia, nearly the same sound is used for the same word. What does this similarity show?

W. It shows, perhaps, that once there was only one word for mother, and that each of these nations have changed it a little.

P. That is the inference which is made from their being so much alike. You may see such a similarity in all the principal words of these seven languages. For the word sister we have—Sanscrit, *swasri*; Latin, *soror*; Slavonic, *sestra*; Teutonic, *schwistar*; Celtic, *siesr*; English, *sister*. Again, for nose, which is a very common object amongst nations, we have, Sanscrit, *nasa*; Latin, *nasus*; Slavonic, *nos*; Teutonic, *nase*; English, *nose*.

W. I wish, papa, that you would tell us which nations in Europe and Asia speak those languages. What do you mean by Slavonic and Celtic?

P. I will tell you. The ancient *Sanscrit* language of India, and those of the ancient Medes and Persians, are the foundation of the principal languages of Asia. But the English language does not much resemble these. To understand our own language we have to notice principally those of Europe.

The languages of Europe may be arranged into four different classes. The countries of *Italy*, *Spain*, *Portugal*, *France*, *Belgium*, and part of *Switzerland*, were conquered by the *Romans*, who spoke Latin. Much of the languages of these nations is therefore derived from the Latin, and they are thus called the Latin languages.

The *Ancient Britons* spoke the Celtic language, but they were, you may remember, driven into *Wales*, *Cornwall*,

and the *Highlands* of *Scotland* In these countries, therefore, and in Ireland, the Celtic language is still spoken: each place has its own variety, or "dialect" of the language.

In parts of *Austria*, in *Poland*, and in *Russia*, the SLAVONIC LANGUAGES are spoken.

In *Germany*, *Holland*, *Flanders*, *Denmark*, and *Sweden* and *Norway*, *the* TEUTONIC (or GERMAN) LANGUAGES are spoken.

But what has the history of the English language to do with these papers?

P. Our language contains words from most of these four classes. The first language spoken here was that of the Ancient Britons, the *Celtic*; the words *flannel*, *waist*, *kick*, *clog*, and *basket*, are Celtic. The greater part of the Celtic words were, however, lost when the the Britons were driven out by the Saxons, who introduced their own language. As they formed the people of the nation, more than half the language consists of Saxon words, particularly the names of common things; for instance, *eat*, *drink*, *come*, *go*, *good*, *bad*, *house*, *home*, *beer*, *bread*, &c.

You may remember that after the Saxons another nation invaded England, bringing their language with them. These were the Normans, who spoke FRENCH. William the Conqueror tried to force all the English to use his language, but failed. Still the language was spoken by the crown and in court. Thus we have many French words, such as *parliament*, *chivalry*, *etiquette*, &c.

LATIN words were next introduced in great numbers; the monks of the Romish Church taught the people to *pray* in Latin, and the learned men in the times of Elizabeth and the Stuarts introduced many more words, such as *coronation*, *peninsula*, *pulverable*, *soluble*, *friable*, *timid*, *doctor*, *vocal*. A very large proportion of other words are derived from the Latin.

The last foreign words which have been introduced into our language are those from the GREEK. Men have been giving much study to the arts and sciences, such as chemistry, natural history, geology, and botany: they have, therefore, wanted new words to express these new ideas. Most of these words have been taken from the Greek: such words as *polygynia*, *monogynia*, *diandria*, *icosandria*, *telegraph*, *geology*, *anatomy*, *amphibious*, *pachyderm*, and others are Greek.

W. And the Greek and Latin are dead languages. I don't like the idea of using up the dead languages again for *new* ideas. Do you, Lucy? Our language seems to be quite a mixture.

P. It is on that account that we are going to attend to the next part of Grammar—THE DERIVATION OF ENGLISH WORDS.

All the words of the English or any other language are of two kinds, namely, those which have not been derived from any other, and those which have. Thus we make two divisions—

DIVISION I.—Such words as *fly, dog, man, egg, day, dig, drive,* and *drop,* are not derived from any others. They are therefore called PRIMITIVE WORDS.

DIVISION II.—Such words as—1. *sees* (derived from *see*); 2. *roost* (derived from *rest*); 3. *racehorse* (from *race* and *horse*); 4. and *subtracted* (from *sub,* under; *tractus,* drawn; and *ed*). These being derived from others are called DERIVATIVE WORDS.

Ion. Which kind of words shall we begin with, papa?

P. The primitive words will not engage our attention. We shall only examine the derivatives.

Derivative words may be divided into four classes. The first derivative mentioned, the word *sees,* is a part of the verb *to see.* The word sees is only one of the changes such as we have before made in verbs, nouns, and other parts of speech, to express a variety of meaning; thus—I *see,* thou *seest,* he *sees.* Such changes, you remember, we called *inflections.* Derivatives which are only inflections of other words may form the first class.

Class 1.—INFLECTED DERIVATIVES.

From *to see* we have *seest, sees, seeing, seen.*

From *she* we have *her, hers.*

From *bad* we have *worse, worst.*

From *red* we have *redder, reddest.*

From *little* we have *less, least.**

From *to be* we get *am, art, is, are, was, wast, were, wert, being, been.**

The second derivative mentioned in the second division is not exactly an inflection. It is one noun derived from another by an alteration of the vowel, without adding a syllable. In this way nouns are made from verbs, verbs from nouns, adjectives from nouns, and nouns from nouns, &c. When words are thus made *by altering the letters, without adding syllables,* they are called "primary derivatives."

Class 2.—PRIMARY DERIVATIVES.

From the verb *shake,* shock—*sniff,* snuff—*drop,* droop—*fly,* flee—*stick,* stitch—*dog,* dodge—*bless,* bliss—*sit,* seat—*believe,* belief—*dig,* ditch—*lose,* loss—*pride,* proud.

L. We have had some exercises before, papa, in forming derivatives from adjectives and nouns.

P. Yes. But they were not all primary derivatives. In the third example of the second division, the word race-horse is simply two well-known words joined together. Such words which need no explanation are called "compound words." They can hardly be called "derivatives."

* "Handsome, more handsome, most handsome." We could not call "more handsome" an inflective derivative of handsome, because it consists of *two words* (an adverb and an adjective); the two words form the *comparative degree* of handsome.

* We could not call the perfect "have been" an inflected derivative of to be. It contains two words (an auxillary verb and a participle); they form the *perfect tense* of the verb to be.

Class 3.—COMPOUND WORDS.

Race-horse — boat-man — cart-horse—dairy-man—light-house.

The fourth example in the second division will lead us to a great many similar ones. It consists of three parts. The syllable *tract* is called the "root;" *sub*, which is placed before the root, is called the "*prefix*;" *ed*, which is placed after the root, is called the *affix*. Such a word is a true derivative, and it may truly be called a compound, because it consists of so many different parts. All such words having a prefix before them, or an affix after them, or both, are called "compound derivatives."

Class 4.—COMPOUND DERIVATIVES

In-cumb-*ent*.
Am-put-*ate*.
Con-tract-*ed*.
Ex-tract-*ed*.
De-script-*ion*.
Sub-script-*ion*.
Con-tent-*ion*.
Con-clus-*ion*.
with-draw.
at-tend.
col-lect.
clerk-*ship*.
king-*dom*.
bond-*age*.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER KITTEN.

INDEED ye are a happy pair,
Thyself and darling treasure;
With little hearts unvexed by care,
And hearts brimful of pleasure.

Which spirit knows the least of grief,
'Tis very hard to say,—
The kitten jumping at a leaf,
Or she who joins the play.

Ye both are frisking, giddy things—
A play-ground earth before ye,
Where hours pass by with silken wings,
And fling no shadows o'er ye.

I wish it thus might always be,
My guileless little one;
It makes me sad to look on thee,
And think what change may come.

Then freely pour thy young heart out,
And take thy fill of joy;
I love to hear thy merry shout,
And see thy best employ.—PEARL.

LAST WORDS.

THERE were sounds of wail in the darkened room,
Where a fair child dying lay;
There were fond eyes strained through the chamber's gloom
To watch him pass away.
And angel-wings that hovered near
Unseen around him stirred,
As the mourner held her breath to hear
Her darling's parting word.
"Mother, mother," with his last sigh
Fell quivering from his tongue,
Then to his rest sank peacefully
The beautiful and young.

An aged man lay down to die,
A miser, old and wan,
But ever fell his glazing eye
His cherished hoards upon.
He hath laid up all his treasure here
Where moth and rust decay,
And now in agony and fear
Passeth his soul away;
And dimmer burns life's wasting flame,
And his brow grows damp and cold,
But the latest word his pale lips frame
Is the name of his idol Gold.

A soldier sinks in the battle-field,
The hour of strife is o'er,
But the arm once strong the brand to wield
May never wield it more.
'Tis hard, while yet life's tide is high
In every throbbing vein,
Unwept, unhonoured, thus to die,
Amidst the inglorious slain;
But his keen eye flashes in midst of death,
As a glad cry rings afar,
And the last faint tone of his dying breath
Echoes the proud "Huzza!"

"The stake—the pile—the blazing torch!
Heap high the funeral pyre;
He hath blasphemed our Mother Church!
Hence with him to the fire!"
And up-rose to the peaceful skies
And to the Christian's God,
The smoke of that dread sacrifice,
That offering of blood.
"Oh! in this hour," the martyr said,
"*My spirit knows no fear,*
Though by this fiery passage led
Along earth's shadowy vale I tread,
For thou, MY GOD, art near."

Canada. R. A. P.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

MERCY.

CHARLES, EDWARD, and MARY REDFORD were one day sitting in the garden, talking about their cousin James. James lived next door to them, and while they were talking about him was busy at work in his garden. Edward and Mary Redford were 8 and 10 years old, but their brother Charles and his cousin James were both nearly 12. They both went to the same school, but they were different in dispositions. Charles Redford was one who never seemed to differ with other people; he seemed to have no enemies; while James seemed to have no friends. His faults were, that he was very proud, and sometimes rather selfish.

While Charles, Edward, and Mary were talking about their cousin, they observed him at work on the other side of the palings.

"What nice bee-hives he has!" said Mary. "I wish he would let us help him take care of his bees."

"And that," said Charles, "is a famous rabbit-hutch; it is much better than mine, which is so small; yet he does not use it. If he would only lend it me for a little while for my old doe and her six young ones, how comfortable they would all be!"

"I will go and ask him," said Mary, running up to the palings. "Cousin James," she cried, "won't you lend Charles your rabbit-hutch for a little while, just to put his black doe and the little ones in?"

"Well," said James, "I can spare it for a short time, if you will take care of it. You shall have it as soon as I have attended to my bees."

Accordingly, James lent Charles the rabbit-hutch; but about three weeks afterwards he wanted it for some new rabbits that he had bought himself. It happened on that day that neither Charles nor his brother and sisters were at home. James, therefore, climbed over the garden-palings, took the doe and her large family out of the hutch, and put them into their old dwelling-place.

The rabbits, however, did not like this change. The little ones had grown rather large, and the old hutch had not grown at all; so they pushed one another to make room; and as James had not fastened the door, it burst open. Then they jumped out, and ran off over all parts of the garden.

The consequences of their escape were most serious. When Charles returned home in the evening, and proceeded to feed his rabbits, he was only able to catch four of them: he found that two were killed, and that another was missing; it appeared to have escaped. I need not tell you that he was in great trouble. After he had caught and fed his four rabbits, he took the two dead ones, and went with them to his cousin to make complaints.

The next morning Edward and Mary went out before Charles to see the remaining rabbits, they found that more trouble had happened. "Come here, quickly — make haste!" said Edward, running into the house to Charles. "Come and see what mischief has been done to your flowers in the night!"

The sight was indeed a most vexatious one. Charles found that one of his largest flower-beds had been overrun, that some of the finest flowers had been destroyed, and some of his geraniums which were in pots had been knocked down. He soon discovered the cause, when he saw the rabbit he had missed last night hopping out from under a clump of hollyhocks.

"And all this trouble has come," said Mary, "because James did not fasten the door of the hutch. It is too bad: our best flowers are spoiled for the summer, and two rabbits are dead."

"Of course," said Edward, "he will pay you for those two rabbits; it is his fault that they were killed. You were offered 2s. a-piece for two last week."

"I know," said Charles; "and I told him so, but he only laughed. He said he shouldn't pay for them, though I could see by his face that he thought he ought. I felt very angry, and was inclined to *make* him give me the money."

"And why don't you, Charles?" said Mary. "You so often let people impose upon you. If you threaten to tell uncle, he will be forced to pay then."

"But I don't like to make him do so," said Charles."

"Why don't you?" said Edward.

"Because if I am angry and use force he will do the same; he will be sure to show the same sort of feeling towards me, as I show to him."

"Then what will you do?"

"I will show him MERCY. I could get uncle to make him pay me every farthing of my loss, but I will forgive him all."

"And what," said Edward, "will you get by that? You will get *nothing* for yourself; while he really ought to pay you."

"I shall get his good-will at the least," said Charles; "and he will then be quite as likely to pay me, as if I tried to force him. Mercy often has much more power to bring about what is right, than force has— we shall see!"

That very evening, they did see. When they came out to play, they saw their uncle and James looking over the palings; and wondering why Charles's

garden was in such an untidy state.

"What have you been doing to your garden, Charles?" said his uncle, "you are generally so very tidy and orderly."

"I did'nt do that, sir," said Charles. "It was done by one of my rabbits; that escaped from the hutch."

"But you should have fastened your hutch down," said his uncle; "that was your own fault, for such carelessness. I am sure, that the hutch James lent you, had a good fastening. I helped him to make it myself."

"But sir!" said Charles, "they were *not*—" He was only going to tell his uncle that they had escaped from the small hutch, when he was struck by the look of confusion and terror in the face of James. Charles recollected how severe a man his uncle was, that he was very exact, and particular that all should have justice; and he saw how James feared his father discovering that he had not spoken out the truth.

Mary looked at James too, She thought, "You selfish boy, you laughed at Edward and would'nt pay him for his rabbits; you don't tell your father the truth, lest he should make you pay the expenses; and now you want Charles not to tell him. I hope he will, that you may be punished, and *made* to pay for the rabbits."

And when Edward looked at the guilty James, he thought "You are a great sneak! I hope Charles will have no mercy on you."

But Charles did show him mercy as he had resolved to do. When his uncle observed that he hesitated to speak, he was reminded of a part of the truth. "Oh! I remember now!" he said, "James bought some rabbits yesterday, and I suppose that he wanted his own hutch again. Yet you were very foolish Charles to try and put six rabbits and a great doe in your little hutch. If you had only been a little more thoughtful, you might have supposed that they would get out."

After their uncle had said this, he went away followed by James, who seemed much relieved, though he did not speak. In the course of the evening, however, he came back to his cousin Charles, the effect of whose mercy was then seen. Charles, Edward, and Mary were delighted to hear him say that he was very sorry. He could not thank them enough for their generosity in sparing him; for he said he had not the courage to tell his father what he had done. He then helped his cousins to mend their garden; he paid Edward for one of the dead rabbits; and promised to give him one of of those he had lately bought, as soon as they should have made a new hutch. And lastly, he did one thing more which surprised them all. Last year he had not offered them any of the honey from his hive, but he promised them that when the comb should be taken this year, he would give them *half*.

W. And did he keep his promises, papa?

P. Yes, in the course of a few months, Charles proved that his mercy had cured his cousin of being "a sneak." He showed his brothers and sister that mercy had more power than force. It had not only "brought about what was right," but had *taught* their selfish cousin gratitude and kindness, which he had not felt before.

Once more. It is often better to teach than to punish.

THE DEAD ROBIN.

See, Charles, how little Robin lies,
The film is on his gentle eyes,
His pretty beak is parted wide,
And blood is flowing from his side;
He never, never will come more
To perch before the open door,
And never on the window-pane
You'll hear him softly tap again.
Oh! what a very wicked thing
It was to break his tender wing,
And deeper dye his breast of red,
And kill my darling Robin dead!
You well may cry, my own dear brother,
We never shall have such another;
I'm sure I never saw or heard
So beautiful and sweet a bird;
And Willy, when from school he comes,
Will run and get some little crumbs,
And fling them round, and wait to see
Robin hop lightly from the tree,
To pick the crumbs up, one by one,
And sing and chirrup when he'd done.
Then, when I show him Robin dead,
How many bitter tears he'll shed!
Oh, dear! how much I'd freely give,
To make my little Robin live!
To hear once more the joyful note
Trill sweetly in his swelling throat;
To see him skip from spray to spray,
And sing his happy hours away!

Juvenile Miscellany.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

W. You said, Papa, that there are two systems of botany, that of Linnæus, called the Artificial System, and that of Jussieu, called the Natural System.

P. Yes; I spoke to you of the botanists Ray, Tournefort, and Jussieu. Jussieu was not a Swede like Linnæus; he was a Frenchman, and was born at Lyons in 1748, 41 years after the birth of Linnæus. In the year 1770, he was appointed *Botanical Demonstrator* in the "Jardin du Roi." Here one of his duties was to teach students the botanical characters of the plants in the garden, so that he was obliged to study one day the subjects to be taught the next. Thus he acquired great practical knowledge and experience.

The plants in the "Jardin du Roi" were, at that time, arranged according to the system of Tournefort. It happened, however, that they required to be re-arranged. Jussieu had then been studying botany for some time. He therefore drew up a new plan of arrangement. The plan was much approved, and was carried out. From that time Jussieu studied botany more earnestly. With the help of the great English botanist *Ray* and *Tournefort* (who classified plants principally according to the corolla) he formed a new system of botany, and published a great book called "The Genera Plantarum." This was in the year 1779. The work became known very slowly, and it was not until after the year 1820 that it was much used in England.

W. That is only about 30 years ago, papa, so the system of Jussieu is not a very old one.

P. No; and it is constantly being improved. It has to be rendered much more perfect yet before it can deserve to be called "The *Natural* System." It is not easy to discover the wonderful plans on which God's works are arranged. When Jussieu wrote, he only numbered 7,000 kinds of plants; now nearly 8,000 have been discovered.

Ion. But we want to hear now, papa, why the system of Jussieu was different from that of Linnæus. I suppose he arranged the plants according to their other parts as well as their pistils and stamens.

P. Yes. Jussieu began by considering the *seed* as the most important part, and he divided the vegetable kingdom into three classes, according to the cotyledons of the seeds. You have heard what a cotyledon is. These classes were named *Acotyledons*, *Monocotyledons*, and *Dicotyledons*, which three words you can easily understand. They were subdivided into subclasses, orders, and genera.

L. And what parts did he notice in making these subdivisions, papa?

P. That question would take too long a time to answer. Nearly all the parts of the plants were found useful in making the distinctions of the

smaller divisions. You have heard how the endogens and exogens may be distinguished by their *stems*. The characters of *leaves* also are observed—whether they are alternate or opposite—the manner in which they are veined—whether they possess "little dots" containing oily juices—whether the juices of the leaves and stalks be clear or milky—whether there be "stipules" at the base of the leaf-stalk or no.

W. That seems a great deal to notice about leaves.

P. Yes, but that is not near all. Even the characters of the *bracts* have to be observed sometimes. The *calyx* again is noticed to distinguish "orders"—the number of its sepals—their size—their being joined or separate, and particularly the position of the calyx, whether above or below the ovary.

The *corolla* and its petals are useful in distinguishing some plants. Thus you will hear of plants being *apetalous*, *monopetalous*, and *polypetalous*. The *anthers* of the stamens, and the *carpels* of the ovary are also noticed. Even the *position of the ovules* in the ovary, and the *number* of the ovules, the form of the *receptacle*, and other minute points have to be marked.

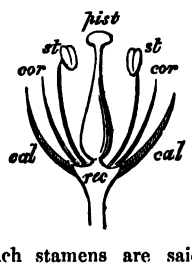
You may, perhaps, think this system of arrangement difficult. It may be more so than that of Linnæus, but it is also more interesting.

W. Will you talk to us about some of the divisions to-day, papa?

P. I have only time to mention the first great divisions. According to the natural system the vegetable kingdom is first divided into two great *classes*, the EXOGENS, and ENDOGENS. These you know how to distinguish.*

The class EXOGENS is subdivided into four *sub-classes*.

The first sub-class are polypetalous, and the stamens arise from the receptacle. They grow round the pistil in this way:



Such stamens are said to be *hypogynous*, which word means beneath the pistil. The class is called "*Thalamiflorœ*."

The second sub-class are also polypetalous, but the stamens arise from the calyx; they seem to be placed above, not beneath the pistil, in this way:



Such stamens are said to be *epigynous*, or above the pistil.

* See page 163.

This sub-class is called "*Calyciflorœ*."

The third sub-class are known because all the petals of the corolla are united in one. They are thus said to be "monopetalous," and the sub-class is called "*Corolliflorœ*."

The fourth sub-class are distinguished by having no petals. They are, therefore, called "apetalous," and the sub-class is called "*Monochlamydœ*."

L. And how is the class ENDOGENS divided, papa?

P. It is divided into *complete* and *incomplete* flowers, of which you will hear soon.

L. Thank you; I will now write a table of these divisions that I may remember them better.

Class 1.—EXOGENS.

SUB-CLASS 1.—THALAMIFLORÆ, or *polypetalous* flowers with stamens growing from the receptacle.

SUB-CLASS 2. — CALYCIFLORÆ, or *polypetalous* flowers with stamens arising from the calyx.

SUB-CLASS 3.—COROLLIFLORÆ, or *monopetalous* flowers, having the petals of the corolla united.

SUB-CLASS 4—MONOCHLAMYDÆ, or *apetalous* flowers, which are always without the corolla, and sometimes without the calyx.

Class 2.—ENDOGENS.

COMPLETE FLOWERS.
INCOMPLETE FLOWERS.

THE BIRD AND THE ROSE.

PRETTY little fluttering thing,
Thou art for ever on the wing,
Thrusting thy bill in honey-cup,
And drinking all the sweetness up.

No matter where thou goest for food,
Each blossom has some hidden good;
And active foot and busy bill
Can always find it if they will.

Pretty bird, I'll be like thee!
I cannot fly from tree to tree;
And, could I drink the violet dew,
'Twould never make me look like you.

But I can be a busy thing,
Although I have no splendid wing;
In every bush I, too, can find
Refreshing food for heart and mind:

For mother tells me nothing grows,
From the magnolia to the rose,
Which may not teach some useful truth
To the inquiring mind of youth.

Juvenile Miscellany.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES I.

THE fourth period of Charles's reign extends from his delivery to the English Parliament by the Scots, to his death.

When the Roundheads became masters of the country they were again divided into two parties. There was no king, so that now arose the question *who was to govern*—the Parliament, or the army? The two parties differed on the most important point in those days,—their religious views. The Parliament were Presbyterians, and they wished that there should no longer be any bishops in the church; but that the clergy should remain. The army, however, consisted of the sect called *Independents;* they had acquired a taste for preaching, and determined to abolish the clergy as well as the bishops. They wished for every man to worship God in his own way.

This difference of opinion led to disputes. Soon after the king had been delivered up by the Scots (in 1647), the parliament met. They voted that the army was no longer wanted, and that it be disbanded; the soldiers to receive six weeks' wages at the same time. But their opponents were not to b so easily got rid of—they knew their own power, and refused to separate—from being servants they had become masters. At their head were Fairfax and the ambitious Cromwell. The latter in particular encouraged their resistance; and at length the soldiers formed a second parliament in opposition to that at Westminster. This military parliament consisted of two soldiers from each regiment, and the officers.

Charles did not lose sight of these disputes between his enemies. Had he joined himself to one party or the other, it would probably have taken up his cause. But he acted unfairly, and while he was in treaty with the Independents, he was also in treaty with the Presbyterians. When the army discovered this, they refused to make any terms with him. He then attempted to escape, but they confined him in *Carishrook Castle,* in the Isle of Wight.

While in Carisbrook Castle, Charles made new negotiations with the Presbyterians of Scotland, for as the Stuart family came from Scotland the Scots were still attached to him. When he agreed to try the Presbyterian church for three years, they took up arms for him, but were defeated by Cromwell.

Cromwell being abroad with his army defeating the Scots, the House of Commons began again to offer terms of peace to Charles. They saw no other way to depress the army but by raising the power of the king, and very favourable pro-

posals were secretly made. They were, however, interrupted by the active Cromwell. He quickly returned from his victory over the Scots, and approached London with 20,000 men. He then demanded that steps should be taken to bring the king to justice. When the parliament attempted to delay this step, he and his army marched into London, and took up their quarters in Westminster, close to the Parliament House. The Parliament then openly discussed the question of their treaty with the king. After three days' debate, it was resolved by a majority of 140 to 104, "that the king's concessions to their treaty were sufficient ground for the settlement of the kingdom."

Cromwell and his soldiers, however, had resolved to allow nothing of the kind. This open proposal to restore the king decided them to end the quarrel by force. Accordingly the next day, Colonel Pride was sent with two regiments to the parliament house, where by force he excluded about two hundred of the Presbyterians. Only about one hundred and fifty of the most violent Independents were allowed to remain. This clearing of the House was called "*Pride's Purge*," and those who were left were nicknamed the Rump Parliament.

The army were now the sole rulers of the country. The Rump Parliament being Independents, were ready to carry out their wishes in all things. They therefore resolved to bring Charles to trial without delay. Their consciences, however, seemed to trouble them, and for their own encouragement they gave order for "*a solemn fast* to be held at Westminster, to seek the Lord, and beg his direction in the proceedings against the king." A few days after, an Act was passed appointing one hundred and fifty Commissioners for the king's trial, who were to meet in the Painted Chamber. The first three names on the list of Commissioners were "Thomas Fairfax, Oliver Cromwell, and Henry Ireton, Esqs." John Bradshaw, Chief Justice of Chester, a man of talent and blameless life, was appointed president of the Commissioners.

On the 20th January, 1649, the Commissioners, who styled themselves the High Court of Justice, met. Charles was accused of having waged and renewed war upon his people, and of having tried to substitute tyranny for the limited power with which the nation had trusted him. He, however, denied the authority of his judges. He was brought up again on the 22nd and 23rd, but still refused to acknowledge his judges. On the 27th the Court met again, and considered the judgment to be pronounced. The king then desired to be heard, and requested a conference with both Houses of Parliament, but this was denied. He was then condemned "as a tyrant, traitor, and murderer," to be put to death!

To the astonishment, grief, and indignation of the people, this severe sentence was carried

out. During his trial, the French and Dutch ambassadors vainly interceded on his behalf. Even the Scots remonstrated; and the Queen and Prince of Wales wrote most pathetic letters, begging the Parliament to spare his life. But all was in vain. Only three days were allowed between his trial and execution.

It is said, every night between his sentence and execution, the king slept sound as usual, though the noise of the workmen employed in framing the scaffold, continually resounded in his ears. The fatal morning being at last arrived, he rose early; and was led to the scaffold adjoining to Whitehall, attended by his friend and servant Bishop Juxon.

The scaffold was covered with black, and guarded by a regiment of soldiers. On it were to be seen the block, the axe, and two executioners in masks. The people in crowds stood at a greater distance. The king surveyed all these solemn preparations with calm composure; and, as he could not be heard by the people at a distance, he addressed himself to the few persons who stood round him. He there justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars: he observed that he had not taken arms till after the parliament had shown him the example; and that he had no other object in his warlike preparations, than to preserve his due authority entire. He forgave all his enemies; exhorted the people to return to their obedience, and acknowledge his son as his successor; and signified his attachment to the Protestant religion as professed by the church of England. At one blow his head was severed from his body. The other executioner then, holding up the head, exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor."

The character of King Charles I. may be gathered from the history of his reign. His faults were, a mistaken notion of the power belonging to a king, want of decision to enforce his views, and want of sincerity, which perhaps sometimes arose from his want of decision. Thus having often deceived his enemies, they would not trust him. He was said to have had a good private character, and to have had very good taste. The beautiful furniture in his numerous palaces, and his superb collection of pictures, were sold for much money.

DAY AND NIGHT.

SWEET is the light,
The Sun's bright ray,
To chase the night,
And bring the day.
When man to work
Goes forth his way.
And sweet when work
And toil is done,
To rest in sleep
Our warm bed on,
When night's still hour
And gloom is come.
Both night and day,
How good are they!
Praise HIM who made them.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES I.

During Charles's reign commerce was not neglected. It is said that it was little hindered by the civil wars. The manufactures progressed, and the rents of land increased. The linen manufacture was established in Ireland. Thus riches multiplied; the country houses were made larger and more elegant; London increased in spite of every effort to restrain it.

Hackney coaches continued to be used in this reign, and their number so increased that it had to be limited. *Barometers* were invented, *Epsom salts* discovered, and the famous *fruit-market* of Covent Garden was established by the Earl of Bedford. The *cross* at Charing Cross (for you know that no cross can be seen there now) was taken down. You may remember that this cross was the last built by Edward I. because the body of his wife rested there, when he brought it to Westminster to be buried. The superstition of the parliament caused it to be taken down as Popish, together with the cross at Cheapside, and several in other places. All pictures in churches, and figures, inside and out, were at the same time condemned as scandalous.

Lesson 36. CHARLES I.

Began to reign . . .	1625
Died	1649

1. *Charles, the son of James I., was in character something like his father, and came to the throne with similar notions of the power due to the king. He therefore soon quarrelled with his parliament.*

2. *His reign may be arranged into five periods:—In the first period he was engaged in wars with France and Spain, under the bad influence of his favourite Buckingham.*

3. *Secondly, He was engaged with his parliament in many disputes concerning the supplies due to him, and the power due to them.*

4. *Thirdly, He tried during eleven years to govern absolutely. He then had no parliament, and was engaged in a foolish attempt to change the Scottish church.*

5. *Fourthly, The Long Parliament met, when they quickly caused Strafford to be beheaded, and soon after declared war against Charles. In these wars the battles of Edge-hill, Marston Moor, and Naseby decided the contest in favour of the parliament.*

6. *Fifthly, Charles was purchased from the Scots by the army, who soon afterwards "purged" the House of Commons of all the Presbyterians. The Independents who remained were the servants of the army. They tried Charles, condemned, and executed him* A.D. 1649.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter IV.

COMPOUND DERIVATIVES—PREFIXES.

W. We heard last week, papa, of four classes of derivative words, viz., *inflected derivatives*, *primary derivatives*, *compound words*, and *compound derivatives*.

P. Yes. Let us look again at some of the last class.

Con-tract-ion,
Ex-tract-ion,
Dis-tract-ion.

You remember that the middle syllable, "tract," is the *root* of the word; it is a part of the Latin word *traho*, I draw. The first syllable, "con," is the *prefix*; it is a little Latin word, meaning together. The third syllable, "ion," is the *affix*; it means the doing of a thing; it is added to all words which are intended to express an action.

W. I think that now, if I did not know the meaning of the word contraction, I could discover it from the meanings of the prefix, root, and affix. It means *the act of drawing together*.

P. That is its meaning. In the next word the prefix, *ex*, means out of: thus the word means *a drawing out of*. You know what is meant by the extraction of a tooth.

In the third word the prefix, *dis*, means asunder: thus distraction is *a drawing asunder*. We say that a person is "distracted" when his attention is much divided, being drawn from one thing to another.

Ion. We might, papa, find the meaning of most words, if we could find their different parts. I should like to know the meaning of all the prefixes, and roots, and affixes.

P. It would take a long time to learn all of them, but I will give you a list of the principal. When you know their meaning, you may exercise yourself in putting them together, to form compound words, or in discovering the meanings of words; or you may arrange your compound words into different families.

To-day you may learn the meanings of some of the principal prefixes.

1. English Prefixes.

A-, on or in; as *a*foot, *a*shore, *a*bed.
Be-, to make; as *be*calm, *be*numb.
Be-, about or before; as *be*sprinkle, *be*speak.
En-, in, into, on, or make; as *en*circle, *en*tomb, *en*grave. En- is changed into em- before b or p; as *em*bark, *em*power.
For-, not; as *for*bid, *for*bear.

FORE-, before; as *fore*tel, *fore*father.
IM- for IN-, to make; as *im*bitter.
MIS-, error, defect; as *mis*deed, *mis*take.
N-, not; as *n*one, for not one; *n*either, for not either; *n*ever, for not ever.
OUT-, excess; as *out*run.
OVER-, too much; as *over*load.
UN- (before an adjective or adverb), not; as *un*wise, *un*fit; but UN- before a verb means undoing; as *un*tie.
UP-, upwards; as *up*lift.
UNDER-, beneath, under, inferior; as *under*value, *under*rate, *under*clerk.
WITH-, from or against; as *with*draw, *with*stand.

EXERCISE 29.—Write ten words, each to contain a different Saxon prefix.

2. LATIN PREFIXES.

A-, from or away; as *a*vert, *a*void. Also written AB- and ABS-, as *ab*use, *ab*stract.
AD- signifies to; as *ad*here. This prefix undergoes great changes, according to the first letter of the root which it is joined to. It is changed into the following different forms:—A-, AC-, AF-, AG-, AL-, AN-, AP-, AR-, AS-, AT-; as *a*spire, *ac*cept, *af*fix, *ag*gravate, *al*lot, *an*nounce, *ap*ply, *ar*range, *as*sist, *at*tract.
ANTE-, before; as *ante*diluvian.
CIRCUM-, round, about; as *circum*scribe.
CON-, together; as *con*tract, *con*gregate. Also written CO-, COG-, COL-, COM-, COR-; as *co*here, *co*gnate, *col*lect, *com*pose, *cor*rect.
CONTRA-, against; as *contra*dict. Also written COUNTER-; as *counter*act.
DE-, down or from; as *de*grade, *de*part.
DIS-, not; as *dis*honour, *dis*agree. Also written DIF-; as *dif*fident.
DIS-, asunder; as *dis*tract, *dis*pose. Also written DI-; as *di*vert, *di*verge. Also written DIF-; as *dif*fuse.
E-, out, or out of; as *e*mit, *e*lect. Also written EX-, EF-, and EC-; as *ex*clude, *ex*pel, *ef*face, *ec*centric.
EXTRA-, beyond; as *extra*ordinary.
IN- (before a verb), in or into; as *in*trude. Sometimes written IL-, IM-, and IR-; as *il*luminate, *im*port, *ir*ruption.
IN- (before an adjective), not; as *in*visible. Sometimes written IG-, IL-, IM-, and IR-; as *ig*norant, *il*legal, *im*proper, *ir*regular.
INTER-, between; as *inter*pose.
INTRO-, within; as *intro*duce.
JUXTA-, near to; as *juxta*position.

OB-, against; as *ob*struct. Sometimes written OC-, OF-, and OP-; as *oc*cur, *of*fer, *op*pose.
PER-, through; as *per*use.
POST-, after; as *post*script.
PRE-, before; as *pre*pare.
PRETER-, beyond; as *preter*natural.
PRO-, for or forward; as *pro*noun, *pro*gress.
RE-, back or again; as *re*tract, *re*turn, *re*place.
RETRO-, backwards; as *retro*grade.
SE-, aside or apart; as *se*lect.
SINE-, without; as *sine*cure.
SUB-, under; as *sub*tract. Sometimes written SUC-, SUF-, SUG-, SUP-, and SUS-; as *suc*cour, *suf*fer, *sug*gest, *sup*port, *sus*pend.
SUBTER-, under; as *subter*fuge, *subter*fluent.
SUPER-, above; as *super*fine, *super*fluous.
SUR-, above or over; as *sur*mount, *sur*charge.
TRANS-, beyond; as *trans*port.
ULTRA-, beyond; as *ultra*marine.

EXERCISE 30.—Write twenty words, each containing a different Latin prefix.

3. GREEK PREFIXES.

A-, without; as *a*nonymous.
AMPHI-, both; as *amphi*bious.
ANA-, through; as *ana*tomy.
ANTI-, against; as *anti*christian.
APO-, from or away; as *apo*state.
CATA-, down or against; as *cata*ract, *cata*rrh.
DIA-, through; as *dia*meter.
EN-, in; as *en*comium.
EPI-, upon; as *epi*taph.
HYPER-, above; as *hyper*critic.
HYPO-, under; as *hypo*crisy.
META-, change; as *meta*phor.
PARA-, beside or side by side; as *para*llel.
PERI-, round; as *peri*od.
SYN-, together; as *syn*tax. Sometimes written SY-, SYL-, SYM-; as *sy*stem, *syl*lable, *sym*pathy.

EXERCISE. 31.—Write twelve words, each containing a different Greek prefix.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE PARLIAMENT.

On the 30th of January, 1649, there was no king in England. The enemies of royalty resolved that nothing should remain of the name of king. On the same day, they published that it was treason to call any one king, without the consent of the parliament. It was also proclaimed that the authority of the nation resided in the representatives of the people. Shortly after a *council of state*, consisting of members of parliament, was appointed, Bradshaw was made President, and the poet Milton, Secretary.

The Lords sent the House of Commons a message, desiring a conference on the new settlement. This however, they refused, and resolved by a majority of forty-four to twenty-nine, that the House of Lords was useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. They then declared that there should be no bishops; that no lands should belong to the church, and that there should be no clergy, except those who renounced the bishops, and the liturgy. Thus numbers of clergymen were turned out of their livings, and preachers, who went about from place to place, were employed in their stead.

These odd looking men wore lank hair, cropped all round, and confined in a little black cap, with a white edge. Men and women also were dressed in the plainest style to avoid what they called "the vanity of dress."

The gloomy spirit of the parliament, which they called religion, led them to abolish many more things which belonged to the previous reign. Nearly all games and sports were stopped; no horse-racing, no bear-baiting, nor cock-fighting was allowed. All holidays were abolished, and all amusements on the Sabbath were prohibited.

They also punished some of the king's friends as well as Charles himself. The Duke of Hamilton, Lord Capel, and the Earl of Holland were executed. The Scots were much irritated at these executions, and chose Prince Charles, the late king's son, for their king.

The council of state who thus abolished so many things, were not unanimous. There were still differences of opinion,—some were Independents, and some Presbyterians. More disputes thus arose, which weakened them. Their power was, however, more weakened by their extravagant deeds. It appears that many members strove to enrich themselves; and throughout the country the people were troubled by the county committees. These were courts of justice instituted during the war, which had power much like that of the Star Chamber.

There was one who watched

the parliament, and saw them losing their influence, and was better able to turn their quarrels to his advantage than the unfortunate Charles had been. This was Oliver Cromwell, who sought every opportunity to increase his own power. This wonderful man was a strange mixture. He acted the parts both of the warrior and the priest. He influenced the people as well as his soldiers, for he and his officers were seen praying and preaching about town, in all the churches and chapels.

The first appointment given to Cromwell, was that of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Nearly the whole Irish nation had risen in favour of the young prince Charles, and Cromwell was sent to subdue them. On reaching Ireland, he soon overran the whole country; town after town gave way before him. It must be added, however, that he acted with the greatest barbarity. It is said that when he took Drogheda by storm, he put the whole garrison of 3,000 men to the sword; also, that every man, woman, and child was massacred; but much of this report is doubted. His unconquerable army would thus have subdued the whole nation, had they not been suddenly recalled to march into Scotland.

On his return from Ireland, Cromwell entered London in triumph. St. James's palace was given to him to dwell in, and he was saluted by the great guns in St. James's Park. There was no man at that time so much talked of, or so popular as he.

Cromwell found that the Scots had persuaded the young prince Charles to take the oath of the covenant, had then acknowledged him as king of *Britain*, and had raised a large army of 36,000 men to recover his father's crown. Fairfax, the Commander-in-Chief of the army, had been appointed to proceed against them, but being a Presbyterian, he gave up the office, and retired from public life.

The way was now left open for Cromwell. He was made "Commander-in-Chief of all the forces," instead of Fairfax. Thus he now found himself to be the most powerful man in the kingdom.

FLOWERS of the field, now meet ye seem
Man's frailty to portray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away!
Teach this, and, oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain!

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

13th Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

CHARITY.

"Oh! isn't it a glorious kite?" said little Arthur, as he cut out a new picture to paste on the great kite which he and his new nurse Ruth were making.

"Hush! Master Arthur," said Ruth; "it is so silly to say it is 'glorious.'"

Master Arthur looked up at Ruth with surprise, as much as to say, "What do you mean by stopping *me?*" for he had never been accustomed to be corrected. But he did'nt kick his nurse: she had pleased him so much, and he was so delighted with his kite, that he did not like to be angry.

Master Arthur's mamma was sitting on a chair in the nursery, and was folding up some papers to make the kite's tail. She was glad to see that he was not rude, for generally Master Arthur was said to be "a Turk;" and the two nurses before Ruth had left because he used to kick them so when in a passion.

As Arthur's mamma sat on that chair she thought to herself, "Ah, my boy! if I could only teach you love and *charity*, you would leave off being rude." Then she thought again, "I will pray to God to help you to do so; and I will begin this very day."

At the dinner-table, Master Arthur talked to his papa about his nurse. "I like my nurse, papa," he said.

"Why?" said his papa.

"Because she's a good one. I can always tell when I shall like anybody. I should like to have Ruth for my nurse always. She sets me very easy lessons—and she told me a tale about the New Zealanders this morning—about a missionary too; I am going to save up my money and buy her a present for her birth-day (it is coming in three weeks), and I am going to cut some of the mustard and cress out of my garden for her tea, and I am going to show her all my dissected maps, and I will always be kind her."

"Well, I hope you will," said his papa. "I like to hear you talk in this way. Be sure you do not forget your words."

After dinner Arthur's mamma helped him to fasten the tail, which they had made, to the kite. He had been promised that he should take it on the downs and fly it; so he waited in the nursery while Ruth was getting her dinner.

Ruth was a long time, but Arthur was very patient, except that he swung his legs backwards and forwards a little, and kicked off the paint from his play-box, on which he was sitting.

When Ruth and Arthur reached the downs, they began directly to try and fly the kite.

"Come on, Ruth!" said Arthur, "Come along! do'nt let us waste any time."

So Ruth fastened on the great ball of string.

"Now then, Ruth, you wait there!" said Arthur, "and hold it up. Hold it still while I run."

Then Arthur ran, but the kite did not go up. "Not that way! Not that way, Ruth," he said; "hold it higher. No! that's not the way! So! higher! Hold it 'the way of the wind.' That's it! Now then."

Then Arthur ran again, and pulled hard at the string. Ruth let go and the kite went up with a zig-zag motion; it first pointed to the right and then to the left, as if it did not know which way he wanted it to go. It never entered into the kite's head to go up straight, for how should it? It had never been up so high before. After twisting about in the air for a very little while, it seemed to think it had gone up quite high enough, and it turned right round, tail upwards, coming down very quickly, and striking bump on the ground with its round head.

"There now!" said Arthur to Ruth, "how stupid you are! That's because you did'nt try 'the way of the win'.'"

Ruth did not say anything. She quietly held the kite up again, while Arthur ran in another direction. But neither he nor Ruth could *find* "the way of the wind." The truth is, there was no wind that afternoon, so after an hour had been spent out of doors to no purpose, Arthur returned home feeling quite cross; he would hardly speak to his nurse. "Mamma," he said, when he came in, "Ruth is very stupid!"

His mamma was sorry to hear him speak so, but she did not make any remark until tea-time. Then she said to him, "Arthur you talked very fine words at dinner-time, you declared that you would always be kind to Ruth."

"Yes, so I will."

"But when you came in from the downs you said she was stupid."

"But, I did'nt kick her!"

"But you found fault with her when it was not her fault. That showed you did not love her."

"Well, you see, I was vexed, you know—I could'nt love her when the kite would'nt fly.

"So, when you did'nt know what to do with your vexation you threw it at her. You loved her this morning when she was making your kite and *pleased* you; but you did not love her when you were *vexed*."

"No, it is so very hard to do that."

"But," said Arthur's mamma, "I should like you to do so. I want you to learn 'Charity.'"

"What is that?"

"It is one of the beautiful fruits of God's Spirit; it is a feeling which all good men have."

"Then I should like to have some."

"You cannot, Arthur, learn charity all at once; I am going to begin to-day to teach you. The first lesson you may learn is to try and feel kind always. It is very easy to love others when you feel pleased; but you should try to be kind to them, *even when you are vexed.* So you may go up stairs and make friends with Ruth. Be very kind to her all the evening."

THE ROBIN.

A SUPPLIANT to your window comes
Who trusts your faith and fears no guile,
He claims admittance for your crumbs,
And reads his passport in your smile.

For cold and cheerless is the day,
And he has sought the hedges round;
No berry hangs upon the spray,
Nor worm nor ant-egg can be found.

Secure his suit will be preferred,
No fears his slender feet deter,
For sacred is the household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

Where are his gay companions now,
Who sang so merrily in Spring?
Some shivering on the leafless bough,
With ruffled plume and drooping wing.

Some in the hollow of a cave,
Consigned to temporary death,
And some, beneath the sluggish wave,
Await reviving nature's breath.

The migrant tribes are fled away,
To skies where insect myriads swarm,
They vanish with the Summer-day,
Nor bide the bitter northern storm.

But still is this sweet minstrel heard,
While lours December dark and drear,
The social, cheerful, household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

And thus in life's propitious hour,
Deceitful flatterers round us sport;
But if the prospect seem to lour,
They the more happy fly to court.

Then let us to the selfish herd
Of fortune's parasites prefer
The friend like this, our Winter bird,
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

Class I. THALAMIFLORAL EXOGENS.

Order 1. Ranunculaceæ.



The Meadow Crowfoot (or buttercup), with dried bunch of carpels, bud, calyx, bracts, &c.

P. We are going into the fields, Lucy, to look at the buttercups. Willie and Ion have walked on before us, so we will overtake them.

L. I saw them going, papa; and mamma went with them.

* * * *

P. There is mamma, Lucy, with the two boys. Let us run and see who will catch them first.

W. We have picked some buttercups. Here is a large bunch.

P. One will be enough. Now we will sit down in a circle on the grass and examine it: we will hold a committee on a buttercup.

Ion. Please let us have one each, papa. I can tell you something about mine. It has five yellow petals.

P. Suppose you pull off the petals—now you may see that each has a little gland or scale at its base; in this gland the honey is contained; this is the most interesting part to the bees.



Petal, with honey-scale.

W. We will examine the *sepals* next, I think—at least, *you* will, perhaps, for mine has no calyx at all!

L. Nor has mine, nor Ion's, nor mamma's.

P. Each of these flowers *had* a calyx, but it dropped off shortly after the corolla opened. We say of such a calyx that it is *deciduous*, just as we talk of deciduous leaves. You may see the calyx of this, which is not open yet. It has five sepals.

L. Which part shall we examine next, papa?

P. Let us look at the stamens. You may observe, first, that there are a very large number.

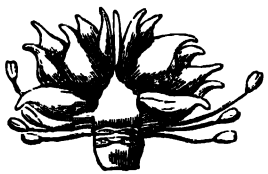
L. And I notice, secondly, that they have very short filaments; thirdly, they grow from the receptacle under the ovary, that is, they are *hypogynous*.

Indeed, we learned last week that all the "Thalamifloral" exogens are hypogynous.

W. I am the secretary of the committee, let me report progress. We have observed three things in three different parts of the flower,—

1. The COROLLA has *five* petals; *yellow*, with a *scale* containing honey.
2. The CALYX has *five* sepals; *green, deciduous.*
3. The STAMENS are *numerous*, with *short filaments, growing from receptacle.*

P. The *pistil* is to be observed next. You can observe in the centre of the stamens a number of little green grains. Just look at them through this magnifying glass.



The carpels and stamens growing on the receptacle.

L. Ah, papa, how much larger they seem! Each carpel is rounded at the bottom, and has a curved beak, like a horn, at the top. I suppose that this curved part is the style, and that the end of it is the stigma.

P. Yes; you may then remember of the pistil that its carpels are numerous, distinct, and of a green colour. In the flowers that we have noticed hitherto, the carpels are only divisions of the pistil.

L. I suppose we are to examine the seeds next, papa, or rather the *ovules;* how are we to see into such little things as these carpels?



Carpel containing ovule.

P. You shall use my pocket microscope again. I have cut open one of the carpels. You may now see that the ovule it contains is rather small.

Here, however, is a *ripe* carpel; in this the pollen from the anthers has entered the ovule, so that it has become a perfect seed. It has grown so large that it has filled the whole carpel.



Ripe Carpel, containing the perfect seed, with its embryo.

L. And the carpel, papa, seems to be only large enough to form a skin for the seed. I should have called these dried carpel *seeds*, if I had not seen how the seed grows and fills them up.

P. Such seeds (where there is only one in a carpel) are called grains, like the seed of corn. The small oval body which you see at the bottom of the seed is the *embryo;* this, as you have heard, is formed by the pollen—the rest of the seed consists of the nutritious cotyledons (vol. iv. p. 246). These dry carpels remain in a cluster and ripen, after the flower has fallen off. (*See cut page* 196.)

Now proceed with your examination. You have noticed the parts of the flower.

W. Then let us travel down

the flower-stalk. Here, at its base, are two leaflets, which you call *bracts*.

P. True; and from the bracts you may pass to the *leaves*.

L. I notice that they are of a dark deep green colour, and they are divided into three lobes, which are much indented.

P. I have pulled up a plant by the root, that you may observe better. Now you can notice the difference between the leaves in the lower and the upper parts.

Ion. Yes; the leaves near the root are much more indented than those near the flower. I also observe something in the petiole or leaf-stalk; it is *tapering*; the lower part is so broad that it forms a sheath which half surrounds the stem.

P. We might next observe the root, but these particulars are sufficient.

W. Then I will finish my report:—

The PISTIL has *distinct carpels*, of *green colour*, with *horn-shaped* styles.

The SEEDS are found in separate carpels; they form, when ripe, a bunch of dry grains.

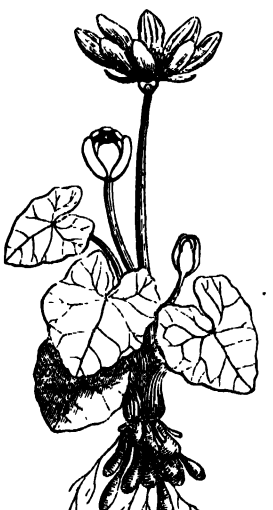
The PEDUNCLE has two bracts at the base.

The LEAVES, *dark green* colour, divided into three lobes, more deeply indented at the lower part of the plant; with petioles which form a sheath round the stem.

This buttercup is called, in botany, *Ranunculus acris*. Its proper name is the Meadow Crowfoot. There are other plants of the crowfoot tribe; shall we go and look for some?

W. Yes, let us, please; where is the meeting to adjourn to?

P. Come with me to yonder plantation. Now let us look about in the grass, under the trees. Here is a different kind of crowfoot.



RANUNCULUS FICARIA (Pilewort).

I have cut it up by the root that you may see all its parts.

L. I think that this is a beauty. How bright and glossy its yellow flowers look! There are *nine* petals in the corolla.

W. And in the calyx there are three sepals. The leaves are different from those of the meadow crowfoot. They are heart-shaped, or *cordate* (vol. iv. p. 151), and are very shining.

Ion. And the parts of the *root* are of a curious shape:

P. Yes, they are said to be of a fig shape; thus the plant is called the RANUNCULUS FICARIA. Its English name is *Pilewort*, or it is sometimes called *The Lesser Celandine.*

W. I had better write down its particulars.—

Example 2. RANUNCULUS FICARIA (Pilewort, or Lesser Celandine).

(*Place.*) Found in the grass, under trees.

(*Parts.*) Glossy yellow flowers; nine petals; three sepals; cordate shining leaves; roots, fig-shaped.

P. Now let us cross the meadow to yonder ditch. We will look in the water for Example 3. Stop, Willie! Here is one growing in the meadow, which is different from the common crowfoot. Look at its leaves.



RANUNCULUS REPENS (Creeping Crowfoot.)

L. I notice that instead of being divided into *lobes*, like the leaves of the common crowfoot, each leaf has three-stalked leaflets; and each leaflet has three lobes.

Ion. It is different, too, because its stalk seems to lie on the ground. It is more like a creeping plant.

P. This is the reason of its name; it is called "Ranunculus *repens*," or creeping Ranunculus, from the Latin word repĕre, to creep. I will write its particulars, instead of the secretary.

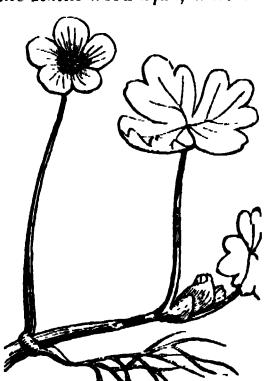
Example 3 RANUNCULUS REPENS (or Creeping Crowfoot).

(*Place.*) Found in meadows.

(*Parts.*) Flowers, yellow; leaves with three-stalked leaflets, which are three-lobed; stem, lying on ground, creeping

But we have now reached the ditch! Let us all look about for a *Ranunculus aquatilis.*

Ion. Papa means by that "a Water Crowfoot." I know by the Latin word *aqua*, water.



RANUNCULUS AQUATILIS (Water Crowfoot).

W. Is this one, papa? this little white flower.

P. Yes; if you will hold my hand, I think I can reach it with my stick. There! I have picked it, you see. Its peculiarities may be soon marked. Do you observe this set of fibres underneath the stalk?

L. Yes; these are roots, I suppose.

P. No, they are its *water*-leaves. This plant is curious because it has two sets of leaves. 1st. Those growing in the air, which you see are divided into three lobes; and 2nd. Those in the water, which are cut into thin filaments.

The colour of the flower is the other distinction of the plant.

W. Then here are its particulars.

Example 4. RANUNCULUS AQUATILIS (Water Crowfoot).

(*Place*.) Found in ponds.

(*Parts*.) Flowers, white; leaves, two kinds—those in the air three-lobed, those in the water divided into fine filaments.

Have you any more specimens, papa?

P. There are several more in the tribe. There is another Water Crowfoot; it is very likely that we may find one in this ditch. Let us walk on a little further.

L. Here is a Water Crowfoot. Its parts are all very smooth and watery.

P. Yes; I will pick it. You may know it by its lower leaves, which have five lobes. You have seen such a leaf before; I dare say you remember that the five lobes are compared to the five fingers of the hand, and that the leaf is therefore called *palmate*.

W. And its edges are *serrated*.

P. Its edges are certainly rough, but we do not say that they are serrated, unless they are notched with pointed teeth, *like a saw*, but in this case you see that the notches at the edges are *rounded*; they are therefore said to be "crenate." Now you have two points by which you may know this plant; its name is "Ranunculus Sceleratus," or the *Celery-leaved Crowfoot*.

Here is its description:—

Example 5. RANUNCULUS SCELERATUS (Celery-leaved Crowfoot).

(*Place*.) In ditches, &c.

(*Parts*.) Having all its parts smooth and watery; the lowest leaves palmate, with crenated edges.

Now for a sixth example, I can see another of the tribe; it is not in the ditch, nor in the field.

L. Papa is looking at mamma's hand. Now I see why mamma brought that nosegay out of the garden!

M. Yes; here is one of the tribe—this gay Ranunculus. It differs from the buttercups because it is larger; it has a greater number of petals, and therefore less stamens, for you have heard how the stamens of flowers may be changed to petals (vol. iv. p. 244); it is thus said to be double.

P. This Ranunculus is a foreigner; it is only found in a cultivated state in gardens,—if it were left to grow wild, it

would soon lose its size and beauty. It is called the "Ranunculus Asiaticus."

Example 6. RANUNCULUS ASIATICUS (*Garden Ranunculus*).

(*Place.*) Cultivated in gardens.

(*Parts.*) Flowers double, of gay scarlet colour; larger than others of the tribe.

P. I will point out for you two particulars which relate to the whole tribe. The juice in all these plants has a nauseous taste, and is very acrid; in many cases the hand may be blistered even by holding the stalks for some time.

W. I am holding five different kinds in my hand now!

P. Lastly, none of these plants ever become trees; few ever reach the dignity of shrubs. They are mostly "herbaceous."

Now I think we have had enough of the buttercups; let us go home. We have learned about the first *tribe* in the first ORDER of Exogens.

W. Yes; please mamma, give me that ranunculus out of your nosegay. Now I have all six specimens in my hand. Look, Ion, here is a handful of crowfoots—no, crow-*feet!*

Ion. No! crow's feet; possessive case!

P. No, no; nothing of the kind. You must say Crowfoots. CLASS, Thalamifloræ. *Order*, Ranunculaceæ. *Tribe*, Crowfoots.

THE LITTLE BIRD AND ITS MISTRESS.

"LITTLE bird, little bird, wherefore art thou sad!
Come, smooth down thy feathers, and chirp and be glad;
What is it that ails thee, thou poor silly thing,
That thou seldom wilt eat, and never wilt sing?
I bring thee fresh water and fruit every day,—
What more can a bird want to make it be gay?
Cheer up, little ingrate, and give me a song:
I thought thou wouldst sing for me all the day long."

"Lady! how can I joyous and tuneful be?
My mate and my young ones are pining for me:
I have left a whole nestful, a featherless brood,
Oh! how can I eat when they may want food?
This fruit is delicious, this water is clear;
But I love the wild berries that grow not here;
I long to fly free o'er the lake and glade,
And to sing once again in the greenwood shade."

"Fly away, little bird, to thy young ones fly;
They shall not of sorrow and hunger die:
Thy mate shall no longer in search of thee roam;
Fly away, fly away, to thy own dear home;
Go warble once more in the happy greenwood,
Skim lightly again o'er the lawn and the flood:
For lonely, poor bird, would I rather be,
Than see thee thus pine in captivity." *New Year's Gift.*

THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE PROTECTORATE.

As soon as Cromwell became commander-in-chief he made good use of his power. He forthwith proceeded to drive the son of Charles I. from Scotland; for he had, I told you, been proclaimed king, as Charles II.

When Cromwell reached Dunbar, with 16,000 men, he was drawn into a place which was a very disadvantageous one for battle. The Scottish army had been waiting there for him, and might have conquered him, but they acted foolishly. Their clergymen fancied they had obtained visions from the Lord, and that Agag, as they called Cromwell, with all his "heretics," would be delivered into their hands. Thus they madly left the good position they had gained, to meet Cromwell on the plain. When he saw this, he in his turn assured his men that the Lord had delivered the enemy into *their* hands; and told them to advance singing psalms in praise for the victory they were about to obtain. They then put the Scots to flight with great slaughter.

After this battle Cromwell pursued Charles closely. But when Charles found that his enemy had gone further northward than himself he immediately turned in a southern direction, and entered England. Cromwell, though unwell, followed him directly with 40,000 men, and overtook him at *Worcester*. Charles had expected the Royalists of England to join his standard, but most of them were so terrified at the very name of his enemy that they dared not.

Cromwell arrived almost as soon as they heard the news of his coming: he fell upon the town of Worcester, and killed or took prisoners nearly all the Scottish army. Charles fled, after fighting bravely. In his flight he passed through the most romantic and dangerous adventures. He had one or two hairbreadth escapes. On one occasion his enemies so closely pursued him, that he was obliged to hide himself for a day and a night in the thick branches of an oak. After wandering through the country in different disguises for six weeks, he managed to get away from England.

Cromwell returned in triumph to London. He was now without a rival. The Scots soon felt the result of their defeat. He caused an act to be passed abolishing royalty in Scotland, and annexing that country to England as *a conquered province*.

He next began war with the Dutch, for a very trifling excuse. The truth was, that the two nations rivalled each other in their naval strength.

The question to be decided was—"Which nation shall be master on the sea?" Cromwell knew the talent of the great commander *Admiral Blake*. The Dutch, too, had a most renowned admiral, named *Van Tromp*. Each nation had plenty of ships, and many other brave admirals; they therefore wickedly determined to "have a fight," almost for fighting's sake. They soon had many close "engagements"; admirals and captains were killed, and ships were sunk, without advantage to either side.

At length Van Tromp with sixty sail fell upon Blake, who was in the Downs with forty sail. He took six of Blake's ships, and drove him with his other vessels into the Thames. He then fastened a broom to his topmast and sailed in triumph through the Channel, declaring by that that he would sweep the English navy off the seas. The pride of the English could not endure this. They called the action "an insult"; so they made immense exertions to equip a new fleet. In the next year, the new ships being ready, a fight of three days was carried on, in which the Dutch were totally defeated. They soon after treated for peace.

Soon after these events Cromwell resolved to get rid of the parliament, who did not like his growing power. An opportunity quickly occurred: he persuaded his officers to present a petition asking for the redress of many grievances, and for their arrears of wages. This occasioned a quarrel between the army and the parliament. It is said that "in the midst of the dispute Cromwell started up with seeming fury. Turning to Major Vernon, he cried out, 'that he was compelled to do a thing that made the very hair of his head stand on end.' He then hastened to the house of commons with 300 soldiers, took his place, and listened to the debates for some time. Suddenly he started up, and loaded the parliament with reproaches for their tyranny, oppression, and robbery of the public. Upon which, stamping with his foot, as a signal for the soldiers to enter, the place was immediately filled with armed men. Then, addressing himself to the members, he said, 'For shame, get you gone! Give place to honester men—to those who will more faithfully discharge their trust. You are no longer a parliament; I tell you, you are no longer a parliament; the Lord has done with you.' Sir Harry Vane exclaiming against this conduct, 'Sir Harry,' he cried, 'O Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!' Taking hold then of one of the members by his cloak, 'Thou art an adulterer,' cries he; to another, 'Thou art a drunkard;' to a third, 'Thou art a glutton,' &c. 'It is you (continued he to the members) that have forced me upon this. I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me on this work.' Then pointing to the

mace, 'Take away that bauble!' cried he. After which turning out all the members, he ordered the doors to be locked, put the keys in his pocket, and returned to Whitehall."

By this bold transaction Cromwell became, in effect, king of Great Britain, with absolute authority. He, however, gave his subjects a parliament, but one that was altogether obedient to his commands. He undertook to choose the members himself; but it is said the persons pitched upon were the lowest, meanest, and most ignorant among the citizens. They were the most foolish of the fanatics. One of them particularly, a leather-seller called *Praise God Barebone*, gave his name to this odd assembly, and it was called *Barebone's Parliament.*

It seems as if Cromwell chose these men to disgust the nation with the idea of a parliament. After a short time some of the members who were his friends came to him, with their speaker at their head, and resigned their authority into his hands. He then sent Colonel White to clear the house of such as ventured to remain there.

The sham parliament was now dissolved. The officers of the army then, by their own authority, declared Cromwell PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND. He was addressed by the title of *Highness.*

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The north wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house,
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse;
Then why so busy thou?

Nay, start not at tha' sparkly light;
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain:
Then, little darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

WORDSWORTH.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"You have heard of the capital of Somersetshire; let us proceed to the other towns.

"At the north-west of Bath, on the same river, the Avon, is the ancient and celebrated commercial city of Bristol.

"Bristol is partly in Somersetshire and partly in Gloucestershire. Its *port* is about ten miles from the mouth of the Avon, which is not very wide at that point, I did not notice the shipping very much, but it is said that 'the tide rushes with great violence up these *narrow* rivers, and therefore reaches a great height, bringing large vessels to the quays; but when it is low water, these vessels lie aground.' It is said that the difficulty of navigating the Severn is the disadvantage under which the port labours.

"The commerce of Bristol was once of such importance that the city was reckoned as second only to London itself. In this century, however, it has been quite eclipsed by Liverpool, another great commercial town on the western coast. You may see on the map that Liverpool is well situated for commerce with Ireland and America, and is also near to the great manufacturing towns of England, such as Manchester and other cotton towns, Leeds and the other cloth-making towns of Yorkshire.

"The decline of the Bristol trade, however, is not owing merely to the increase of Liverpool, or to the tide of the river; it is principally on account of the heavy taxes which the government of the city formerly imposed on articles of trade. When those who imported or exported goods found they had to pay such heavy duties, and that they could trade without such disadvantage at other ports, they did so. Even the manufacturers of Bristol used to send their goods round to Liverpool to be exported, to save the difference in the tax.

"Yet, with all these disadvantages, Bristol is, as I said, an important commercial city. It imports from Ireland pigs, potatoes, sheep, flour, and grain; while it sends in exchange wrought iron, tin-plates, leather, refined and raw sugar, &c. It also exports articles of clothing, the produce of the western cloth-making towns, and the manufactures of the city. These manufactures are considerable. In the city or the neighbourhood there are factories for crown, flint, and bottle glass, iron, brass, floor-cloth, and earthenware. There are also manufactures of brass wire, pins, sheet-lead, zinc, chain cables, anchors, machinery, drugs, colours, dyes, refined sugar, starch, soap, spirits, tin and copper, bricks, beer,

pipes, tobacco, hats, and many more things; for being so large a place the manufacturing district extends six miles around.

"In the neighbourhood of Bristol is a very beautiful place called *Clifton*. It is situated on the Avon, and there is a fine suspension bridge crossing the river. The views of the river and the cliffs on each side are most delightful.

"WELLS. Bath, Bristol, and Wells are the three most noted cities of this county. While Bath is a busy bathing city, and Bristol a commercial city, Wells is a quiet cathedral town. Its situation is pleasant; it is in a valley at the foot of the Mendip Hills, near the source of the River *Ax*. The cathedral is almost the only remarkable object here; it is one of the finest in England, and may be seen from all the roads in the neighbourhood. It has three splendid towers. The west front is celebrated for its tracery and sculptured figures. The glory of the Cathedral, however, is the part called 'The Ladye Chapel;' it is said to be even the *most* beautiful specimen of church architecture in the country.

"The bishop's palace is striking. It resembles an old baronial castle, for it stands on seven acres of ground. This is enclosed by a lofty embattled wall, around which flows a broad moat, filled with water. Bath and Wells are united, and form one bishop's see.

"The next town worth noticing after Wells is Bridgewater; but we need not go there in the most direct way. Instead of going in the south-west direction you may travel southward to Glastonbury, and then westward to Bridgewater; this you may see on the map.

"It is worth while to stop at GLASTONBURY. How many an artist has come out of his way to visit the old ruins of Glastonbury Abbey! When the weather is warm enough for sketching in the open air, then come the artists. They poke about in 'the abbot's kitchen,' and in 'the ruins of the church, or of the chapel of Joseph of Arimathæa.' The pillars and arches of these ruins form subjects for many a 'picturesque bit,' as the painters say. There are many strange things reported about the old abbey itself. It is said that Joseph of Arimathea, who buried the body of our Saviour, visited Britain, and founded a Christian church here. There is a kind of thorn which grows in the neighbourhood, and blossoms in the winter; this was long supposed to have sprung from his walking-stick, which he stuck in the earth; but the people are not so credulous now. Glastonbury Abbey was suppressed in the reign of Henry VIII. You remember, no doubt, how that monarch dissolved the 'religious houses' of England, and kept their riches for himself.

"At the west of Glastonbury is BRIDGEWATER, an ancient port on the river Parret. William the Conqueror took this town from a Saxon thane, and gave it to a Norman named Walter

de Douay; the town was thus called 'Burgh-*Walter*,' and at length its name was pronounced *Bridgewater*.

"Bridgewater may be remembered — 1st. Because a good trade is done here in coals brought from Wales, and in cheeses made in the neighbourhood — brick-making is also much carried on. 2ndly. The inhabitants of the town supported the Duke of Monmouth when he rebelled against King Charles II., and proclaimed him king. And 3rdly, the celebrated *Admiral Blake* was born here.

"Near Bridgewater is the little Island of Athelney: it is noted because a certain Saxon king hid himself amongst the marshes here. Do you remember that king's name?

"TAUNTON is another of the principal towns. It is about 12½ miles from Bridgewater, and you may travel by water from one town to another.

"Formerly this town was one of the principal seats of the western woollen manufactures. Serges, druggets, and coarse cloths were made here in the fourteenth century, but the trade has long since decayed.

"Like Bridgewater, Taunton supported the Duke of Monmouth in his rebellion against Charles II. After the fight at Sedgemore, in the neighbourhood, many bloody executions took place. The great vale of Taunton is called Taunton-Dean, and is famous for its fertile soil.

"You have now heard of the principal towns of this county. I send you also the notes to learn, and remain,

"Dear children,

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

SOMERSETSHIRE.

(Shape and Boundaries.)—*Somersetshire is of a crescent-like shape. It is in the West of England, being bounded on the north by the Bristol Channel, on the south by Dorsetshire, on the west by Devonshire, and on the east by Wiltshire.*

(Soil.)—*This county has a great variety of soil. The most remarkable parts are the* COAL-FIELDS *near Bath; the* MENDIP HILLS, *formerly famous for their lead-mines;* CHEDDAR, *famous for its cliffs and cheese; the marshes, moors, and downs in the west; and the rich fertile valleys in the south.*

(Rivers.) — *The principal rivers are the* AVON *and the* PARRET.

(Capital and Towns.)—*The capital of Somersetshire is* BATH, *famous for its mineral springs. The other important towns are* BRISTOL, *once the second commercial city in England, but now surpassed by its rival Liverpool;* WELLS, *an ancient cathedral town;* TAUNTON, *and* BRIDGEWATER.

GLASTONBURY, CHARD, *and* FROME, *are also worthy to be remembered.*

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

A TRODDEN daisy from the sward,
With tearful eye I took,
And on its ruin'd glories I,
With moving heart did look;
For, crush'd and broken though it was,
That little flower was fair;
And oh! I loved the dying bud—
For GOD was there!

I stood upon a sea-beat shore—
The waves came rushing on;
The tempest raged in giant wrath—
The light of day was gone.
The sailor, from his drowning bark
Sent up his dying prayer;
I look'd amid the ruthless storm,
And GOD was there.

I saw a home—a happy home—
Upon a bridal day,
And youthful hearts were blithesome there,
And aged hearts were gay:
I sat amid the smiling band
Where all so blissful were,
Among the bridal maidens sweet—
And GOD was there!

I stood beside an infant's couch,
When light had left its eye—
I saw the mother's bitter tears,
I heard her woeful cry—
I saw her kiss its fair pale face,
And smooth its yellow hair;
And oh! I loved the mourner's home,
For GOD was there!

I sought a cheerless wilderness—
A desert, pathless, wild—
Where verdure grew not by the streams,
Where beauty never smiled;
Where desolation brooded o'er
A mainland lone and bare,—
And awe upon my spirit crept,
For GOD was there!

I looked upon the lowly flower,
And on each blade of grass;
Upon the forests wide and deep,
I saw the tempests pass:
I gazed on all created things
In earth, in sea, and air;
There bent the knee—for God in Love
Was everywhere! NICOLL.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

14th Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

CHARITY.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

"7 times 1 are 7,"
Said Arthur;
"7 times 2 are 14
"7 times 3 are 21
"7 times 4 are—are—
"7 times 4 are—
"7 times 4 —are 27!"
"*One* mistake," said Ruth.
"7 times 5," continued Arthur, 'are 35
"7 times 6 are—are 42."
"Yes, that's right," said Ruth.
"7 times 7 are 49
"7 times 8 are 56
"7 times 9 are 61."
"*Two* mistakes! You're turned," replied Ruth.

"Yes; that was the rule! Two mistakes,—turned;" and Arthur had now been turned three times with "that nasty seven times," as he called the seventh column in his multiplication table.

But never mind; Arthur had been *very* good that morning; he had said two other long lessons perfectly. He had said his fifth declension out of the Latin grammar,—for a very little while ago his papa had said that he might begin to learn Latin. Then he was soon to learn French, and German—and perhaps Greek; so that he looked forward to become one day, what the cook said he would be, "a scollard." So he quickly learned that 7 times 9 are 63; that 7 times 10 are 70; and, indeed, the whole of "seven times."

When Arthur had said all his lessons his mamma came up in the nursery for him, and Ruth then informed her how good he had been.

"I am so glad," said his mamma, "for I have come to take you down stairs. Somebody wants to see you."

When Arthur reached the hall he was rather disappointed, for the somebody who wanted him was only a little boy who wore a pinafore, with a black shiny cape over it. He was the son of Mrs. Pale, the charwoman, and had brought Master Arthur a present of some apples.

"Who are you," said Arthur, rather sharply.

"*Thomas*, sir," was the boy's reply, as he slowly brought forth a little basket from under his cape. "If you please,

mother says these are for you. No! she said 'her complints.'"

"I am sure it is very kind of Mrs. Pale to think of you; and it 's very good of Thomas to bring these apples such a long way," said Arthur's mamma. "Will you take him round the garden, Arthur, and show him the flowers and the mustard and cress you are growing for Ruth?"

"Very—well—mamma," said Arthur, as he took the fruit into the parlour; but he said it rather slowly; for, in the first place, he wanted to look at the apples, and, secondly, he thought, "I don't like to walk in the garden with that shabby boy." Indeed, he was so long in doing what he was told, that his mamma was obliged to say to him, "Come, Arthur, the little boy is waiting for you."

I don't know what Arthur said to Thomas; but you may guess pretty well how he behaved from the talk between him and his mamma soon after.

"I am very glad, Arthur," said his mamma, "that you have learned your lesson so well, but you have not learned your lesson on CHARITY to-day. You were not very charitable to Thomas Pale just now."

"No, mamma, of course not; he came to be charitable to me. I know what charity means: I have been talking to Ruth about it."

"What does it mean?"

"It means, 'giving away things.' It was a charity to give me those apples."

"It was 'generosity,' certainly; but I want to talk about *you*. We learned, yesterday, that to be charitable you must love others always—even when you are vexed."

"Yes, I remember."

"So you should have been kind to Thomas, even if he had vexed you. But he didn't vex you. Indeed, he tried to please you; yet, you did not care to please him."

"Well, I didn't like the trouble of showing him our garden, because he is a poor boy."

"Then, you see, you had not charity. He gave you a basket of apples, and I wanted you to give him a part of yourself—some of your time, and some of your attention."

"I should'nt have cared, mamma, if it had been some one else."

"But, Arthur, when I told you to be attentive to Thomas Pale, you should not have thought, 'Is he worthy?' but you should have said to yourself, 'He 's a poor boy, and perhaps has not seen such a fine garden before,—he will enjoy it all the more.' Will you try and feel like that another time?"

"Yes, I will."

"Don't forget it Arthur. I would rather you should learn this lesson on Charity than all your other lessons. The apostle Paul says it is better to learn charity than all the languages of men,—even Latin or German, or even the language that the angels speak. A person who is clever, and knows all fine languages, if he has not charity within him, he is like some showy brass instrument

that makes a noise, but has nothing inside."

"Oh, will you read to me what Paul says, mamma, out of the Bible?"

"Yes. Here is the verse (1 Cor. xiii. 1):

"'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.'

"Now, Arthur, I will give you your second lesson on charity.

"I think that you will one day grow up to be a learned man, and that you will know many languages."

Arthur. "Yes, I hope I shall."

M. "And I hope you will always remember that CHARITY *is better than* LEARNING. Without Charity *you* will be like sounding brass, or like a tinkling cymbal."

THE YOUNG BIRD.

SHALL I let him go? shall I let him go?
This bird that I have found?
'Twould be a pity, I love him so,
To leave him on the ground.

I heard a little chirping song,
Not very far from me,
And soft and slow I crept along,
To find what it could be.

And there he was—that little bird—
Close down upon the ground,
I did not say a single word,
Nor make the slightest sound.

I held my breath, and stooping, took
Him gently to my breast,
And then his little wings he shook,
As if within his nest.

I hope he will be happy here;
I'll give him worms and bread;
He will not shed a single tear,
Nor droop his little head.

I think he has no pa' and ma',
For he was all alone:
And yet a bird, not very far,
Was singing on a stone.

Perhaps that was his mother dear,
Perhaps she seeks him there;
I must not keep him; now I fear
'Twould not be right or fair.

So I'll take him back and let him fly,
And not be very sad,
For, though the tear is in my eye,
I think I'm very glad.

INFANTA.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE PROTECTORATE.

CROMWELL THE PROTECTOR possessed almost unbounded power. This extraordinary man rose from private life to be the most powerful commander of the most powerful people in the earth. He now began to rule with promptness, vigour, and skill. A council of state was appointed to govern the nation, and he was placed at its head. He chose as members of the council the officers who had been his victorious companions in the army. He had an army of 20,000 foot and 10,000 horse. He took care to have his troops well paid; and to each officer of the "council" he gave a pension of £1,000 a year.

Being able to depend upon these officers and soldiers, he proceeded with his designs. He made himself to be feared and respected abroad as well as at home. He compelled the Dutch once more to sue for peace, and to pay £85,000 for the expenses of the war. They also had to restore to the EAST INDIA COMPANY some of the possessions they had taken from them. France, too, and Spain paid deference to him, for he had lent the French 6,000 men to help them in conquering the Netherlands, which at that time belonged to Spain.

The Spaniards were then one of the richest and most powerful people in Europe, but Cromwell humbled them greatly by means of the famous Blake. This admiral seized and burned many of their great galleons at *Cadiz* and the *Canaries*. He afterwards sailed up the Mediterranean, attacked and defeated the Dey of *Tunis*, the Dey of *Algiers*, and the government of *Leghorn*. Admirals Penn and Venables also took from the Spaniards the valuable island of *Jamaica*.

But these wars were not favourable to the Protector's power at home. They caused extraordinary expenses. At the beginning of his government Cromwell had managed the public money with economy and care, but he could do so no longer. His revenue was almost exhausted, and to pay the war expenses he was obliged to lay on heavy taxes. He now made the same mistake as King Charles had done. Upheld by the power of his army, he collected the money without the consent of parliament, and did not tax all classes fairly.

These proceedings were soon resented by the people; they clamoured loudly for "a free parliament," and Cromwell was obliged to give them one. The members, however, were those whom he had chosen. The doors of the House of Commons were guarded, and

none but his friends were admitted. These men offered him the title of *King*, but he refused it, and fourteen days after he dissolved the assembly.

After this event Cromwell lived with the consciousness that he was feared and disliked. The thought caused him great misery. He was much troubled, too, because he was in debt. Being thus distressed, the Royalists, the Presbyterians, and other parties conspired against him, one after another. Thus he was always in fear of death. A pamphlet was published entitled "Killing no Murder," in which Cromwell was compared to a wolf. It is said that after reading this work he was never seen to smile more. He seemed to look upon every stranger with suspicion. He wore armour under his clothes, he carried pistols in his pocket, and changed his bedroom every two or three nights.

At length he was seized with a fever at Hampton Court. He removed to Whitehall, where he soon after died, in the 59th year of his age.

At his death Cromwell had been protector nearly five years. He was buried with great pomp in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. The cost of his funeral was £60,000; the charge for black cloth only was £6,920.

Cromwell's character has been very differently drawn. Some call him a good, and others a bad man. On the whole, however, there was more good in him than evil; for with all men many of their bad actions are not so much crimes as mistakes. It was so with Cromwell. His part in the death of King Charles was, perhaps, as much a mistake as a crime. He thought no doubt that, after so many lives had been sacrificed in battle, it was right to sacrifice one life for the peace of the country. But perhaps he wished to kill the king only that he himself might rule the country. No one can say whether he thought so; but if he did, this was a crime.

Ambition was, indeed, one of his failings. This led him into evil; for he grasped the power by violence, and was obliged to maintain it with violence. His position was unjust because he had *taken* it; the people had not given it to him. To keep this position he was obliged to act unjustly, employing spies, imprisoning those he feared, and even selling some as slaves for the West Indies. In fact, he did as Charles I. had done when he sought for unjust power.

Yet Cromwell was often kind and good. He was a good son to his parents, and was a good husband. He was a good father, and trained his children to fear God. More, he tried to fear God himself, and often prayed to Him for His guidance.

He who often prays to God cannot be a bad man; thus we find that Cromwell's nature was inclined to mercy. Until he was misled by his ambition, he was "frank, affable, magnanimous, bold, and just."

THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE RESTORATION.

P. The history of the Commonwealth may be divided into three parts. 1st. The four years, from the death of Charles in 1649 to 1653, when the parliament governed the nation; — 2ndly. The seven years, from the dissolution of the parliament in 1653 to 1658, when Cromwell governed as "Protector;"—3rdly. A period of nearly two years, from Cromwell's death, in 1658, to the return of Charles II., in 1660, when the "officers" of government, appointed by Cromwell, were the principal rulers of the nation.

Before writing our memory-lesson on the Commonwealth, I will tell you a few particulars concerning the last period.

On the 4th September, 1658, the day after Cromwell's death, his eldest son Richard Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector. The ambassadors from foreign countries, and the officers of the army and navy, acknowledged his power, and sent him their congratulations. Deputations were sent from one hundred congregations and churches, from the counties, the cities, and the boroughs; all of these men brought messages, promising to devote their lives and fortunes to his highness.

Richard, however, was a very different man from his father. He was more fitted for private than for public life. He liked better to read and to study than to fight. When he was urged to be more severe to the Royalists, he said, "I positively forbid shedding the blood of a single man in my cause." Such a man was not likely to be admired by the warlike officers of Cromwell's army. They had, you remember, formed the council of government during the Protectorate; they, therefore, resolved to depose Richard Cromwell, and to govern the kingdom themselves.

This was soon done. Both Richard Cromwell and his brother Henry, who commanded in Ireland, resigned office at once, without attempting to resist.

The principal republican officers, Fleetwood, the chief general of the army, Generals Lambert, and Monk, Sir Harry Vane, and six others, formed the new "council of government." These men now stood in the place of Cromwell, and they found themselves in similar difficulties. They were obliged to assemble the House of Commons, and they sent for the members of the Rump Parliament, whom the Protector had so violently driven out of their places. As soon as this parliament met they turned upon the council who

had recalled them. They turned out of their offices Lambert, Desborough, and two or three others. Lambert would not submit to this; his soldiers mutinied, and the next morning, as the speaker and the members were coming to the house, he met them with a body of life-guards, drove them all back again, and declared the parliament dissolved. Thus, once more, the nation was entirely governed by the army.

Just at this time, when the council were in their greatest difficulties, one of their number, named GENERAL MONK, resolved to restore the Royal Family. He was at that time Governor of Scotland, and was there at the head of 8,000 men.

As soon as Monk heard how Lambert had dissolved the parliament, he protested against the action. He declared that another should be summoned directly, and he set forward with all his troops for London. The whole kingdom wondered at this movement. The people from all parts eagerly asked him, "Where are you going?" "What are you going to do?" but he kept silence. He marched onward, and during all his journey he would not disclose his designs. He only remarked that "he was going to restore the peace of the country."

When he had reached St. Albans, which is within a few miles of London, the members of the Rump Parliament had re-assembled. The greater part of the army had declared themselves on the side of the parliament, and Lambert was confined in the Tower.

Monk was not sure that all the regiments belonging to the other generals could be depended upon; he therefore sent orders that they should leave London. Some obeyed the order; those who did not go he turned out, and then quartered his own soldiers in their places.

During this time Monk had been communicating with Charles II., and had completed his plans for restoring him. He then caused the Rump Parliament to dissolve themselves, and a new one to be elected.

The new parliament met on the 25th April, 1660. A royalist was elected as speaker; and Monk, knowing the power of his army in London, had the courage to propose that Charles II. should be restored. He sent a message to the house that Sir John Grenville, a servant of the king, was in London with letters from the king. They received the news with joy, Grenville was called in, and the letter containing the king's proposals was read. The proposals were at once agreed to, King Charles was sent for, and he entered London amidst general acclamations, on the 29th May, 1660, which was his birthday. Thus suddenly ended the English Commonwealth.

Lesson 37. *THE COMMONWEALTH.*

Began 1649
Ended 1660

1. *After the death of Charles I., England was governed by the*

Long Parliament. The members were, however, divided into two parties, the Independents and the Presbyterians. FAIRFAX *the Commander-in-chief of the forces was a "Presbyterian;"* CROMWELL, *the Lord lieutenant of Ireland, was an "Independent."*

2. *After Cromwell had conquered Ireland, he was recalled to make war against the Scots, who had proclaimed the son of Charles the First as their king. Fairfax being a Presbyterian had declined the undertaking, and Cromwell was elected Commander-General in his stead.*

3. *Cromwell conquered the Scots, and drove Charles out of the country. On his return to London he was idolized by the people. He was not only the most powerful, but the most popular man in England. The parliament, however, were jealous of him; he was, therefore, tempted to take advantage of his power. He caused a quarrel between the parliament and his army; then with the help of his soldiers he turned the members out of the house, after using the most violent language. He next took the government of the nation into his own hands.*

4. *But the people would not allow Cromwell to govern alone. He therefore chose a new House of Commons, taking care to select as members, fanatical men who would bring disgrace on themselves. These men, who were called "The Barebone Parliament," soon brought the idea of parliament into ridicule; and after its members had sat for some time, he dismissed them, and governed the nation under the title of* PROTECTOR. *He was, however, assisted by a Council of State composed of the officers of the army.*

5. *Cromwell's government was a most vigorous one. He subdued his enemies at home and abroad. He conquered the Dutch and Spanish nations, made an alliance with France, and received the homage of the principal nations of Europe. These wars, however, led to great expense, which caused discontent among the people. He thus became an object of dislike, and numerous conspiracies were raised against him. After calling another parliament and dissolving it quickly, he was in constant fear of violent death; he became very gloomy and miserable, and died in the 59th year of his age, in the year* 1658.

6. *After Cromwell's death his son* RICHARD *was proclaimed Protector; but the officers of the army soon deposed him. They then formed themselves into a council to govern the nation, and assembled the parliament. The parliament, however, soon quarrelled with them, and they therefore dissolved it. Upon this, one of their number,* GENERAL MONK, *resolved to restore Charles II. By means of his army, which mustered* 8,000 *men, he was enabled to do so; and* CHARLES *entered London in the year* 1660.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

DEVONSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"'This is a very wide place!' I said to myself as I stood somewhere about the middle of Devonshire, 'I should think it must be very high, for it is very cold; certainly it is very lonely, for I have walked some miles, and have not yet seen a house. I have only met two women.'

"Then I thought again:—'I have read of

"—Devon's *myrtle vales*
That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea;"

and I have heard that the climate here is so mild that the myrtle grows unsheltered on the sea-shore. So that perhaps I am not in Devonshire yet. Oh! here comes a butcher with some sheep, I'll ask him. I say, friend, what is the name of this place?"

"'Thickey place, sir? it be Dartmoor'—but I cannot spell his words as he pronounced them.

"'This be a lonely place, sir, very, especially at nights. And when the winter nights come on, and there be snow on the ground, then it be most dreadful.'

"'Is it very wide, then?'

"'I should think it be, indeed, sir. If you wanted to walk all the length from north of 'em to the south, you'd have to walk 22 miles; and it's 14 miles across t'other way. You see, sir, all round all this part is one great plain, and it don't seem to have any end.'

"'I suppose that this land is very high?' I said.

"'That it be, sir; some parts are the highest land in Devonshire. This part is all plain, then some parts are mountainous, and other parts are very boggy. There are what they call *morasses*—soft muddy places forty feet deep. The water-plants there have grown every year, and have then become rotten and have died. Then there is the part we call Dartmoor forest, which is different again.'

"'I suppose you breed sheep on these moors,' I said.

"'Yes sir, Dartmoor mutton is very good-flavoured. Ah, I have had many a long journey, sir, bringing sheep across these moors, 'specially on winter nights, sir, when there's been no moon up, and we have had the pelting sleet right in our faces. I remember one dark night when the sheep were so frightened that they ran off in all directions in spite of the dog. The sort of cold we have in the winters, it is enough to bite one's fingers off.'

"I certainly agreed with the butcher that 'twas a cold place; then I remembered *Salisbury plain* and the *South downs*, and the mountains of Cumberland, and the other sheep breeding places I had seen—but this seemed the coldest of all.

"'Why, you see, sir,' continued my companion, 'Devonshire is

a rather damp country—it a'nt like one that is far inland. There be the sea on the north side of it, and the south, so there's plenty of vapour, and cloud, and rain, and that like—so we grow a great many potatoes here—suppose you know, sir, that potatoes like a damp climate?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I learned that in Lancashire; a great many potatoes are grown in that county.'

"'So there be here, and the farmers send them to London. But in our county we have more pasture land than anything else—we have some beautiful rivers, the Tor, the Teign, and the Dart, and the Ex, and the Tamar, and all along the banks of these rivers there are rich meadows.'

"'That is what I expected,' I said. 'I have often heard of the beautiful valleys of Devonshire, and I know an artist who often comes here to make sketches. He has shown me many a picture of the waterfalls, and mills, and shady rivers, and old bridges of this county. And I have often tasted your *clotted cream*—the Devonshire cream is enough to make one remember the county all his life.'

"'Yes, sir, you are right there—and did you ever taste *junket*? Next time you pass one of our farm-houses ask the people to make you one! And you would like the Devonshire butter too, I'll be bound. The red cows of our county are very fat and plump, yet they are good milkers. I knew one cow as gave twenty-four quarts of milk a day,—but that was only one.'

"'Then I suppose that you call butter the principal produce of your county?'

"'It is one of the principal things, for in Devonshire there's more grass-land than land for growing corn. So we are famous here for five things, our oxen and sheep, or "live stock," as they are called; cream, and cheese, and potatoes.'

"'And there's something more, I think. I have heard much about the Devonshire *cider*.'

"'Ah to be sure, sir. Yes, we drink more cider than anything else here. But I can tell you more about the cattle and sheep than that sort of thing. All I know is that I have seen hundreds of apples growing on the warm slopes of the hills; and that the cider is made from their juice. There are a good many favourite sorts of apples. The blossoms look very pretty.'

"'You don't know how the cider is made then?'

"'No; it is not "in my line," you see, sir.'

"'I wanted,' I said, 'to learn something about cider-making, and to send the particulars home to some children; but never mind! I will wait until we reach Herefordshire—that is a famous cider county.'

"I could not get any more information about the soil of Devonshire, except that at the north-east of the county there is part of another large moor. It is called Exmoor, but the greater part is in Somersetshire.

"I did not cross Dartmoor as I had intended, but returned to Exeter, where I remain,

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter IV.

THE DERIVATION OF WORDS.—AFFIXES.

P. Let us see to-day how words are formed by adding syllables to the end of the root.

The word *weak* is an adjective, but by adding *ness* to it, it becomes a noun—"weakness." Suppose, however, that we add *en* to the word weak.

L. Then, papa, you make it a *verb*. The verb "weaken" means to make weak, just as strength-en means to make strong, or hard-en to make hard.

P. But suppose that I join *ly* on to the word weak.

W. It then becomes an *adverb*—weakly; as, "he looks weakly."

P. Besides the endings *ness*, *en*, and *ly*, there are many others used to form nouns, verbs, and adverbs. Such endings are, as I told you, called *affixes*. To day you may commit to memory a list of the most important.

1.—Affixes to form Nouns.

Nouns denoting persons are formed by adding—

-AN, as histori*an*, artis*an*, grammari*an*, musici*an*.
-ANT, as assist*ant*, serv*ant*, protest*ant*, combat*ant*.
-AR, as scholar, begg*ar*, vic*ar*, li*ar*.
-ARD, as slugg*ard*, drunk*ard*, stew*ard*, cow*ard*.
-ARY, as adversary, missionary, secretary.
-ATE, as advoc*ate*, magistr*ate*, cur*ate*, graduate.
-EE, as absent*ee*, refug*ee*, committ*ee*, devot*ee*.
-EER, as auctioneer, engineer, charioteer.
-ENT, as ag*ent*, correspond*ent*, stud*ent*, presid*ent*.
-ER, as writ*er*, sing*er*, buy*er*, build*er*, carri*er*.
-IST, as art*ist*, organ*ist*, flor*ist*, evangel*ist*, ocul*ist*.
-ITE, as Levi*te*, favour*ite*, Canaan*ite*, anchor*ite*.
-IVE, as capt*ive*, relat*ive*, fugit*ive*, operat*ive*.
-OR, as act*or*, conduct*or*, collect*or*, monit*or*.
-STER, as song*ster*, spin*ster*, game*ster*, pun*ster*.
-YER, as law*yer*, saw*yer*.

2.—Nouns denoting things, or qualities, generally called "abstract nouns."

-AGE, as peer*age*, patron*age*.
-ISM, as pagan*ism*, hero*ism*.
-MENT, as amuse*ment*, abate*ment*.
-MONY, as acri*mony*, matri*mony*.
-NCE, as ignoran*ce*, prude*nce*.
-NCY, as infan*cy*, tende*ncy*.
-NESS, as good*ness*, hard*ness*, dark*ness*.

-SION, as convul*sion*, expan*sion*.
-TH, as heal*th*, dep*th*, wid*th*, leng*th*.
-TION, as produc*tion*, vindica*tion*.
-TY, as pie*ty*, probi*ty*.
-HOOD, as child*hood*, man*hood*, boy*hood*, hardi*hood*.
-SHIP, as friend*ship*, court*ship*.
-DOM, as Christen*dom*, king*dom*.
-RIC, as bishop*ric*.
-TUDE, as forti*tude*, lassi*tude*.
-URE, as pleas*ure*, leis*ure*.
-ERY, as cook*ery*, mock*ery*, brib*ery*.

3.—DIMINUTIVES.

-CLE, as parti*cle*, artic*le*, canti*cle*.
-CULE, as animal*cule*, vermi*cule*.
-ET, as circl*et*, lock*et*, englet, flowret.
-LET, as ring*let*, ham*let*, stream*let*.
-LING, as duck*ling*, gos*ling*, strip*ling*.
-KIN, as lamb*kin*, manni*kin*.

4.—AFFIXES TO FORM ADJECTIVES.

-ANT, as abund*ant*, dorm*ant*.
-ATE, as sed*ate*, passion*ate*.
-FUL, as art*ful*, beauti*ful*.
-OUS or OSE, as bounte*ous*, plente*ous*, verb*ose*.
-ABLE, as malle*able*.
-IBLE, as for*cible*.
-ISH, as fool*ish*, boy*ish*.
-LIKE, as war*like*, man*like*.
-LY, as father*ly*, man*ly*.
-SOME, as trouble*some*, toil*some*.
-Y, as wealth*y*, might*y*.
-ICAL, as democrat*ical*, method*ical*.
-IVE, as expens*ive*, instruct*ive*.
-EN, as earth*en*, lead*en*.

Also AC, AL, AN, AR, ARY, IC, ID, ILE, INE, ORY; as demoni*ac*, univers*al*, republic*an*, insul*ar*, tempora*ry*, period*ic* (periodical), hum*id*, volat*ile*, infant*ine*, transit*ory*.

5.—AFFIXES TO FORM VERBS.

-ATE, as vac*ate*, abomin*ate*, consecr*ate*, assassin*ate*.
-EN, as moist*en*, sweet*en*, hard*en*, weak*en*.
-FY, as mysti*fy*, justi*fy*, puri*fy*, magni*fy*.
-ISE, as real*ise*, advert*ise*, patron*ise*, exerc*ise*.
-ISH, as rel*ish*, pol*ish*, publ*ish*, fin*ish*.

6.—AFFIXES TO FORM ADVERBS.

-LY, as friend*ly*, pleasant*ly*, sweet*ly*, fearful*ly*.
-WARD, as east*ward*, south*ward*, for*ward*.
-WISE, other*wise*.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter IV.

LIST OF LATIN ROOTS.

P. In our two last lessons we talked about the prefixes and affixes of derivative words. To-day you may learn some of the principal roots to which these prefixes and affixes are added.

LATIN ROOTS AND DERIVATIVES.

1. Acidus, *sharp.*
Acid, acidity, acidulated.

2. Æquus, *equal.*
Equality, equitable, equity, equator, adequate, equinox, equivalent, equidistant, equiangular, equanimity, equilateral. (*In six of these words the derivatives of æquus is only used as a prefix, instead of being the root or principal part: point out which are the words.*)

3 Ager, Agri, *a field.*
Agriculture, agriculturist, agrarian.

4. Ago, *I do*: Actus, *done.*
Act, actual, active, action, agent, actor, agitate.

5. Alter, *another.*
Alter, alteration, unalterable.

6. Altus, *high.*
Altitude, exalt, exaltation, altisonant.

Exercise 32.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words. (When the root and other parts of a word do not clearly show its meaning, refer to a dictionary.)*

7. Amicus, *a friend.*
Amity, amicable, inimical.

8. Amo, *I love.*
Amiable, amativeness, amiability, amorous, amateur, amatory.

9. Amplus, *large.*
Ample, amplify, amplification, amplitude.

10. Angulus, *a corner.*
Angular, triangle, rectangle, quadrangle.

11. Animus, and Anima, *the soul, the mind.*
Unanimous, magnanimous.

12. Annus, *a year.*
Annual, annuity, perennial.

Exercise 33.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

13. Aqua, *water.*
Aquatic, aqueous, aqueduct.

14. Arbiter, *a judge.*
Arbitrary, arbitrate, arbiter.

15. Ardeo, *I burn.*
Ardent, ardour, ardently, ardency.

16. Arma, *arms.*
Armada, armour, armory, army.

17. Ars, Artis, *art.*
Artificial, artist, artful, artless, artisan.

* The object of these exercises is, that the pupil may learn the meaning of each word by using it in its proper sense. The pupil should sometimes attempt to combine three or four derivatives from the same root in one sentence. Thus—5. You may *alter* your sum, but the *alteration* when made, will be *unalterable*. 4. I have directed an *active agent* to enter an *action* against the *actor* who *acted* in the second *act* of the play.

18. ARTUS, *a joint.*
Article, articulate, inarticulate.

EXERCISE 34.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

19. ASPER, *rough.*
Asperity, exasperate, exasperation.

20. AUDIO, *I hear.*
Audible, audience, inaudible, auditor.

21. AUGEO, *I increase*; AUCTUS, *increased.*
Augment, auction, auctioneer.

22. BARBA, *a beard.*
Barber, barb, barbed.

23. BEATUS, *blessed.*
Beatitude, beatify, beatific.

24. BELLUM, *war.*
Rebel, rebellion, rebellious, belligerent.

EXERCISE 35.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

25. BENE, *well.*
Benevolent, benefactor, benediction.

26. BIBO, *I drink.*
Imbibe, winebibber, bib.

27. BIS, *twice, or two.*
Bisect, biscuit, bisection, biped.

28. BONUS, *good.*
Bounty, bountiful, bounteous.

29. CAPUT, CAPITIS, *the head.*
Capital, captain, decapitate, cape.

30. CADO, *I fall*; CASUS, *fallen.*
Cadence, accident, occasion, incident.

EXERCISE 36.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

31. CÆDO, *I cut or kill.*
Incision, homicide, suicide, fratricide, parricide, regicide, infanticide.

32. CAPIO, *I take*; CAPTUS, *taken.* (sometimes CEPTUS.)
Captive, accept, captor, captivity.

33. CARO, CARNIS, *flesh.*
Incarnate, carnal, incarnation.

34. CAVUS, *hollow.*
Cave, excavate, cavern, excavation.

35. CEDO, *I yield or go.*
Precede, proceed, succeed, recede, concession.

36. CELO, *I hide.*
Conceal, concealment, concealable.

EXERCISE 37.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

37. CENTUM, *a hundred.*
Century, centurion, centage, per cent.

38. CERTUS, *sure.*
Ascertain, certify, certificate.

39. CITO, *I call or rouse.*
Excite, incite, cite, recitation, excitement.

40. CIVIS, *a citizen.*
Civil, civic, civility, civilize, civilian, city.

41. CLAMO, *I cry aloud.*
Exclaim, proclaim, reclaim, clamour, acclamation, claim, clamorous.

42. CLAUDO, *I shut.*
Clause, exclude, include, conclusion, seclude, seclusion, close.

EXERCISE 38.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

43. CLINO, *I bend.*
Incline, decline, inclination, recline, declension.

44. COLO, *I till.*
Colony, horticulture, agriculture, colonize, colonial, cultivate.

45. COR, CORDIS, *the heart.*
Cordial, concord, accord, discord.

46. CORPUS, *a body.*
Corporal, corps, corpse, corpulent, corporation, corporate.

47. CREDO, *I believe or trust.*
Credit, creditor, creed, credible,

incredible, credulous, credulity, credence, credentials, creditable, accredit.

48. CRESCO, *I grow.*
Increase, crescent, decrease.

EXERCISE 39.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

49. CRUX, CRUCIS, *a cross.*
Crusade, cruelty, cruciform, crucifix, excruciate.

50. CULPA, *a fault.*
Exculpate, culpable, culpability.

51. CURA, *care.*
Accurate, secure, security, curate, curator, cure, curious, procure, sinecure.

52. CURRO, *I run.*
Incur, occur, recur, concur, currency, current, curricle, precursor, incursion, excursion, succour, cursory.

53. CURVUS, *crooked.*
Curve, curvilinear, curvature.

54. DAMNO, *I condemn.*
Condemn, damnatory.

EXERCISE 40.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

55. DENS, *a tooth.*
Indenture, dentist, indented, dental, trident, dent, dentition, edentata.

56. DENSUS, *thick.*
Dense, condense, density, condensor.

57. DEUS, *God.*
Deity, deist, deify, deistical.

58. DICO, *I speak.*
Dictate, dictionary, diction, benediction, malediction, contradiction, prediction, edict, verdict, interdict, indict.

59. DIES, *a day.*
Dial, diary, meridian, diurnal.

60. DIGNUS, *worthy.*
Dignity, dignify, indignity, deign, condign, disdain.

EXERCISE 41.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

61. DISCO, *I learn.*
Disciple, discipline, disciplinarian.

62. DO, *I give;* DATUS, *given.*
Dative, addition, additional, condition, edition.

63. DOCEO, *I teach.*
Docile, doctor, docility, doctrine.

64. DOMUS, *a house.*
Dome, domestic, domicile, domesticate.

65. DUCO, *I lead.*
Ductile, deduce, reduce, induce, seduce, produce, adduce, conduce, reduction, induction, induct, duke, duct.

66. DUO, *two.*
Dual, duel, duet, dubious, duodecimal, indubitable.

EXERCISE 42.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

67. DURUS, *hard, lasting.*
Durable, endure, duration, indurate, during, endurance.

68. EO, *I go;* ITUM, *gone.*
Exit, initiate, transit.

69. EMO, *I buy.*
Redeem, exemption, exempt.

70. EQUUS, *equal.*
Equator, adequate.

71. ERRO, *I wander.*
Err, error, aberration, unerring, erratic, aberrant.

72. EXPERIOR, *I try.*
Expert, experiment, experience, experimental, peril.

EXERCISE 43.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

73. EXTRA, *beyond.*
Extraordinary, extravagant, extra-superfine.

74. FACIO, *I do, I make.*
Factor, deficient, manufacture,

artificial, factory, fact, factious, benefactor, rarefaction, malefactor, manufactory, satisfy, certify, crucify, infection, affection, defection, deficiency, proficiency, sufficiency, perfect, confectionery, sacrifice, factotum.

75. FALLO, *I deceive.*
Infallible, fallacious, fallacy.

76. FAMA, *a report.*
Famous, infamy, defame, fame.

77. FENDO, *I keep off.*
Fender, defend, fence.

78. FERO, *I bear, or carry;* LATUS, *carried.*
Defer, refer, prefer, transfer, confer, differ, infer, offer, proffer, suffer, circumference, conference, difference, somniferous, pestiferous, Lucifer, ferry, fertile, dilate, oblation, relation, collation, translation, circulation, superlative.

EXERCISE 44.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

79. FIDES, *faith.*
Confide, fidelity, infidel, diffident, confident, perfidy, affiance, defy.

80. FINIS, *an end.*
Final, define, finish, fine, confine, finite, infinite, infinity.

81. FIRMUS, *strong.*
Confirm, infirm, affirm.

82. FLAMMA, *a flame.*
Inflame, inflammable, flambeau.

83. FLECTO, *I bend.*
Reflect, inflect, deflect, circumflex, genuflexion, flexible.

84. FOLIUM, *a leaf.*
Foliage, portfolio.

EXERCISE 45.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

85. FORMA, *a shape.*
Deform, conform, reform, inform, perform, form, formula, multiform, cruciform, uniform, transform.

86. FRANGO, *I break;* FRACTUS, *broken.*
Fraction, infringe, fractional, refract, frail, fragile, fracture, fragment, refractory.

87. FRATER, *a brother.*
Fraternal, fraternity, fratricide.

88. FRIO, *I crumble.*
Friable, friability.

89. FRONS, *the forehead.*
Front, frontispiece, frontlet, affront, confront, frontier, effrontery.

90. FRUOR, *I enjoy.*
Fruit, fruitful, fruiterer, fructify.

EXERCISE 46.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

91. FUGIO, *I flee.*
Fugitive, refuge, refugee, subterfuge, centrifugal.

92. FUMUS, *smoke.*
Fume, perfume, fumigate.

93. FUNDO, *I pour;* FUSUS, *poured.*
Fusible, fuse, confuse, refuse, diffuse, suffuse, infuse.

94. FUNDUS, *the bottom.*
Foundation, fundamental, fund, refund, confound, profound.

95. GENUS, *a kind.*
Regenerate, degenerate, generalize, generate, gender.

96. GERO, *I bear.*
Belligerent, gesture, congestion, digestion, suggest, digest, suggestion, vicegerent.

EXERCISE 47.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

15th Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

CHARITY.

"And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

ARTHUR was sitting at table with his papa, and was eating grapes and walnuts. He was also listening to the talk of a stranger who had just come in.

"You see, sir," said the stranger, "it is a very urgent case. We have not had a fire in the neighbourhood for a long time, and I don't think we have ever had one so bad as this. There were six houses burnt—down to the ground,—and in one house there were five families living. Some of these poor people have lost all their furniture; and, indeed, everything! There are about a dozen children who were got out in their night-clothes, and have no proper clothing to wear. There's a poor woman crying about her mangle,—a watchmaker who lived on the ground floor has lost all his tools."

"It was certainly a dreadful fire," said Arthur's papa; and, after a little more conversation on the subject, he promised to give two pounds to relieve the sufferers. He wrote his name on a paper, on which were the names of many others who had promised their money.

While he was doing this Arthur slipped out of the room. In a few minutes he came back holding a bundle in his hand. "Please, papa," he said, "mamma told me I shouldn't want these things any longer. Here is a pair of trowsers, and my old pelisse, and two pairs of socks. Will you let those poor children—Oh! there's something else," he added; for he recollected that there was a pair of shoes which were too small for him—and he ran out of the room again.

While Arthur was looking for the shoes he recollected too that he had in his play-box a new fourpenny piece. He thought at first, "No, I can't spare that;" then he remembered the last lesson on charity —"And have not *charity*, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." His mind was made up at once then. "Here, sir," he said, as he returned to the parlour, "those shoes are very good—only a little worn at the toes; one of

the straps wants mending; and, if you please, here's fourpence; could'nt you buy something with it?"

"Thank you, Arthur," said the gentleman. "I am sure the little children will be very glad of the fourpence;" and he wrote Arthur's name on the list of subscribers, underneath his papa's.

Arthur felt quite delighted When the gentleman had gone, he went up and down the house singing about charity; and when he was bowling his hoop in the garden, he thought to himself, "It is very pleasant to have charity. Oh, yes," he thought, "I will always have charity. Go along, hoop!" and giving it a good knock, he sent it against a wheelbarrow. "Whose wheelbarrow is this?" he cried

"Ah, Master Arthur, where have you sprung from?" said the gardener, looking up.

"Where did *you* come from?" said Arthur.

"Oh we've been mending your grotto for you—me and your mamma have, all this time—we shall soon put it to rights."

"But who has been breaking—what? oh! look here! in the wheelbarrow. Here is one of the new images that Ruth and I put up; it's all broken to pieces"—and he began to cry with vexation.

"Never mind, Arthur, my boy," said his mamma, "it could'nt be helped; your friend Alice"—

"Did Alice do it, mamma? Now that was too bad—oh, here she comes; I'll go and speak to her." I say, Alice, it was too bad to spoil my grotto—now, 'twas very careless"

"'T was'nt *my* fault," said Alice, "'twas Oscar's; I have been and chained him up. He grows such a big dog that I ca'nt hold him; and when we got into the garden, and he saw your grotto, and the fountain, and the fish, he thought he would have a swim. And then he pulled, and pul'ed away at his chain, and leaped right in amongst the gold fish, and he has knocked down the fountain. *I* did'nt do it; and it was'nt *my* fault."

"Yes, 'twas," said Arthur—"you're a very naughty girl."

"I say *'twas'nt* then, it *was'nt*. The dog pulled, and I could'nt hold him."

"Then you had no business to bring him in the garden: it *was* your fault, it was!"

"It was'nt—the dog had no business to grow so big—'twas'nt my fault; you have no business to say so."

"*'Twas* your fault, then," said Arthur, very vexed; "I *will* say it is your fault!"

"'Twas'nt then—again"—said Alice, very loudly—"'twasn't, it was'nt, it was'nt, it was'nt, it was'nt, it"—

"It *was*," said Arthur, "it was, it was, it was—I *tell* you it was; I *declare* it was; it was—it was";—and it seemed as if Arthur and Alice would go on contradicting one another for a long time, to see who would have "the last word," when he suddenly stopped. "Never mind, Alice," he said; "perhaps it was'nt your

fault; I—I've thought of something."

Alice was much relieved at these words, and then she said that perhaps it was her fault—she did'nt know; and in a few minutes Arthur and Alice were good friends, playing together at hoop.

* * * *

When Arthur was going to bed that evening, his mamma washed him. Then she gave him another lesson on charity.

"I'm glad you have been practising charity to-day, Arthur; you must have felt very happy."

"Yes," said Arthur; "I have been thinking how glad the little children will be to have my old pelisse."

"But I was not thinking about the pelisse. You gave away something which was better than the pelisse or the fourpenny piece."

"What was that, mamma?"

"You gave up the *last word* to your cousin when you so nearly quarrelled with her this afternoon. That, dear Arthur, was a much greater charity than giving away your old clothes."

"Was it?"

"Yes; you gave away your old clothes because you felt compassion for the children, and you thus *indulged* your compassion."

"Yes, it made me feel comfortable."

"But you gave up the last word to your cousin even when she had vexed you; that was not an indulgence of your feelings."

"No; it went against my feelings very much."

"But when you gave up your *feelings* to your cousin that was true kindness and charity."

"Yes, it was. I learned that in my first lesson. I am so glad now that I was charitable."

"So am I. I should not have valued your compassion for the poor children, if you had quarrelled with Alice. I remember when you gave two shillings to the Missionary Society, and you gave sixpence for the children of the blind school. Such actions are also called 'charities.' But, remember! if ever you have immense riches, and give them all away, it will be no great merit, if you do not love God enough to give up your temper.

"Listen to this verse written, by the apostle Paul.

"'And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me *nothing*.'

"Oh, I am very glad, dear Arthur, that you made friends with Alice to-day."

LET worldlings waste their time and health,
And try each vain delight,
They cannot buy, with all their wealth,
The labourer's rest at night. BOWLES.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

Class 1. THALAMIFLORAL EXOGENS.

Order 1. RANUNCULACEÆ.

P. LAST week we learned of only one *tribe* in the first order —the crowfoots. Let us look for a new tribe in the garden.

Jon. Come along, papa. Let us go down at once.

P. Wait! Stand here on the steps, with me. Let us look out for any Ranunculaceæ that may be growing. Look at the great *Monkshood.*

W. It is not much like the buttercups.

P. And there is a *Columbine* in the broad border; there are *Larkspurs* also.

L. They are nothing like buttercups.

P. Wait and see. Further, I see some *Anemonies*—some *Hepaticas*—a great *Peony.*

W. Ah! they are—

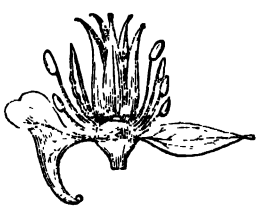
P. Hush! wait until I have done speaking. Some *Clematis,* and the shrub of a *Christmas Rose.* If you could find in the garden a *Trollius,* or globe flower, a *Marsh-marigold,* a *Green Hellebore,* and a *Stinking Hellebore,* they might all be added to the order; but we have not any of these.

L. I will go and pick one of each kind that we have. Shall we examine them one at a time?

P. No. We shall not have time to proceed on the "Pestalozzian" plan with all these plants. Instead of your observing for yourselves, I will write an account of each plant for you. You may then examine the plants; and after writing down your observations, see if each description agrees with mine.*

L. Suppose, papa, you begin with this columbine. Will you show us how it can be anything like a buttercup?

P. Yes. Look at its parts. I will pull off some of the petals and sepals. Now you have remaining the pistil, stamens, one sepal, a petal, and the receptacle.



Pistil, stamens, petal, sepal, and receptacle of columbine.

L. The pistil is like that of the buttercup, for it is divided into many carpels.

W. Its stamens also are *hypogynous,* that is, they are under the pistil and grow from the receptacle. They are also *very* numerous.

P. Look at the leaves of the plants. They are, you see, divided into three leaflets.

* The readers of PLEASANT PAGES should adopt the same plan; and correct their descriptions by those of the book.

Ion. So that they are called *ternate*.

P. Wait a minute—if you look you will see that each leaflet is again divided into three lobes. Thus they are ternated twice; such leaves are called *bi-ternate*.

The petals of this flower are, however, the most curious part. They are, you see, funnel-shaped, and each has a spur at the end. This spur is like the little scale in the petal of the buttercup, for it contains the honey of the plant. You may bite one off, Ion, and you will find that it is sweet. The sepals are of the same colour as the petals, and have the shape of petals.

But I will write you a description of this flower, and some others.

THE COLUMBINE (*Aquilegia*).

(*Place.*) Cultivated in gardens.

(*Parts*) Flowers, purple colour—with five petal-like sepals—five funnel-shaped petals—pistil consisting of five capsules—stamens very numerous, and hypogynous. Leaves biternate.

THE LARKSPUR (*Delphinum.*)

(*Place.*) Cultivated in gardens

(*Parts.*) Flowers of various colours; the corolla has *four* petals of different forms, two being spurred—the calyx with *five* sepals, one having a large horn-shaped spur, in which the spurs of the petals are hidden.

This plant and the columbine were once used as medicines, but are now abandoned, being dangerous because of their violent *purgative* properties; the hellebores were also thus employed; but they were even more dangerous than the columbine, and are now disused.

THE MONKSHOOD (*Aconitum.*)

(*Place.*) Cultivated in gardens.

(*Parts.*) Flower, colour dark blue—shape, very irregular; has five petals; two are hood-shaped with spurs; are much unlike petals, being fleshy bodies, mounted on long stalks; the remaining three almost undeveloped, like little scales: five dark blue sepals which form the most showy part of the flower; the upper one is arched, and is a sort of helmet covering the other parts of the flower. Stamens numerous and hypogynous. Pistil with 3 or 5 carpels, many-seeded. Stem of plant long, about 3 feet, leaves divided into many lobes.

The leaves and root contain a narcotic quality which renders them highly poisonous: this quality in the plant may be destroyed by heat, and it may then be used in medicine for nervous diseases.

THE PEONY (*Pæonia.*)

(*Place.*) Cultivated in gardens—wild in parts of Britain and in woods of Europe.

(*Parts.*) Flowers—when wild, 5 petals—when *cultivated*, have many petals; of a deep crimson colour—sepals, five; which do not drop off like those of the buttercup, but are permanent. Carpels of pistil 5, or sometimes only 2.

The remainder of the class you can examine without having a full description to refer to. I will just tell you one or two particulars about each.

The ANEMONIES have white, blue, or purple flowers. The sepals and petals are *coloured alike*, but are subject to much change, according to the soil and situation they grow in.

The sepals sometimes become like leaves, the petals greenish, like sepals, the outside row of stamens expand and may be mistaken for the petals. Every variety of change is often found; in some, all parts of the flower (the *carpels* as well as the stamens) are transformed to leaves—these leaves are arranged in whorls like the petals of the corolla; the inside whorl having the most simple form.

The HEPATICAS much resemble the anemonies. Seem to thrive best when wild and neglected. Formerly were used as medicine for disease of the liver.

The HELLEBORE. There are several kinds. The *Green Hellebore*, and the *Stinking Hellebore*. They grow in woods, thickets, and hedges. Have from 8 to 10 small tubular petals—large yellow sepals—have long been known for their medicinal qualities. In large doses they are a fatal poison, but may be used as an emetic, a purgative, and for worms. The *Black Hellebore* is so violent a purgative, that it is a most dangerous poison; yet was used by the ancient Greeks for epilepsy, dropsy, and disorders of the mind. The *Christmas Rose* is one of the Hellebores; resembles a rose, because it is a double flower; that is, its stamens have become petals—it flowers about Christmas time. The *Columbine* and *Larkspur*, already mentioned, belong to this tribe. Also two other well-known plants viz.:

The TROLLIUS, or globe flower, grows in the marshy mountain pastures of Britain. Its petals are thread-like, resembling stamens, yet the flower is large and showy, for it has 5 sepals which resemble petals.

The MARSH MARIGOLD, grows in wet meadows and ditches, in large tufts; has no petals, but five sepals which resemble petals. Its leaves are cordate with finely crenated edges.

The CLEMATIS has a "valvate" calyx (procure a specimen and see what is meant by valvate). There are several kinds; the most common are the *Clematis Vitalba*, or "Traveller's Joy," and "Virgin's Bower;" they grow in hedges and against garden walls. The flowers have a sweet smell, but the juices are very acrid; the petioles form tendrils, and the stem becomes woody. This is almost the only plant in the order which is more than "herbaceous."

L. I think, papa, it will take us some time to examine all these flowers.

P. It need not take long to write their description when you have obtained the specimens. When you have done so, I wish you to ascertain what are the particulars which relate to *all* of them; that is to say, to point out the distinctions of the *whole class*. For instance, you cannot say that they all have yellow petals, or that they all have "deciduous" sepals, or that they all have carpels containing only one seed. There must, however, be something in which they are all alike, or

they would not have been placed in one class.

W. Will you tell us why they are alike?

P. No; I would rather you should discover the distinctions of the class yourself. I find only two general particulars that may be relied upon. You will find them in the memory lesson which I am going to write for you; but this is not to be looked at or learned until *after* you have written your own history of the class.

Memory Lesson No. 7. Class 1.

THALAMIFLORAL EXOGENS.

Order 1. RANUNCULACEÆ.

(Distinctions.) *This order of plants may be distinguished by* (1) *their* stamens, *which are numerous, and grow from the receptacle;* (2) *by the* pistil, *which in most cases is divided into numerous carpels. Nearly all also have* (3) *an acrid, nauseous, and narcotic juice; and* (4) *they are mostly herbaceous, scarcely any become shrubs, none are standard trees.*

(Examples.) *The different tribes in this order are—*

(1.) *The* CROWFOOT TRIBE, *containing the Meadow-crowfoot, the Creeping-crowfoot, the Pilewort, the Celery leaved crowfoot, the Water-crowfoot, and the Garden Ranunculus.*

(2.) *The* HELLEBORES, *in which tribe may be included the Green Hellebore, Stinking Hellebore, and others; the Trollius (or Globe-flower) the Marsh Marygold (Caltha), the Columbine (Aquilegia), the Larkspur (Delphinum), and the Monkshood (or Aconite).*

(3.) *The* PEONY TRIBE, *containing the Garden Peony, and others.*

(4.) *The* ANEMONY TRIBE, *containing the various Anemones and Hepaticas; and*

(5.) *The* CLEMATIS TRIBE.

THE SONG OF THE HOOP.

ROUND and round! Round and round!
Trundle we merrily over the ground;
Up the hill, and down the hill:
Never we stand for a moment still;
On, and on, and far away!
Catching our breath as best we may;
Light of heart, and light of feet!
Who can with us in the race compete?

Round and round! Round and round!
Off we start with a lightsome bound;
Now we laugh, and now we shout!
While our hoops they twirl about—
Twirl about as the planets do,
If our astronomy tells us true;
See, how far and fast we run!
Oh, 'tis capital, capital fun! H. G. ADAMS.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES II.

P. You heard last week how suddenly the Commonwealth ended. Charles II. regained all the tyrannical power his father had possessed. The eminent judge Sir Matthew Hale, and one or two others, saw the haste of the parliament to restore the king, and tried to stop them. They wished to limit his future power, but they did not succeed. Thus, after so much bloodshed, the people gained but little advantage.

Why did not the people gain power by the Commonwealth? First, they did not know how dangerous it is to settle quarrels by *armies*. The soldiers they had employed as their servants turned upon them, and became their masters. During the whole period of the Commonwealth, the people and the parliament were at the mercy of the military commanders. Secondly, the tyranny of these men was rendered worse by their fanaticism. I told you that they forbade even innocent amusements. The fine arts, all matters of taste, and even literature, were also much neglected. When the people were thus miserable, they thought that any change would be good. They not only gave Charles as much power as his father had claimed, but more. They showed him the most slavish submission.

Charles was even less fit than his father to be trusted with power. He was thoughtless and indolent: he seemed to care for nothing but ease and riotous pleasures, and to get sufficient money for his indulgences. As for religion, he seemed to think little on the subject. He had been disgusted with Protestantism; for when proclaimed king by the Scots he had been *forced* to profess their doctrines. When young he had been taught Catholic principles by his mother, but these he dared not profess.

The influence of Charles's character was soon felt. When the parliament met, the first business to be attended to was the pardoning of those who had upheld Cromwell. For this purpose an "*Act of Indemnity*" (or forgiveness) was passed. Those who were concerned in the trial and death of Charles I. were not, however, included. Charles did not trouble himself much about the matter; he allowed his followers to adopt the most barbarous measures. The body of Cromwell, which had been buried with such magnificence, and those of Ireton and Bradshaw, were taken from their tombs: they were drawn on hurdles to Tyburn, and were hung there from morning till night. The heads were then cut off, and fixed over the

gateway of Westminster Hall, and the bodies were thrown into a hole. Even the remains of the brave Admiral Blake were afterwards dug up and dishonoured.

Ten of those who had sat on the late king's trial were also put to death with studied cruelty. Sir Harry Vane and Lambert were also put on their trial: the former was executed, but as the latter showed great submission he was spared. Others were imprisoned, or banished, or subject to some other severe punishment to put them out of the way, until all the principal men of Cromwell's government were removed.

The next business to be attended to was the *settlement of the property* which had changed hands during the Commonwealth. When the Royalists returned and found their estates had been sold, they laid claim to them again. But the parties who had bought them said, "No; we have paid for them with our own money; we bought the land of the late government, and if the new government let you have the estates they ought to pay us our money back again." But Charles would not give heed to such a question; he referred the matter to the parliament: they decided that those who had bought lands belonging to the *Church* or to the Crown must give them up without repayment. Thus many people suffered great hardships.

But not all the Royalists were able to recover their lands. Many of Charles's party could get nothing for themselves. Just as he cared little about the punishment of his enemies, so he was careless about his friends. Many of his faithful servants had depended upon his promises; but they now found that he neglected them, and left them to struggle in poverty. Thus two parties were equally loud in their complaints; but Charles was too fond of his own pleasure to trouble himself about either.

During this time it seemed to be the chief business of the king to get money and spend it. When the parliament restored him they sent him a present of £50,000, and the city of London sent £10,000. Before this parliament was dissolved they greatly added to his income. The income of his father Charles I. had been £900,000 a year, but they raised it to the sum of £1,200,000, being one-third more. They also granted him the old disputed tax of "Tonnage and Poundage" *for life*.

Three hundred thousand pounds a year was a great addition to the king's riches, but he managed to spend it all, and wanted more. To procure it he had recourse to three extraordinary measures. The first was to marry a wife. MARGARET, the Princess of Portugal, was a Catholic; but she possessed £350,000, and the port of Tangiers in Africa, and the island of Bombay in the East Indies. Charles therefore married her for the sake of her wealth, but he did not like her. Although she

was a most amiable woman, and he said "she was as good a woman as ever was born," he treated her very badly. It was wicked to marry Margaret for her money when he did not love her, but he did not gain much by doing so. He had to fit out one fleet to help the Portuguese in the Mediterranean, and another to take possession of Tangiers and Bombay, and the expense of these fleets consumed a great part of the £350,000.

Although Margaret was a Catholic the English did not find fault with the marriage, because they gained by it a free trade with Portugal and her colonies, with Africa, and the East Indies.

Charles's next expedient for raising money was more disgraceful than the first. Cromwell, during his vigorous government had gained the town of Dunkirk. This town, you may remember, had been given him by the French for the help he had afforded them. In the year 1662 Charles sold it back to the French for £500,000, which he wanted only to waste in extravagance. When the nation saw this they felt much disgust. They made comparisons between Charles and Cromwell, and their unbounded and slavish loyalty began to wear off. From this time the parliament granted him supplies much less willingly than before.

A third source of wealth to Charles was a *war with the Dutch*. The idea of gaining money by such means was a very infamous one. It is true that the parliament proposed the war, but Charles assented to it gladly, as he knew that all the money for the expenses would pass through his hands.

The parliament at first voted that the enormous sum of £800,000 a year should be wrung from the people for three years,—the exact amount voted being £2,477,500. Charles received this money, and, instead of paying the war expenses with it, he spent the greater part in pleasures, vice, and other wickedness. After the war had been carried on two years, the parliament, in spite of Charles's resistance, appointed a "Committee of Scrutiny." *Pepys*, the secretary to the admiralty, says:—

"Here happened a pretty question, whether my Lord Treasurer will be able to tell what is become of all the money the parliament have given in this time for the war, which hath amounted to about £4,000,000."

The same writer says:

"The moneys unaccounted for were £2,390,000! and when the parliament demanded that the accounts should be inspected on oath, it made the king and court mad."

Thus, it appeared that the greater part of this enormous sum was spent by the king and his mistresses and profligate companions.

The only excuse for this war was the old rivalry between the Dutch and English, as the two commercial nations of Europe. Both parties were losers, for much blood was spilt,

and great treasures were spent, without either gaining the victory. One great sea-fight lasted for four days: on another occasion the Dutch admiral sailed up the Medway nearly as far as Rochester, and destroyed three first-rate men-of-war, named the *Royal Charles*, the *James*, and the *Oak:* they then burnt a magazine of stores worth £40,000, destroyed other ships, and sailed up the Thames as far as Tilbury Fort. The whole city of London was in consternation; for it was thought that with the next tide the Dutch would sail up to London Bridge, and attack London. But after the Dutch admiral had waited for help from the French, which did not come, he withdrew.

Soon after, a peace was concluded, which was a disadvantageous one to the English. The people, after having paid such immense sums of money, had looked forward to better success. They again compared the king and his government with that of the active Cromwell, and naturally a general indignation and discontent followed.

THE PEACH BLOSSOMS.

COME here! come here! sister Mary, and see
What fair ripe peaches there are on the tree,—
On the very same bough that was given to me
By father, one day last Spring.
When the blossom looked beautiful all in the blow
And I wanted to pluck it, he told me, you know,
That I might—but, that waiting a few months would show
The fruit that patience might bring.

And as I perceived by the tone of his voice,
And the look of his eye, it was clearly his choice
That it should not be touched, I have now to rejoice,
That I told him we'd let it remain;
For had it been gathered when full in the flower,
Its blossoms had withered, perhaps, in an hour,
And nothing on earth could have given the power
That would make them flourish again!

But now of a fruit so delicious and sweet,
I've enough for myself and my playmates a treat;
And they tell me besides that the kernels secrete
What if planted will make other trees;
For the shell will come open to let down the root,
A sprout will spring up whence the branches will shoot;
There'll be buds, leaves, and blossoms, and then comes the fruit,—
Such beautiful peaches as these!

MISS GOULD.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

DEVONSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"The capital of Devonshire is Exeter. Before the Romans came to Britain you would have heard it called Isc-Caer, the first syllable *Isc* meaning the river Ex, and *Caer* meaning castle. But when the Romans settled here it lost its British name, and was called Isca Dumnoniorum. Afterwards the Saxons were masters of England; then the town changed its name for a Saxon one; it was named *Exan-Cestre*, which also means Castle on the Ex.

"Exeter is a cathedral town, but it also has commerce, for the river Ex is 'navigable.' Thus it is one of the most important of the western cities.

"Its principal trade *was* in exporting the woollen goods manufactured in Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall. It was the business of the merchants of Exeter to mill, dye, and finish these cloths, and export them to Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and Portugal. The East India Company used to take more than £100,000 worth of goods per annum, but all this trade has much declined. Coals are imported from the north collieries and from Wales.

"The cathedral of Exeter is noted principally for its large organ, which has been reckoned as the largest in Europe, except that of Haarlem—the large pipes are nearly 23 feet high and 4 feet round. The handsome stone bridge over the river Ex is worth noticing too.

"Below the Ex is the river *Dart*; and at its mouth is a port called *Dartmouth*. It is a picturesque town, beautifully situated on the sloping bank, west of the Dart. It is picturesque too, from the number of old houses, and the fine specimens of wood carving upon them. The surrounding country is also picturesque, with fine country seats here and there.

"The trade of Dartmouth is principally in the products of the country, woollen goods, and cider. Its vessels are also employed in the Newfoundland and other fisheries. Newcomen the inventor of the steam-engine was born here.

"In the western part of Devonshire is a river called the Tamar, and at its mouth are three towns, which are perhaps even more important than Exeter. They are named Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport. These three towns are so connected that they form one. Like Portsmouth, in Hampshire, they are stations of the British navy. Plymouth is indeed next in importance to Portsmouth.

"You may observe on the map that the water at the mouth of the river Tamar forms a broad inlet, which is called

'Plymouth sound.' Here you may see great numbers of merchant vessels, besides the 'men of war,' which belong to the navy. When England is at war with other countries, the fleet sometimes assemble here, and the sound is then crowded with frigates, transports, captured vessels, merchant ships, and other vessels of all kinds. If you had lived here in the year 1815, you would have seen in the harbour the ship BELLEROPHON, in which the great general Napoleon Bonaparte was brought as a prisoner, after the battle of Waterloo. He had tried to escape from Europe to America, but he could not get away. He then gave himself up to the English. After the English had brought him into Plymouth harbour, the powers of Europe decided that he should be sent to the island of St. Helena.

"The dock-yard at Devonport and Plymouth is immense, it is as fine a sight as that of Portsmouth. Indeed the shipping at all the ports and docks I had seen was much alike. The dock-yard of Plymouth reminded me of Portsmouth, Chatham, Sheerness, Hull, Bristol, Liverpool, and of London docks. The smell of tar, the bustle of busy sailors, the rope yards, dry-docks, great warehouses, and custom-house, were all repeated here. But the *batteries* at Plymouth struck me as larger than any I had seen, the guns from these tremendous places would have an awful effect on any fleet that might attack them.

"There were, however, two sights at Plymouth which pleased me more than the docks or the batteries—one was THE PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER. It seems that in former times, when the wind used to blow great gales from the south, a 'heavy sea' would often roll into the sound, and do great damage to the ships. In the year 1812, therefore, it was determined to form an embankment of loose stones across the mouth of the harbour. You can imagine that these "loose stones," must be very large to keep out a stormy sea; some weighed 1½ tons each, and others were even of the enormous weight of 5 tons. I was told that the weight of the whole breakwater is *not less than* 2,000,000 *tons!*—but I should think that this is a mistake. It is, however, a stupendous work, for it is 1,760 yards, or one mile, in length—the lowest part, at the bottom of the sea, is 210 feet broad, and its breadth above the water is 30 feet. Perhaps, after all, this breakwater does really contain 2,600,000 tons of stone. What immense labour it must have cost to convey the stones to such a place! Thus we see what men can do when they *must*. The labour has not been without its reward; within the harbour two thousand vessels could now anchor in safety however furious the ocean. On the top of this breakwater there are lights and storehouses.

"The other pleasing objects near Plymouth, is the tall EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE. It is built out at sea, upon a rock which was

formerly very dangerous, being covered at high water. Thus many fatal accidents used to happen, especially in bad weather. A lighthouse, was therefore, built with a lantern on the top, which forms a beacon for the sailors. There were two light-houses before the present one, but one was blown down, and the other burnt down. This was constructed by a celebrated engineer named Smeaton. It is a most solid piece of masonry, for it consists of blocks of granite and Portland stone, some of one ton, and others even of two tons weight.

"Besides Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, there are many other interesting towns in this county. The following is a list of their names, you may look for them on the map.

"TORQUAY, a beautiful watering place.

"TEIGNMOUTH, another watering place, with a trade in the Newfoundland fisheries. Its vessels convey pipe-clay to Liverpool, and bring back coals from Lancashire, and salt from Cheshire.

"AXMINSTER, a town on the river Ax. Here king Athelstan (the second after Alfred, who you may remember encouraged commerce) built a minster in memory of the princes slain when defeating the Danes The town is celebrated for its carpets, and woollen manufactures

"HONITON, is near Axminster, and has long been famous for its broad lace.

"TIVERTON, like Exeter, is on the river Ex. It is next in importance to Exeter for its trade in the woollen manufactures.

"BARNSTAPLE, is at the north of the county. It is situated at the mouth of the river Taw, which flows into Barnstaple bay. Coals are imported here from Wales, and ship building is carried on.

"ILFRACOMBE, is a most beautiful watering-place for visitors. Here also coals are imported from Wales. On my way through Devonshire, I observed the *size* of the county. Yorkshire is the first, Lincolnshire the second, and Devonshire is the third county in size. I also heard about *Lundy Island* in the Bristol Channel, which is famous for its rabbits and puffins – and, unfortunately, rats also, I should add.

"In the county of Devonshire there are several important mines The copper and lead mines are the most famous; but the most celebrated mining county is Cornwall, of which I hope to send you an account in my next letter.

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

WHETHER our wants be much or few
Or fine or course our fare,
To Heaven's protecting care is due
The voice of praise and prayer.

BOWLES.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter IV.

Latin roots and derivatives—(*Continued*).

97. Gradior, *I step*; gressus, *stepped*
Plantigrade, digitigrade, degrade, retrograde, grade, gradation, gradual, congress, egress, digress, progress, transgress.

98. Grandis, *great*.
Grandfather, grandeur, aggrandize.

99. Gratia, *favour*.
Grace, disgrace, gratuitous, ingratiate, congratulate.

100. Gratus, *thankful*.
Gratitude, grateful, ingratitude.

101. Grex, gregis, *a flock*.
Congregate, aggregate, gregarious.

102. Habeo, *I have*.
Habit, prohibit, exhibit, habitual.

Exercise 48.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

103. Halo, *I breathe*.
Exhale, inhale, exhalation.

104 Harmonia, *agreement*.
Harmonize, harmony.

105. Homo, *a man*.
Human, homicide, humanity, humane.

106. Hortor, *I exhort, I encourage*.
Hortatory, exhort.

107. Hortus, *a garden*.
Horticulture, horticulturist.

108. Hospes, *a guest*.
Hospitable, hospital, host.

Exercise 49.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

109. Hostis, *an enemy*.
Hostility, hostile.

110. Humeo, *I am wet*.
Humid, humidity, humour.

111. Humus, *the ground*.
Humiliate, exhume, humble, posthumous, inhume.

112 Imago, imaginis, *an image*.
Imagination, imagine, imagery.

113. Infera, *low*.
Inferior, infernal.

114. Impero, *I command*.
Imperative, imperial, imperious, empire, emperor.

Exercise 50.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

115. Initium, *the beginning*.
Initiate, initial.

116. Insula, *an island*.
Peninsula, insular, insulate.

117. Ira, *anger*.
Irritate, ire, irefui, irritation, irascible.

118. Iter, itineris, *a journey*.
Itinerate, itinerant, itinerary, reiterate.

119. Jacio, *I lie*.
Circumjacent, adjacent, interjacent.

120. Jacio, *I throw*.
Deject, reject, eject, object, project, subject, abject, inject; ejaculation, interjection, objection, subjection, projection, projectile, conjecture, adjective.

Exercise 51.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter IV.

LATIN ROOTS AND DERIVATIVES—(*Continued*).

121. JUDEX, *a judge.*
Judicious, prejudice, judicial, judicature, adjudicate.

122 JUNGO, *I join;* JUNCTUS. *joined*
Junction, conjunction, juncture, disjunction, subjunctive.

123. JURO, *I swear.*
Abjure, jury, juror, perjury, adjure, injury.

124. LABOR, *I slip;* LAPSUS, *slipped.*
Elapse, lapse, collapse, relapse.

125. LATUS, *the side.*
Lateral, equilateral, quadrilateral.

126 LATUS, *broad.*
Latitude, dilation, dilate.

EXERCISE 52.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

127. LEGO, *I read, I gather,* or *choose;* LECTUS, *chosen, &c.*
Collect, legible, illegible, lecture, intellect, elect, neglect, select, recollect, intellect, election, elegance, diligence, negligence, intelligence, college, sacrilege.

128. LEVO, *I lift.*
Elevate, lever, elevation, levity, relieve.

129. LIBER, *a book.*
Library, librarian.

130. LIBER, *free.*
Liberal, liberty, deliver, liberation, illiberal.

131. LIGO, *I bind.*
Ligature, ligament, oblige, religion, league, allegiance, liable.

132. LINGUA, *the tongue.*
Language, linguist, lingual.

EXERCISE 53.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

133. LIQUEO, *I melt.*
Liquid, liquor, liquefy, liquidity.

134. LITERA, *a letter.*
Literal, literature, obliterate, illiterate, alliteration, literary, letter.

135 LOCUS, *a place.*
Locomotive, dislocate, local, locality, locate, collocation.

136. LONGUS, *long.*
Longitude, longevity, prolong, elongate.

137. LOQUOR, *I speak;* LOCUTUS, *spoken.*
Elocution, loquacity, loquacious, colloquial, eloquent, circumlocution, ventriloquist, obloquy, soliloquy.

138. LUDO, *I play.*
Prelude, delude, interlude, elude, illude, delusion, ludicrous, illusion, collusive, delusive.

EXERCISE 54.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

THERE'S not a leaf within the bower;
There's not a bird upon the tree;
There's not a dew-drop on the flower,
But bears the impress, Lord! of thee.—MRS. OPIE.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

16th Week. MONDAY. Moral Lesson.

CHARITY.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind."

"Oh, MAMMA, do come here, to the edge of this pond," said Arthur; "look at those little things with their feet in the water; they are trying to catch the frogs; and that one holding a little stick, with a piece of cotton tied to it, is catching tittlebats."

"'Sticklebacks,' you mean Arthur: but what a mess they are making! Their clothes are all wet; let us go round to the other side and tell them to come away."

But by the time Arthur and his mamma had reached the other side, some one else had found out the children. Their eldest sister was pulling them away from the edge of the water. "Come along, you tiresome little plague!" she said to one as she gave it a pull and a shake; then she did the same to the next; but as fast as she pulled one child away another ran into its place; none would do as she bade them.

Arthur's mamma was going to speak to them; but before she did so, their elder brother came up. "Come, dears," he said, "I am going home." Then, at the very sound of his voice, the children ran from the pond to meet him.

Arthur watched the children as they went away with their brother. "How curious, mamma," he said, "that they should mind their brother more than their sister!"

"I will tell you why it is," said his mamma, "for I know that boy very well. He is always kind to the little ones. I have seen them when they have been very naughty and have been a great hindrance to him, instead of pushing or scolding them, he has spoken kindly to them; and when they have been rude again, he has spoken kindly again; instead of *making* them behave themselves properly, he has *persuaded* them to do so. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, very well."

"Then you see the reason why they mind him so willingly now. They know that he has *charity* towards them. He has learned another lesson, which the Apostle Paul has written on charity."

"What is that, mamma?"

"It is very short: '*Charity suffereth long and is kind.*' When you reach home, if you will write down that text and commit it to memory, I will try and teach you to practise it."

When Arthur reached home he printed the text, and it was hung up, with some other scripture texts that he had, in the nursery. About a week afterwards his mamma promised him that he should have a "party" on Ruth's birthday; and, in a very short time Ruth's birthday and the party came.

"Well, Arthur, do you think you shall enjoy yourself this evening?" said his mamma.

"Yes, I am sure. Oh, only think what fun we shall have! There will be twenty-three of us altogether. Papa has lent me his musical snuff-box, and I have got my new box of bricks and little bagatelle board, and dissected map, and dominoes, and Chinese puzzle, and the accordion, and the three soft balls, and the great golf ball, and the scrap-book, and—oh! its of no use talking, you can't think of half the things I have got ready."

"And have you got any CHARITY ready?"

"Well, that is a curious question, mamma. Of course I shall be charitable; I mean to be very kind to everybody who comes."

"I am glad of that, for their pleasure will depend very much upon that. If you show your friends all kinds of playthings, and do not show them charity, they will count your playthings as nothing. This is the best party you have ever had: you think you will be very happy, but you may be disappointed."

"Why, mamma?"

"Because, perhaps, some of your companions may not be quite so kind as you would wish: they may be very selfish."

"Then I won't take any notice of them."

"Don't say that, Arthur You have invited them to make them happy. Do you remember the text about charity, which you learned, when you saw the poor boy at the pond?"

"Yes, it was, 'CHARITY *suffereth long and is kind.*'"

"Then I think you will have to learn it this evening;—not merely commit it to memory, but learn to practise it.

"Suppose, then, that you take it with you into the parlour when you meet your friends."

"What, nail it against the wall?"

"Oh dear no! do something better than that. Take it *in your heart.* Say to yourself, "I am going to be very kind to all my companions; it is my business to look after them, and wait upon them; and if they do not behave themselves well I will bear with them, and will teach them better."

"You may now go to Ruth, and ask her to wash you and get you ready."

(*Continued on page* 257.)

GOD, in his wise and bounteous love,
Has given us talents to improve;
And they who hide the precious store
May do much harm, but suffer more.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter IV.

LATIN ROOTS AND DERIVATIVES—(*Continued*).

139. Lux, lucis, *light.*
Lucid, lucifer, elucidate, pellucid.

140. Luna, *the moon.*
Lunatic, lunette, lunar, sublunary.

141. Magnus, *great.*
Magnify, magnanimous, magnificent.

142. Major, *greater.*
Majority, major, mayor, majesty.

143. Magister, *a master.*
Magistrate, magisterial.

144. Malus, *bad.*
Malefactor, malevolent, malady, maltreat, malignant, malaria, malice, malcontent, malformation.

Exercise 55.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

145. Mamma, *a breast.*
Mamma, mammals.

146. Mando, *I command.*
Demand, command, mandate, remand.

147. Maneo, *I stay.*
Permanent, remain, remnant, remainder, mansion.

148. Manus, *the hand.*
Manufacture, manuscript, manual, manacle, emancipate, manumission, maintain, manipulate, amanuensis, bimanous, quadrumanous.

149. Mare, *the sea.*
Marine, mariner, maritime, submarine, transmarine.

150. Mater, *a mother.*
Matron, maternal, matriculate, matricide.

Exercise 56.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

151. Maturus, *ripe.*
Maturity, premature, immature.

152. Medius, *the middle*
Mediator, immediate, medium, mediocrity, Mediterranean.

153 Medior, *I heal.*
Remedy, remedial, medical, medicine, medicinal.

154. Memor, *mindful*
Memory, memorable, memorial, commemorate, memorandum, remember

155. Mens, *the mind.*
Comment, mental, vehement.

156. Mereo, *I deserve.*
Merit, demerit, meritorious.

Exercise 57.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

157. Mercor, *I buy*
Merchant, commerce, mercantile.

158. Migro, *I remove.*
Migrate, migratory, emigrate, migration.

159. Minister, *a servant, or helper.*
Administer, ministerial, administrator, ministrant, ministry.

160. Miser, *wretched*
Misery, miserable, commiserate.

161. Minuo, *I lessen.*
Diminish, minute, diminution.

162. Mirus, *wonderful*
Miracle, admire, admirable.

Exercise 58.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

163. MITTO, *I send;* MISSUS, *sent.*
Emit, remit, transmit, missionary, emission, remission, commission, admission, mission, missile, emitted, commissioner, intermit, intermittent, intermission, committee, commissary.

164. MONEO, *I warn.*
Monitor, admonition, monument.

165. MONS, *a mountain.*
Dismount, surmount, promontory.

166. MORDEO, *I bite.*
Morsel, remorse, mordant.

167. MORS, *death.*
Mortify, mortal, immortal, mortality.

168. MOVEO, *I move.*
Moveable, promote, emotion, commotion, remote.

EXERCISE 59.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

169 MOS, MORIS, *a manner.*
Moral, morality, immoral, demoralize.

170. MULTUS, *many.*
Multitude, multiply, multiplication, multiform, multiangular.

171. MUNUS, *a gift.*
Munificent, remunerate, communicate, communion, excommunicate, immunity, remunerate.

172. NATUS, *born.*
Native, nativity, natal, cognate, nation, national.

173. NAVIS, *a ship.*
Navigate, navy, naval, circumnavigate.

174. NECTO, *I tie.*
Connect, annex, connection.

EXERCISE 60.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

175. NEGO, *I deny.*
Negative, negation, renegade.

176. NEUTER, *neither.*
Neuter, neutral, neutralize neutrality.

177. NOMEN, NOMIN-IS, *a name.*
Noun, nominate, nominative, denominate, ignominy, denomination, nomination.

178. NON, *not.*
Nonsense, nonentity, nonconformity, nondescript.

179. NOTUS, *known.*
Notable, notify, notorious, note, denote, notion, noble, ignoble, cognizant, notation.

180. NOX, *night.*
Equinox, equinoctial, nocturnal.

EXERCISE 61.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

181. NUNCIO, *I tell.*
Announce, pronounce, renounce, nuncio, denounce, enunciate.

182. OCTO, *eight.*
Octagon, octave, octavo, octangular, October.

183. ODOR, *smell.*
Odoriferous, odorous, odour.

184. OMNIS, *all.*
Omnipotent, omniscience, omnivorous, omnipresent, omnibus.

185. OPACUS, *dark.*
Opacity, opaque.

186. OPERA, *work.*
Operation, co-operate, operate, opera.

EXERCISE 62.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

187. OPTO, *I choose.*
Optional, option, adopt, adopted.

188. ORBIS, *a globe.*
Orb, orbit, exorbitant, orbicular.

189. ORDO, *order.*
Ordinal, ordain, extraordinary, disorder, ordinary, inordinate, subordinate.

190. ORIOR, *I rise.*
Oriental, orientalist.

191. ORO, *I speak.*
Oration, orator, adore, oracle, inexorable, oral.

192. PACTUM, *a bargain.*
Paction, compact, impact.

EXERCISE 63.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

193. PAR, *equal.*
Par, parity, compare, disparage, disparity.

194. PAREO, *I appear.*
Apparent, transparent, disappear, apparition.

195. PARS, *a part.*
Partial, partake, party, participle, particle, participate, particular, parse, impart, depart, compartment.

196. PATER, *a father.*
Paternal, patriarch, patron, patronize, patrimony, patrician.

197. PAX, PACIS, *peace.*
Pacify, appease, pacific, peaceable, pacification.

198. PELLO, *I drive.*
Expel, propel, compel, dispel, impel, repel, repeal, pulse, repulse, compulsion.

EXERCISE 64.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

199. PENDEO, *I hang.*
Pendulum, depend, suspension, impend, perpendicular, appendage, appendix, pendant, pending, propensity.

200. PENDO, *I weigh, or pay;* PENSUS, *weighed.*
Expend, expense, compensate, dispense, dispensary, recompense, pension, pensive, compendium.

201. PENETRO, *I pierce.*
Penetrable, penetrate, penetration, penetrating.

202. PES, *the foot.*
Quadruped, impede, pedestrian, centipede, pedestal, expedite, biped, pedal.

203. PETO, *I seek.*
Petition, appetite, compete, repeat.

204. PIUS, *pious.*
Piety, impious, impiety, pity.

EXERCISE 65.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

205. PLEO, *I fill;* PLETUS, *filled.*
Complete, replete, complement.

206. PLICO, *I fold.*
Complicate, duplicate, implicate, pliable, apply, comply, multiply, reply, suppliant, surplice.

207. PLORO, *I wail.*
Deplore, implore, deplorable.

208. PLUMA, *a feather.*
Plumage, plume.

209. PONO, *I place;* POSITUS, *placed.*
Interpose, repose, depose, expose, transpose, compose, impose, suppose, indisposed, post, position, opposition, composition, preposition, juxta-position, deponent, component, opponent, compost, impost.

210. PORTO, *I carry.*
Portable, export, import, report, porter, portfolio, supporter, transportation, importation, deportment, port.

EXERCISE 66.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

211. POSSE, *to be able.*
Possible, impossibility.

212. PRIMUS, *first.*
Primitive, primate, primrose, primary, prime, primeval.

213. PRINCEPS, *first.*
Principle, prince, principality, principal.

214. PRIVUS, *single, one's own.*
Deprive, privilege, privation.

215. PROBO, *I try.*
Probe, probation, prove, disapprove, approve, improve, approbation, probable, reprobate.

216. PUDEO, *I am ashamed.*
Impudent, impudence, repudiate.

EXERCISE 67.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

217. PUGNA, *a fight.*
Pugnacious, repugnant, impugn, pugnacity.

218. PUNGO, *I prick or point.*
Punctuation, compunction, puncture, punctual, expunge, pungent.

219. PUTO, *I prune, I think.*
Compute, amputate, dispute, impute, repute, depute, deputy.

220. QUASSUS, or CUSSUS, *shaken.*
Concussion, percussion, discussion, quash.

221. QUATUOR, *four.*
Quarter, quart, quadrangle, quadrant, quadratic, quadruped, quadrumanous.

222. RADIUS, *a ray.*
Radiant, irradiate, radius, radiated.

EXERCISE 68.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

223. RADIX, *a root.*
Radish, radical, radicle, eradicate, eradication.

224. RADO, *I scrape.*
Erase, razor, rasher, abrasion.

225. RAPIO, *I carry off, I snatch.*
Rapine, rapture, enrapture, rapacious, ravenous.

226. RARUS, *thin.*
Rare, rarify, rarity, rarely, rarefaction.

227. REGO, *I rule*; RECTUS, *ruled.*
Rector, direct, rectangle, correct, directory, rectify, corrigible, erect, regent, regular.

228. REPO, *I creep.*
Reptile, surreptitious.

EXERCISE 69.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

229. RIDEO, *I laugh.*
Deride, ridicule, ridiculous, risible, derision.

230. ROBUR, *the oak, strength.*
Robust, corroborate.

231. RODO, *I gnaw.*
Corrode, corrosive, rodent.

232. RUMPO, *I break through.*
Eruption, interrupt, bankrupt, corrupt, abrupt.

233. SACER, *holy.*
Sacrifice, consecrate, desecrate, sacrament, sacrilege.

234. SAL, *salt.*
Saline, salad, salary, salaried.

EXERCISE 70.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

235. SALIO, *I leap.*
Salient, assail, assault, salmon, sally, consult, exult.

236. SANCTUS, *holy.*
Saint, sanctify, sanctuary, sanctity, sanction.

237. SANGUIS, *blood.*
Sanguinary, cousin, consanguineous.

238. SANUS, *sound.*
Insanity, sane, sanity, sanitary.

239. SATIS, *enough.*
Saturate, satisfy, satiate, unsatiable.

240. SCANDO, *I climb.*
Ascend, descend, ascension, condescend, transcend.

EXERCISE 71.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

I MUST speak the real truth,
Though my candour bring me blame;
Straight must be my path of youth—
That can never lead to shame.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES II.

THE treaty with the Dutch took place in the year 1667. But before then there happened two great calamities at home, viz., the *Plague*, and *Fire of London*.

The plague of London occurred in the year 1665. From June to September in that year the weekly reports of deaths increased from 276 to 8,297. During September the weekly deaths amounted to 12,000 and 4,000 people were said to have died in one fearful night. I will read to you an account of this horrible event. It is said of the sick people that—

"Many broke away from the beds to which they were fastened, and raved upon passengers in the streets from the windows of their rooms. Some laid violent hands upon themselves; while others gave utterance to loud and bitter lamentations. Others, forcing their way abroad, fled with little or nothing to cover them, from street to street, shouting forth the most frenzied language. Some of these unhappy creatures threw themselves into the Thames; and some sank in sudden exhaustion and expired.

"All houses containing infected persons were immediately shut up. On the door of each house a large red cross was painted, and over it was written, 'The Lord have mercy on us!' Watchmen with halberts in their hands took their places at such doors, one by day and another by night; and in the families subject to this gloomy imprisonment few individuals survived.

"Two general 'pest-houses' were provided for those who were willing to be conveyed to them. Where the disease prevailed, nearly all the persons, who passed here and there along the streets, moved as in the city of the dead. Avoiding the footways on either side, they chose their path in the middle of the road. Hence the grass grew up where there had been the most crowded thoroughfares. When those who ventured abroad met, they kept at a cautious distance from each other; and the man who passed a house with the fatal mark upon it made his way with a timid step on to the opposite side.

"As the deaths multiplied, tolling the parish bell, wearing mourning, and funerals suddenly ceased. None could bury their own dead; even coffins were not to be procured, and the churchyards soon became incapable of receiving the multitudes. Hence extraordinary expedients were adopted; men were employed to go in the middle of the night, and collect the bodies of those who had expired in the day. The distant tinkling of a bell, and the glare of torches announced the approach of the 'dead cart'; and, as it came near the houses with the cross upon them, the drivers uttered the well-known cry, 'Bring out your dead!' To this call the response of the inmates was often a wail of sorrow as they brought their dead to the door, commonly wrapped up like mummies in the bed-linen on which

they had breathed their last. The bodies thus obtained were lodged one upon another in the vehicle, and were thrown into a broad deep pit. The workmen then covered them with a layer of earth, upon which others in their turn were thrown in the same manner, until the dread receptacle was filled to within a few feet of the surface.

"The effects of these fearful scenes on some minds were insupportable. Many became insane, or their imaginations were filled with ideas of the supernatural. They saw spirits walking on the earth, and traced out fearful signs in the heavens; and some believed themselves commissioned to announce the wrath of the Almighty. One man took upon him the mission of Jonah, and roamed from place to place exclaiming, "Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed!' Another, naked, except a slight covering round the waist, and sometimes with a vessel of burning coals raised above his head, traversed the city day and night, without appearing to tire or rest, exclaiming, 'Oh! the great and dreadful God!' Such was the hurried, restless manner of this man, that the people, as he passed them always repeating the one solemn exclamation, looked on him with dismay.

"The darkest hour of calamity became marked by the wildest crime. Oaths and curses were heard in one quarter mingled with adoration and prayers from another; the song of the drunkard rose with the hymn of the devout: one class were bent on riot and wickedness, while another tried to diffuse the blessings of piety and charity."

In the whole, this dreadful plague destroyed more than 100,000 people.

The second great calamity happened in the following year, 1666. The plague had decreased, and the king with his court had ventured to return to Whitehall, when, a few months afterwards, a fire broke out at a baker's shop, at the corner of Pudding-lane, near London Bridge. The wooden houses around it were closely packed, and were mostly covered with pitch. Many of the warehouses contained tar, pitch, hemp, coal, wood, resin, oil, wines, foreign spirits, and other combustibles. The weather had for a long time been hot and dry, and there was a strong dry wind from the east; thus the fire spread so rapidly that it could not be stopped. It is said that—

"By eight o'clock in the morning St. Magnus's Church and more than three hundred houses were destroyed; and so intense had the heat become, that buildings some five or six houses distant from those on fire were seen kindling with the greatest rapidity. As night again approached the scene became more appalling. The whole slope of the city toward the river was an arch of fire—steeples, churches, and public edifices sank, one after another, out of sight amidst clouds of smoke and the glare of the flames. An 'incredible noise' was produced by the violent wind, the rush of the conflagration, and the frequent crash of roofs and entire buildings. The element which thus raged on earth seemed also to have seized the heavens, which glowed with a changeful and terrific brightness, so that the lurid effect was observed at a distance of forty or fifty miles.

By the afternoon of Monday St.

Paul's took fire, and soon shared the general fate. The scene on Monday night was even more affecting than on the night before. 'God grant,' exclaims Evelyn, 'that I may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses in one flame: the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous fires—the shrieking of women and children—the hurry of people—the fall of more and more churches, houses, and towers, was like an hideous storm. All seemed forced to stand still, and to let the flames burn on, which they did for nearly two miles in length and one in breadth. The ruins resembled the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more!'

"The fire abated on the Wednesday night; but so great was the heat retained by the ruins, that several days passed before it was possible to approach them. Of nearly a hundred churches, and more than thirteen thousand houses, scarcely a fragment remained to aid in discovering the lines of the streets.

"The people were of course thrown into great distress. Few were able to save their property from destruction. The river was covered with boats and large open vessels, into which the furniture was thrown together in the utmost confusion. Every outlet from the city northward was lined with vehicles, bearing the property of myriads of families who flocked toward the country in St. George's Fields, Moorfields, Islington, and Highgate. There the fugitives were dispersed over a circle of several miles, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels—many without a rag, or any necessary utensil, bed, or board."

It was in the year after these calamities that the Dutch sailed up the Medway, and the disadvantageous peace was made with them. It cannot, therefore, be wondered that the people were discontented. They laid the blame of the fire on the Catholics: they complained that there should have been any war with the Dutch, who were Protestants like themselves. In their anger they threw the blame of the treaty on the king's principal minister, the LORD CHANCELLOR CLARENDON.

Lord Clarendon was one of the ablest men at court; but he had long opposed the king's vices, and was therefore disliked. Although he had done so much service from the beginning, the king wished to get rid of him. Now that the people also opposed him, he was deprived of his office, and impeached of high treason. He then fled from the country.

When Clarendon had fled, the government was placed in the hands of other noblemen whose characters were less worthy of respect. We will talk of this new government, and of the remaining events of Charles's reign, in our next lesson.

NATURE hath assigned
Two sovereign remedies for human grief:
Religion, surest, firmest, first and best,
Strength to the weak, and to the wounded balm:
And strenuous action next.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

CORNWALL.

"My dear Children,—

"Before reading my letter on Cornwall, will you learn the following memory-lesson on Devonshire? I send it you on a separate piece of paper."

DEVONSHIRE.

. (Size and Position.)—Devonshire *is in the south-western corner of England, and is the largest county but two.*

(Boundaries.)—*It is bounded on the north by the Bristol Channel, on the east by Somersetshire and Dorsetshire, on the south by the English Channel, and on the west by Cornwall.*

(Soil.)—*The soil of Devonshire is principally grass-land; there are wild and extensive moors, such as Dartmoor and Exmoor. On the warm slopes of the hills are large orchards of apple-trees. Thus the principal products of the county are sheep, cattle, butter, clotted cream, potatoes, cider, &c. There are also large mines of copper and lead.*

(Rivers.) — *The principal rivers are the* Ex, *the* Dart, *the* Tamar, *and the* Taw.

(Capital and Towns.)—*The capital of Devonshire is* Exeter, *a cathedral town, with a good trade in the woollen manufactures. The other important towns are* Plymouth, Stonehouse, *and* Devonport, *which form an important naval port;* Dar mouth, *a port, the birthplace of Newcomen;* Torquay, Teignmouth, *and* Axminster, *in the south;* Tiverton, *at the north of Exeter; and* Barnstaple *and* Ilfracombe, *on the northern coast.*

"CORNWALL.

"Here we are in the mining county! This is the place for *tin.* Such information was no news even three thousand years ago. Long before the birth of our Saviour, the Phœnicians knew this. When they lived on the borders of the Mediterranean, and used to go out of their track to mislead the ships of other nations, the sly rogues! then they came to Cornwall for tin.

"How shall I begin my account of this county? Suppose we visit a tin-mine at once. There are plenty of mines between the Land's End and Truro, especially at Redruth. Here is the Land's End; it is the most western point of land in England. I am sorry to lose time, but I don't feel disposed to go to the mines yet; we must just stop and look at this remarkable place.

"My guide and I are standing on a rocky peninsula which juts out about 200 yards into the sea. The granite of which it consists is in great masses of the shape of a cube or prism. It is a frightful sight to look down the sides of these rocks;

they are nearly perpendicular; in some places they are 50 feet, in others nearly 100 feet, above the sea. The sea shows no favour to these rugged cliffs; it howls and sweeps and dashes round them, filling the spectator with awe, and terror, and admiration. What a sight it must be when there is a storm! There are also at the very end of the cliff three caverns where the waves roar with tremendous fury, but I did not venture to visit them.

"And here is the great curiosity itself! What an enormous block of granite it is! It is 17 feet long, and 32 feet in circumference, and is said to weigh more than 60 tons. But why is it curious? Because it is in such a strange position; it is just balanced on a point of one of the rocks, and is so nicely poised that a very slight force will move it. No one would think that the wind could make such a stupendous mass to vibrate. Yet it does so; and the force of a few pounds will make it rock to and fro. It is, therefore, called the Rocking (or *logging*) Stone. It is now generally called *The Logan Stone*. There are two other logan stones in Cornwall, but this at the Land's End is the largest.

"We must not leave the Land's End yet: it is certainly worthy of a little more notice. Beyond the land you see little else than the broad Atlantic Ocean, which you can imagine encompassing this great earth for thousands of miles. But, by looking carefully, you may perceive a distant speck in the midst of the water. 'What is that?' I said to my guide.

"'That, sir, is the *Longships*."

"'What is "the Longships?"

"'A great rock, sir, with a lighthouse on it; it is about two miles off. There are many rocks out there, very dangerous ones. To prevent any more danger that lighthouse was built just at the end of the last century, in the year 1797. If you will come round with me, sir, to the other side, I think we shall see the *Scilly Isles*. They are about nine leagues off.'

"'Here we are, sir,' said my guide, as we reached the water's edge again. 'Now, if you will take this telescope, you will see them in the distance: they are about nine leagues distant.'

"'How many are there?' I said; 'tell me all about them.'

"'There are pretty nearly 150 altogether. There are about 27 important ones; the rest are very small; they are little better than rocks.

"'In the very ancient times, in the times of the Phœnicians and Greeks,—you have heard about those people, I suppose, sir?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then the isles were called *Cassiterides*, or "Tin Islands," because they abounded in tin. You may read about them in English history, sir. In the reign of king Athelstan, a nobleman, named Alfred, attempted to murder him, and did not succeed. The Scilly Isles were part of Alfred's estates, but they were then taken from him,

and were bestowed on some monks.'

"'Are there many people living in the islands now?'

"'Yes, sir, there are, may be, three thousand people or more. The soil is in some parts very good, with rocky hills and fertile valleys. There are plenty of fruits; potatoes, too, flourish wonderfully well.'

"'Which is the principal island?'

"'The island of *Scilly* was once, but *St. Mary's* is the largest now. The situation of all of them is very awkward, as they are not far from the mouth of the Bristol Channel; you can see that in your map, sir.'

"'Yes; I should be almost afraid that some of the ships passing in and out the channel would be wrecked on such rocky places.'

"'That does happen, sir, and it can't be helped, for the rocks can't be removed. Sometimes the sailors are out of their reckonings, and then, in a very dark night, or in rough weather, or in a fog, they stand a great chance of running ashore upon Scilly. Then they are sure to be beat to pieces; there 's very little hope of escaping. Perhaps you have heard of *Sir Cloudesley Shovel*, sir?'

"'Yes, I have. He was a great admiral: he lived in the reign of queen Anne.'

"'And he died in the reign of queen Anne, sir, in the year 1707. He was wrecked among these very isles. He was coming home with a fleet of men of war, when his own ship struck in the night against the Gilston Rock. It sunk directly, and all hands on board perished. But if you are going to the mines this afternoon, sir, you had better be turning back.'

"And so I did. And you shall hear about those mines in the next letter from

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

SONGS ON THE SEASONS.—THE SONG OF THE SNOW MAN.

Children ever, our endeavour
Is to build up something tall;
Filled with pride and eagle-eyed,
Oft we scorn the mean and small;
Singing proudly, vaunting loudly,
As we see our fancies grow
Into giant, time-defiant,
As the mighty Man of Snow!

People gaz ig, say, "Amazing!
Wrought ye this with brain and hand?"
So delight ye; but to slight ye
Envy whispers—"Will it stand?"
Questions scouting, nothing doubting,
But rejoicing on you go!
Comes a shower, soon gains power,
Whe e is *now* your Man of Snow?

H. G. ADAMS.

ETYMOLOGY.

CHAPTER IV.

LATIN ROOTS AND DERIVATIVES—(*Continued*).

241. SCIO, *I know.*
Omniscient, prescience, science, conscience, scientific.

242. SCRIBO, *I write,* SCRIPTUS, *written.*
Scribe, ascribe, inscribe, prescribe, describe, subscribe, superscribe, circumscribe, transcribe, scriptures, nondescript, postscript, rescript, inscription, scribble.

243. SECO, *I cut.*
Section, dissection, intersection, bisect, insect, sect, sectarian.

244. SEDEO, *I sit.*
Preside, reside, sediment, sedulous, session, subside, consider.

245. SEMEN, *seed.*
Seminary, disseminate.

246. SEMI, *half.*
Semicircle, semitone, semibreve, semi-transparent, semi-quaver.

EXERCISE 72.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

247. SENTIO, *I feel, I think.*
Sentiment, dissent, assent, resent, consent, sensual, scent.

248. SEQUOR, *I follow;* SECUTUS, *followed.*
Subsequent, prosecute, consequence, sequel, sequence, execute, second.

249. SERVO, *I keep.*
Reserve, observe, preserve.

250. SIGNUM, *a sign.*
Signify, assign, designate.

251. SIMILIS, *like.*
Similitude, similar, fac-simile.

252. SINGULUS, *one by one.*
Single, singular, singularity.

EXERCISE 73.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

253. SISTO, *I stop.*
Desist, assist, resist, consist, persist, exist, insist, subsist.

254. SOL, *the sun.*
Parasol, solar, solstice.

255. SOLVO, *I loosen.*
Solve, absolve, dissolve, solution, absolution, soluble, solvent, dissolution.

256. SOLUS, *alone.*
Solitary, desolate, soliloquy, solo.

257. SONO, *sound.*
Consonant, dissonant, sonorous, resound, unison.

258. SPARGO, *I scatter;* SPARSUS, *scattered.*
Disperse, intersperse, aspersion.

EXERCISE 74.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

259. SPECIO, *I see;* SPECTUS, *seen.*
Species, expect, inspect, spectator, spectacle, retrospect, perspective, specimen, speculation.

260. SPERO, *I hope.*
Despair, desperate, desperation, desperado.

261. SPIRO, *I breathe.*
Conspire, aspire, expire, inspire, respiration.

262. SPONDEO, *I promise.*
Sponsor, respond, correspond, despond, correspondent,

263. STIMULUS, *a spur,*
Stimulant, stimulating, stimulate.

264. STO, *I stand.*

Statue, stature, state, statute, stationary, stationery, stationer, constant, distant, instant, stable, subsist, assist, desist, consist, substance, establish, obstacle.

EXERCISE 75.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

265. STRINGO, *I draw tight.*

String, stringent, constrain, restrain, restrict, strict, constrictor.

266. STRUO, *I build*; STRUCTUS, *built.*

Construe, structure, obstruct, instruct, construct, instructor, obstruction, instruction, destruction.

267. SUMMUS, *the highest sum.*

Summit, summary, consummate.

268. SUMO, *I take*; SUMPTUS, *taken.*

Assume, resume, presume, consume, presumption, sumptuous, consumption.

269. SURGO, *I rise*; SURRECTUS, *risen.*

Insurgent, surge, resurrection, insurrectionary, insurrection.

270. TANGO, *I touch*, TACTUS, *touched.*

Tangible, tangent, contingent, contiguous, contact, contagion, attach, attain.

EXERCISE 76.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

271. TEMPUS, TEMPORIS, *time, tense.*

Temporal, extempore, contemporary.

272. TENDO, *I stretch.*

Attend, intend, distend, extend, intention, extension, attention, intense, tendon, tent, superintend.

273. TENEO, *I hold.*

Contain, detain, retain, sustain, obtain, pertain, abstain, tendril, tenet, tenant, tenable, tenacious, tenement, continent, continue, entertain, pertinent, retainer, retinue.

274. TERMINUS, *end.*

Term, termination, determine, interminable, exterminate, terminus.

275. TERRA, *the earth.*

Terrestrial, inter, terrace, subterraneous, Mediterranean, territory, terrier.

276. TIMEO, *I fear.*

Timorous, timid, intimidate, timidity.

EXERCISE 77.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

277. TOLERO, *I suffer.*

Tolerate, tolerable, toleration.

278. TORQUEO, *I twist*; TORTUS, *twisted.*

Torture, distort, extort, tortuous, distortion, extortioner, contortion, retort.

279. TRAHO, *I draw*; TRACTUS, *drawn.*

Attract, extract, contract, tractable, trace, retract, protract, detract, subtract, abstract, distract.

280. TRIBUO. *I give.*

Retribution, tribute, contribute, tributary, distribute, attribute.

281. TRUDO, *I thrust.*

Intrude, obtrude, abstruse, obtrusion, protrusion.

282. UMBRA, *a shade.*

Umbrella, umbrageous, umbrage.

EXERCISE 78.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

283. UNUS, *one.*

Union, unit, unite, unity, uniform, unique, unicorn.

284. URBS, *a city.*

Suburbs, urbane, urbanity, suburban.

285. VACO, *I am empty.*

Vacate, vacuum, vacant, vacation, vacancy, evacuate.

286. VAGOR, *I wander.*

Vagrant, vagabond, vague, extravagant, vagary.

287. VALEO, *I am strong.*

Valid, invalid, invalidate, valiant, prevalence, valour, value, avail, prevail.

288. VEHO, *I carry.*

Vehicle, convey, conveyance.

EXERCISE 79.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

289. VELUM, *a curtain.*

Reveal, veil, unveil, envelope, develope.

290. VENIO, *I come*; VENTUM, *come.*

Revenue, advent, prevent, circumvent, invent, event, adventure, intervene, convene, convenient, contravene.

291. VERBUM, *a word.*

Verbal, verb, adverb, verbosity.

292. VERTO, *I turn*; VERSUS, *turned.*

Verse, versatile, avert, advert, revert, subvert, pervert, convert, advertise, transverse, universe, version, vertical, controvert, perverse, diversity.

293. VERUS, *true.*

Very, verify, verily, veracity, verity.

294. VIA, *a way.*

Deviate, obviate, obvious, previous, pervious, impervious, viaduct, via, trivial.

EXERCISE 80.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

295. VIDEO, *I see*; VISUS, *seen.*

Visit, visible, vision, invisible, provide, revised, supervision, providence, evident, envy, visual, visage, provision, surveyor, purveyor.

296. VICIS, *a change, instead of.*

Vicissitude, vicar, viceroy, vice-admiral, vice-president, vice-chancellor, vicegerent, viscount.

297. VINCO, *I conquer*; VICTUS, *conquered.*

Vanquish, evince, convince, victor, convict, invincible, victory, province.

298. VINUM, *wine.*

Vinegar, vintage, vintner, vineyard, vinous.

299. VIVO, *I live.*

Vivacity, vivacious, vivify, victuals, convivial, revive, survive, vivid, revival.

300. VOCO, *I call*; VOCATUS, *called.*

Invoke, convoke, provoke, provocation, revoke, vocation, vocative, vocal, equivocal, viva voce.

EXERCISE 81.—Write twelve sentences, each containing one of the above words.

301. VOLO, *I wish.*

Benevolent, malevolent, voluntary, volunteer, volition, involuntary.

302, VOLVO, *I roll*; VOLUTUS, *rolled.*

Revolve, involve, evolution, revolution, convolvulus, devolve, volume, volubility.

303. VORO, *I devour.*

Omnivorous, herbivorous, granivorous, graminivorous, frugivorous, piscivorous, devour, carnivorous, voracious.

EXERCISE 82.—Write six sentences, each containing one of the above words.

ETYMOLOGY.

Chapter IV.

Roots and Derivatives—(*Continued.*)

GREEK ROOTS.

Aer, *the air.*
Aerial, air, ærolite, æronaut, ether, meteor.

Agogos, *a leader.*
Demagogue, pedagogue, synagogue.

Angelos, *a messenger.*
Angel, archangel, evangelist.

Anthropos, *a man.*
Misanthrope, philanthropy.

Archie, *government.*
Monarch, patriarch, tetrarch, oligarchy, heptarchy, anarchy, archon, archbishop.

Anthos, *a flower.*
Anther, polyanthus, chrysanthemum, helianthus.

Astron, *a star.*
Astrology, astronomy, asterisk, china-aster.

Autos, *self.*
Autobiography, autocrat, autograph, automaton.

Baros, *weight.*
Barometer, barytone.

Biblion, *a book.*
Bible, biblical, bibliopole.

Bios, *life.*
Biography, amphibious.

Chronos, *time.*
Chronometer, chronology, chronicle.

Cratos, *rule.*
Democracy, theocracy, aristocracy.

Deca, *ten.*
Decade, decalogue.

Doxa, *an opinion.*
Orthodox, heterodox, paradox.

Dynamis, *power.*
Didynamia. dynamics, dynasty.

Ergon, *work.*
Surgery, energy, liturgy, metallurgy, urge, organ, organization.

Eu, *well.*
Euphony, eulogy, evangelist. eucharist.

Gamos, *marriage.*
Polygamy, bigamy, amalgam.

Gaster, *stomach.*
Gastric, gastronomy.

Gennao, *I produce.*
Genealogy. genesis, heterogeneous, homogeneous, generation, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen.

Ge, *the earth.*
Geometry, geography, apogee, perigee, geology.

Glotta, *the tongue.*
Glossary, polyglot, epiglottis.

Gramma, *writing.*
Grammar, diagram, epigram, programme.

Grapho, *I write.*
Autograph, lithography, geography, graphic, caligraphy, orthography, phonography, telegraph, typography, topography, stenography, paragraph, lexicographer, cosmography.

Hieros, *sacred.*
Hierarchy, hieroglyphics, Jerusalem (anciently called *Hierosolyma*).

Hudor, *water.*
Hydrogen, hydrostatics, hydrometer, hydraulics, hydrophobia.

Laos, *the people.*
Layman, laity.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

17th Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

CHARITY.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind."

"HARK! there's some one scraping his shoes," said Arthur, as he sat in the parlour, after Ruth had washed and dressed him for the party. "I'll go and open the door." And, before his mamma had time to stop him, he opened the street-door just as Edward Hall and his sister were going to knock.

"Come in, both of you!" he said; "I am so glad you are come; you are first."

"And I am second," said a big boy bouncing up the steps; "and John Wilson will be third," he said, "if he makes haste. No! here comes Edward Murray in his papa's carriage; he will be third, and Wilson will be fourth."

"Come in, all of you," said Arthur: "Mamma's in the parlour; and here comes Ruth to take off your things."

But we will not go with those boys. While they and Edward Hall's sister Alice are taking off their "things," we will go and meet some of the other visitors.

Here comes Fred Carter; he is a famous bagatelle player, and means soon to have a game.

And here comes James Foster. He is the most good-natured boy in the neighbourhood; he can play at bagatelle too.

And here are two more coming across the square. Dear me, I quite forget those boys' names.

And here comes — look how he's pulling his nurse who has the charge of him. Listen!

"I tell you, nurse—I tell you I will cross the corner of the square; it is not very muddy—I can see the mud as well as you!" And there! you see he *is* crossing the square through all the mud. His name is Samuel Croker, and you'll find out, in time, what sort of a boy he is.

He soon reached the door of Arthur's house, but he did not make haste to enter. "What's the good of going to a party?" he said to his nurse.

"You'll soon know," said his nurse; "you'll enjoy yourself."

"I don't think I shall; I'd rather go back. You know that Arthur doesn't like me, nor more does James Foster, nor more do any of them. They don't want me—I think I'll go home again."

"I'm sure you will not, I will not let you," said Arthur opening the door. "What do you think I asked you for? Now come in."

"Don't take hold of my arm like that," said Samuel; "I don't want to be pulled in. If I mean to come in I will come, and if I don't mean to, I won't;" and with that he drew away his arm so violently that he nearly pulled Arthur down the steps.

When Samuel did this Arthur felt his blood rising, and he was just going to say, "I think you had better go home," when he remembered the words "*suffereth long and is kind.*" Then he was kind to Samuel again. "Come in," he said, "now do! there's a good fellow."

At these kind words Samuel changed for the better; he even seemed to smile, and he followed Arthur into the house.

Let us follow him.

Samuel sat by himself in the corner of the room, and watched all around him. The lustres on the mantelpiece looked pleasant, and twinkled and glittered, and sparkled; and the two great camphine lamps glowed pleasantly, and the light of the fire on the flower of the hearth-rug was pleasant, and so was the warm comfortable feeling in the room, and the joyful look of the children; and then again, at the end of the room some one was sitting at the piano, and was playing a pleasant tune—indeed, all was very pleasant, except the countenance of Samuel.

"How do you do, my dear?" said Arthur's mamma, coming up to him; "how is your mamma?"

"Don't know," said Samuel gruffly, and he turned his head away, for he saw some toast, and muffins and cake being brought into the room. He only thought to himself, "I can eat plenty of cake."

Samuel thought correctly; he could eat plenty of cake, and he did. He ate four pieces of cake, four biscuits, four pieces of toast, and many other things, until he was quite tired, and his face was very sticky with marmalade and other sweet things.

Arthur was sitting near to Samuel, and could not help seeing how much he ate. When he saw him take a fifth piece of cake he thought, "You are a greedy fellow!" and he had a great mind to say to him, "I think you have had enough." He then ran to the other side of the room to his mamma. "Mamma," he said, "I wish you would come to Samuel, he has eaten *five* pieces of cake!"

"Well, my dear!" said his mamma, "you cannot say to him, you shall not have any more."

"But I wish you would, mamma, I cannot bear to see him eat so; it makes me feel angry."

"But you should not feel angry. You need not notice him, and if you really can't help noticing that he is doing wrong, you should 'suffer long, and be kind' to him."

"I never did feel kind to Samuel," said Arthur; "but I will try:" so he went back to his seat. Directly Samuel had

eaten his last piece of cake, Arthur went up to him and offered him some other good things. "Just try these ratifees," he said. Samuel took several and put them into his plate, but he did not look into Arthur's face, nor did he say "thank you."

"He's a disagreeable fellow," said Arthur to himself, as he sat down again—"it is very hard-work to be kind to him."

"Here is the bagatelle-board," said Frederick Carter, directly after tea. "Now who will play?"

"I will," said Edward Hall; "and so will I," said Samuel Croker; and all said, "I will."

"Six on each side," said Frederick Carter, "and Samuel Croker over—oh, we don't want him," he added, "for he cheats."

"Hush, Fred!" said Arthur, coming up; "I am sure Samuel wouldn't do so. Let us make him 'Jack o' both sides.'"

Accordingly Samuel was made *Jack*, but he did not play well; and once, when he only counted three, he placed the peg ten holes beyond the right place.

"There! you are cheating," said James Foster to him; "I saw you move the peg!"

"I was not!" said Samuel directly; and then a dispute arose. The boys were going to count up all the marks, but Arthur, who had been out of the room, came up and took Samuel's part.

"Don't say that he would cheat!" said Arthur; "I am sure he would not do such a thing—let us go on with the game."

So the boys continued their game; but though Samuel was much relieved, he was not more kind to Arthur than before. He acted like a selfish and mischievous boy. Afterwards when he was looking at the scrap-book, he turned over the leaves before the other children had seen the pictures; when he wished to look through Arthur's microscope he tried to push the other children out of their places, that he might see first. Arthur could hardly bear this; he felt much inclined to push him back again; but then he thought once more of his motto, "suffereth long and is kind."

"It is really *very* hard to be kind to him," Arthur once more said to his mamma, shortly afterwards; "he quite spoils our party." He had no sooner said this than he found that the boy was in trouble again. A servant had brought in the magic-lantern to exhibit; he had placed the lantern on its stand, and while his back was turned, Samuel had climbed on the stand to peep into the lantern, in doing which he took hold of the lantern violently, pulled it down upon himself, and injured it.

This time he injured himself also, for the edge of the lantern had bruised his forehead. When the other boys saw this they said that it served him right. Arthur felt half inclined to say so too, but his mamma was close to him, "Don't let us be angry with him," said his mamma; "remember that he is our visitor—so try and excuse him."

The other children still

cried out loudly against Samuel, but Arthur again took his part. Some said that he hindered all their games and ought to be sent home; but Arthur said, "We will not be angry with him this time; I think he won't do so any more."

Samuel really looked grateful to Arthur when he said this. Arthur noticed that it was the first pleasant look he had shown during the evening. His mamma noticed it too, and when she went out of the room she called Arthur to her.

"You see, Arthur," she said, "that though Samuel is so very mischievous, you have done him some good. If you will keep on being kind to him you will in time make him better."

"But, mamma, it will take a great deal of kindness to do that. I think nearly all the boys have "suffered long" during the evening; but what is that? There's a great noise in the parlour again."

When Arthur and his mamma returned to see what was the matter, they were met with the cry, "It is Samuel Croker again"—"Master Croker has pushed him down."

Arthur found that James Foster had been telling Samuel that he was mischievous, and Samuel in anger had pushed him under the table. His companions were all much vexed now, and were taking Fo..er's part; they said, that Samuel was too rude, and really ought to go home.

"I am not rude," said Samuel, "you are rude! I didn't mean to hurt him. I think I will go home. I don't like parties. Let me go!"

"No, you shall not go," said one of the boys, taking hold of him—"you are my prisoner, and we mean to try you. Arthur, you come and sit in this chair and be judge."

"No, I would rather not," said Arthur; "no, let him go! Here is Edward Hall, he will be judge."

"I am not going to be tried," said Samuel surlily; "I am going home."

"No, you are not," said another boy, seizing his other arm; "we mean to try you for being so naughty—it will be good fun." So Arthur was forced into a chair, and made to sit there as the judge.

Samuel Croker pulled very hard to get away, but he found that he could not escape from his two policemen. He did not know whether they were joking or in earnest; so he looked on the ground and said nothing.

I cannot tell you of all that was said at the trial; one boy after another said that he had been rude; and when Samuel himself heard all they had to report, he began to feel very guilty indeed. When his two policemen told the judge to pass sentence upon him, and said that he ought to be transported, he almost feared that they would really do so.

"I don' know what sentence to pass, I am sure," said Arthur; "I had better ask the jury."

"We will be the jury," said some of the boys—"we say he ought to be sent home without any supper."

"I will ask mamma," said Arthur; "she will make a very good jury."

The judge then left his chair to consult with his jury; and soon he returned with his sentence written upon a piece of paper.

When Samuel looked at the piece of paper, and observed that all were waiting in silence, he felt more afraid than before.

"It has been proved," said Arthur, as he stood up on his chair and looked at the paper, "It has been proved that the prisoner was not polite to my mamma, when he was spoken to—it has been proved that he did not agree with the other boys when playing at bagatelle—it has been proved that he pushed some of his friends out of their places, that he broke my magic lantern, that he knocked down James Foster, and did other disorderly things."

"Go on!" said the other children.

"Wait till I find the place," said Arthur, looking again at the paper. "It is the opinion of the jury, however," he continued, "that the prisoner ought to be—ACQUITTED!"

"Hurrah!" said three or four boys who were standing round "Hurrah!" said Samuel's policemen, and they let him go; then all the girls and the little children said, "Hurrah!" But Samuel hardly knew what to say; he looked in the face of his judge and smiled, and ventured to smile at one or two others who were near him.

"But I haven't read all the sentence," said Arthur. "The jury thinks that *the prisoner is a very good fellow, after all*—and that he did not really mean to be rude. I think that he did not mean to be rude to me. Mamma says she forgives him; and I say I forgive him, and you all say—"

"Oh, yes," said several voices at once; "we all forgive him; he is a very good fellow, after all. Let us go to supper; it has been waiting a long time."

All the boys and all the girls, and the very little children, and Arthur and Samuel, ate a good supper. I should like you to have seen how different Arthur looked all the rest of the evening.

L. Is that the end of your story, papa? What was the use of trying the boy in such a way? Did it do him any good?

P. Yes; it did good to him, and to all the others.

In the first place, Samuel could not forget the words, "*he is a very good fellow, after all.*" When he heard them applied to himself, he thought that, perhaps, he really *could* be "a good fellow." He tried and found that he could, and has been very different ever since.

2ndly. Arthur learned how good it was *to suffer long and be kind.* He gained some practice that evening in bearing with the faults of others, and he resolved always to keep on forgiving those who vexed him until he made them better.

3rdly. The other boys learned how pleasant it is to forgive. They now forgive one another more easily than they used to do.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

Class 1. THALAMIFLORAL EXOGENS.

Order 2. BARBERRY PLANTS. (*Berberidaceæ.*)

P. YESTERDAY as I was walking by the side of a hedge, I saw a shrubby plant. I had seen similar ones in plantations, but had never noticed the plant growing in a hedge before.

L. And when you saw it what did you do, papa?

P. I admired the bright red berries upon it; and then, I picked it and brought it home. The blossoms had gone off from the plant which I had picked, but near it was a smaller one on which I found a bunch of yellow flowers.

W. Did you pick that too?

P. Yes; and here they are.



The COMMON BARBERRY (showing the spines, compound leaves, racemes of blossom, and berries).

The plant is *The Common Barberry.*

W. Oh, I have seen that plant often enough. When we were at uncle's farm last year, we picked plenty of those red berries from the hedges; but they have such a sharp sour taste.

P. True; but you had better sit down and let me describe it to you. *I* am going to point out its parts.

First. Here is this bunch of yellow blossom. But I must not say bunch, it is a *raceme.* When you find several flowers all stalked along a common axis, like these, or like the currant blossoms, then you call such a branch a "raceme."

L. Then we will pick some "racemes of currants" when they are ripe.

P. No—we say, "*bunch* of currants," or "bunch of barberries"; we use the word "raceme" when speaking of the flowers.



Barberry blossom.

But let us proceed. Here is a barberry blossom picked off the raceme. Its calyx, you see, has six sepals.

W. I cannot count them; they are behind the petals.

P. Never mind. You can see that its corolla has also six petals.

Ion. Yes; and inside the corolla are six stamens.

P. You are right; and these six stamens you may notice are opposite to the petals. You shall see me do a curious thing. I will touch the anther of one of the stamens with a pin. It will then bend forward, and touch the stigma of the pistil; it will remain curved for a short time, and will then spring back again to its upright position. Now look!

Jon. Look, Lucy! the anther is touching the pistil.

L. Yes, there! see how it sprang back afterwards. It seems as though it had kissed the pistil, and had then fallen back, in anger. Perhaps the pistil pushed it back.

P. No, it did not. This irritability in the stamens is owing to certain springs within them. You may observe it now, because it is dry weather; but the stamens would not do this after a heavy rain.

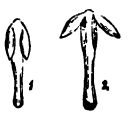
W. Why not, papa?

P. Perhaps because they have already been set in motion by the force of the rain; or by the flowers striking against each other.

This irritability in the filaments has occupied much attention, but botanists cannot explain it. It resembles that of the nerves in an animal. Certain botanists have found that if you poison the barberry with a *corrosive* poison, such as arsenic, &c., the filaments are no longer elastic, but rigid and brittle. On the other hand, if you poison them with a *narcotic* poison, such as prussic acid, opium, &c., they are no longer elastic, but soft and flexible, and may be bent in any direction.

W. Well! what a curious plant it must be, to know the difference between two sorts of poison! Or, perhaps, it would be better to say that the two poisons kill it in different ways?

P. Yes. But here is something worth noticing in the *anther* of the stamen, as well as the filament. This anther does not open by pores, like some we have noticed, but by *valves*. These valves bend back when opened. Here is an anther with the valves closed, and here is another with the valves recurved.



Anther closed and open.

Let us look at the *pistil*; it has, you see, only a single carpel; this carpel has either one, two or three seeds—generally two.

We will next notice the *leaves* of the plant. 1st, They are "compound"; and 2ndly, "alternate" (see vol. iv. page 148); 3rdly, They are usually without stipules. You may observe also that the branches of the bush have sharp spines, in the parts from which the leaves spring; these spines are nothing else than imperfect leaves. They came out of the bud as the other leaves did; they are the hardened *veins* of the leaves whose tissue has not been developed.

Ion. You have now described the parts of the plant; will you tell us its *place?*

P. I have mentioned that the *Common* Barberry grows in plantations and hedges. In Britain it abounds most near *Saffron Walden.* There are varieties found in many parts of the world.

L. Then will you next describe the *different sorts?*

P. I can only mention them. There is one with *simple* leaves and *solitary* flowers, called, 1. *The Siberian Barberry.*

Most, however, have their flowers in *racemes,* such as, 2. The *Canadian Barberry;* 3. The *Hawthorn Barberry;* 4. The *Iberian Barberry;* 5. The *Chinese Barberry;* and 6. The *Common Barberry,* which we have been talking about.

W. Are there any more?

P. Yes, there are eight more species with *leathery, evergreen* leaves; four more with pinnated leaves, all evergreen, and a few others, one of which grows in India, to the height of twelve feet.

L. Now, papa, you have not finished your lesson. You have to mention the *uses* of the plants.

P. The uses vary in the different kinds. The red fruit of the Common Barberry is so acid, that birds will not eat it, yet it makes most delicious preserves. There are, however, violet, purple, and black coloured berries, stoneless berries, and white or yellow berries, which have different flavours. The root and bark are used for dyeing leather of a yellow colour. The wood of many other species is used for dyes. A decoction of the bark is used as a purgative, and sometimes for the jaundice.

Such are the principal particulars of the *Barberry plants.* You may now write a summary of the lesson on your slate; I will help you in arranging the particulars.

Order 2. THE BARBERRIES.

(*Place.*) In Britain, in hedges and plantations; and in many foreign countries.

(*Parts.*) (In the Common Barberry.) FLOWERS in racemes. Sepals six, deciduous, in a double row. Petals six, yellow. Stamens six, opposite the petals; the filaments being elastic, and the anthers opening with a valve. Pistil having only one carpel containing two seeds. FRUIT red, succulent, acid, berries. LEAVES, &c., compound leaves, alternate, without stipules—sharp spines, growing on the branches of the bush.

The greater part of this description will apply to the other plants of the order.

(*Varieties.*) The Siberian, Canadian, Hawthorn, Iberian, Chinese, and Common Barberry; and many others.

(*Uses.*) The fruit to make preserves—wood and root as a yellow dye, root sometimes as a medicine.

THE STUARTS.

CHARLES II.

AFTER Charles had dismissed his good minister Clarendon, he gave up the government to five of the most unprincipled nobles in the kingdom. These men were called the *Cabal*, a word which was formed with the first letter of their names. Their names were Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale.

The first important act of this government was to begin a new war with Holland. At the same time a secret alliance was made with the king of France, who wanted to conquer the Dutch and add their country to his own. This act was most displeasing to the people. Although the English were jealous of the Dutch, they remembered that they were a *Protestant* nation, while the French were Catholics.

But Charles did not care for either Protestants or Catholics. His great desire was, as I told you, to get money to spend. He had made this secret treaty because the French King had promised him the sum of two millions of livres (or £80,000 sterling) every year. He thus became the regular pensioner of Louis XIV. If the people had known *all* the particulars of the treaty they would have been much enraged. To secure the pension, Charles had actually promised to restore the Catholic religion. But he never had the courage to make the attempt, for he knew that he could not succeed.

The members of parliament at this time were almost as corrupt as the king and his ministers. Many of them received bribes from France. Clifford introduced a regular system of *paying* them for their votes, that they might betray the people, whom they represented, and do what the king required.

The new war with the Dutch met with no better success than it deserved. The English and French fleets united against those of Holland. Two most desperate sea-fights were fought, in which many ships, men, and commanders were lost. Nothing but loss, however, was gained by either of those who fought. The French ships avoided taking part in the action; it is said that their admiral had orders to spare his own ships, and let the English and Dutch weaken themselves.

At length the people murmured so loudly against this war, that in the year 1673 the king was obliged to call the parliament. The parliament met. This time they were of the same mind as the people. They resolved that they would grant no more supplies to carry on the Dutch war, unless it appeared that the enemy refused all reasonable conditions. The

king then resolved to prorogue the parliament; and sent the *Usher of the Black Rod* to summon the House of Commons to attend him at the House of Peers. The usher and the speaker met nearly at the door of the house. The speaker, however, was within, and some of the members suddenly shut the door, and cried, "To the chair." Upon this the following motions were instantly made in a tumultuous manner:—

That the alliance with France is a grievance.

That the evil counsellors of the king are a grievance.

That the Earl of Lauderdale is a grievance.

Then the house rose in great confusion.

The king soon saw that he could expect no supply from the Commons for carrying on the war. He resolved, therefore, to make a separate peace with the Dutch, on terms which they had proposed. For form's sake he asked the advice of his parliament, and a peace was concluded accordingly.

The fear of Popery had now much increased, for it was known that the king's brother JAMES, the DUKE OF YORK, was a Papist. The parliament, therefore, passed an act called the *Test Act*. It was so called because it was intended to *test* (or try) all who governed the nation, whether they were Papists or not. It required all officers of government, civil and military, to receive the sacrament in the English Church once a year, and to declare that they did not believe in "transubstantiation." The Duke of York immediately refused the test, and resigned all his employments. Lord Clifford followed his example.

In 1674, Lord Clifford died; Ashley had been disgraced, and the dishonest *Cabal* was therefore broken up. More upright men now governed, but the nation was still excited on the subject of Popery. There were also wicked men who kept the public mind in alarm by pretending to discover plots to establish Popery. The most notorious of these men were Titus Oates, William Bedloe, and Dangerfield. These three men, one after another, made up false accounts of most horrible conspiracies, which the people readily believed. Thus many persons, of all ranks, nobles and commoners, were executed. The most furious persecutions against the Catholics arose, and it was even feared that they would all be massacred.

In the year 1679, a new parliament was called, for the old one had sat seventeen years. This parliament was not more friendly to the king than the other had been. They knew too well his designs to restore Popery, and that if his brother should succeed him, he would attempt to do so. They therefore brought in a bill to prevent James from succeeding to the crown. But, though they passed this bill, it did not become law, for neither the House of Lords nor the king would consent to it.

This parliament, however,

succeeded in passing the famous *Habeas Corpus Act*, by which no person can be unjustly imprisoned without trial. The king signed the act, but the attempt to exclude his brother from the succession so displeased him that he dissolved the parliament, and resolved never to call another.

During the remainder of his reign, Charles governed almost absolutely. The principal events were the numerous plots and tumultuous meetings of both Papists and Protestants. One plot was in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles I., who was to be declared heir to the crown instead of James. A set of low men formed a conspiracy, called *The Rye House Plot*, to assassinate the king, and two noble men of the highest character, Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney, were accused of being concerned in it. Nothing was proved against them, but they were nevertheless both executed.

Though the plots against Charles and his brother were so numerous, they were discovered and defeated. James was so encouraged that he wished to urge the king to proclaim Popery openly. But Charles knew the spirit of the English people. He knew that they would rebel against him as they had done against Charles I., and he answered, "Brother, I am too old to go on my travels: you may if you choose it."

The last event worthy of notice in this reign, was the marriage of the Duke of York's daughter *Anne* to *Prince George of Denmark*. This marriage much pleased the people, because that prince was a Protestant. The king soon after died, in the year 1685, having reigned nearly 25 years.

Lesson. CHARLES II.

Began to reign . . . 1660
Died 1685

CHARLES II., *the son of Charles I., was restored two years after the death of Cromwell by General Monk.*

On his accession he punished those who had been concerned in his father's death, and disgraced the bodies of Cromwell and others; but he did not reward his friends according to their expectations.

The principal events of his reign are, the wars with the Dutch; the Plague, and Fire of London; the pretended plots of the Papists, and the executions which followed; the attempt to exclude the Duke of York from the throne; the Habeas Corpus Act; the Rye-house Plot, and other conspiracies; and the marriage of the Duke of York's daughter Anne with Prince George of Denmark.

The character of Charles can only be spoken of with contempt. He cared for little else but the most degrading pleasures; he was too idle and careless to attend to business, and his whole reign was a period of disgraceful disorder. His principal good quality was his merry temper.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

CORNWALL.

"My dear Children,—

"As we proceeded from the Lands' End to the copper-mines, I thought, as I looked at my guide, 'I'll make use of you; I'll teach you something about Cornwall, and you shall tell me all you know of the county in return.'

"'Do you know why this county is called Cornwall?' I said.

"'Can't say I do, sir.'

"'Then I think I can tell you. I have read that when the Romans settled in England, they called the ancient inhabitants of this county the *Cornubii*, or men of the promontory; their territory was called Cornubia. When the Romans left England and the Saxons conquered, they changed the name Cornubia to *Cornwallia*.'

"'And now, sir, we have dropped the *ia* and say *Cornwall*. But I have heard say that the Saxons didn't conquer Cornwall for a long time.'

"'No, not until after the reign of Alfred the Great. When the Saxons invaded England, great numbers of the Britons fled into Cornwall and Wales. They lived in the ranges of hills and defended themselves, and they even made alliances with the fierce Danes against the Saxons. When the Saxon kings knew this, they determined to conquer the country. Egbert, the first king of all England, defeated them, and about a hundred years afterward, the county was wholly subdued by Athelstan. But the people of Cornwall still differ from those of the other English counties. Your language is unlike theirs.'

"'Yes, sir. I have heard strangers laugh at the names of some of our places. What do you think of these words, sir: Lanhrydoc, Gwinear, Gwenap, Lostwithiel, Mawgan Porth, Carnmenelez, Carn Menelis, Carnminnis, Carn-Brea, Penryn, Pendennis, Veryan, Megavissey, Looe, Lynher, Tidi, Heyl, and Inny?'

"'Such words,' I said, 'are remains of the ancient Gaelic language which the Britons spoke. They are exactly like the names you meet with in Wales, and, you may remember, the ancient Britons fled there also; indeed, the people of Cornwall used to speak the British language long after the Normans invaded England, when only Saxon and French were spoken in the other counties.'

"'I don't know much about Saxon and French, sir, what that be; but I could take you to some of our people who speak so that you couldn't understand them.'

"'But I want you to tell me something about this county.

Do you know anything about the soil and climate?'

"'I could talk to you about the soil, sir, but what is a "climate"?'

"'By the climate we mean the temperature—the state of the atmosphere.'

"'I don't know what 'temperature' is—we arn't no such word. I suppose it be one of your Saxon words, or French.'

"'Dear me! I shall become impatient. Never mind what temperature means. Do tell me something about the county.'

"'Very well, sir, I will tell you six, or seven, or eight things. Now, fust!'

"'No—*first*.'

"'Well, first then. There be hills running through our county; I don't mean running exactly, but *placed*.'

"'Ah, or *situated* you may say; or extending through it.'

"'That's the word, sir. Well, them hills extend right through the county, crossways, all about it, and in a row.'

"'In a *range*, you mean.'

"'Yes, and they are very bare and rough—"rugged," that's the word. So, 1st. *There be a ridge of bare rugged hills extending through the county.*

"'Then 2ndly. There be here and there between the hills very bleak moors.'

"'Just as there are in Cumberland,' I said. 'I learned the meaning of the word *bleak* when I visited the Cumberland mountains.'

"'3rdly. Sir, you see that we have sea nearly all round our county. The vapours rise from the sea, so that the air is rather salt.

"'4thly. When those vapours rise they form clouds. When the wind blows these clouds along, the mountains often stop them; consequently, sir, we have plenty of mists, and rain sometimes. There's rain in some part or other of the county almost every day.

"'5thly. Sir, the winds round about here are often very fierce—violent, I should say.

"'6thly. The wind is a rather good thing. It shifts about from one place to another, so that the damp air don't settle; but then it makes the weather changeable.'

"'And what is seventhly?' I said.

"'7thly. Sir, all these vapours from the sea make our "climate" very equal. It be'ant so cold in winter as it be in other places, nor be it so hot in the summer. I know a lady who was born and bred at *Penzance*—had never been out of Cornwall all her life. Well, sir, she got married and went away. When she came back the other day, she says, "John Burt," says she, "I never know'd what winter was till I left this, my native town, and went to London and Paris." And that's true: why, do you know, sir, we pick *roses* here at Christmas, and myrtles will grow all the year round in the open air.'

"'That is what I have heard of Devonshire,' I said.

"'True, sir. But I should also say that it is not so mild in some parts near the shore. There the soil looks very naked;

there are scarcely any trees or even hedges to be seen.'

"'Do you not cultivate anything in those parts, then?'

"'Oh yes, sir. In the low grounds between the mountains and the sea we grow potatoes and barley; but there are many hundreds of people that get their riches out of the sea. Ah, the pilchards have brought us many thousands upon thousands of pounds.

"'You would like to come here, sir, in the season of the *fisheries*. Just about the middle of July is the time; there come immense shoals of pilchards from the North Sea, swarming all round the coast. Then the people make ready to catch them, and, along shore, everybody is active. The boats are fresh painted; the nets and hooks and lines are got ready; and for miles you see the fishermen, and their wives, and children, and horses at work, carrying the tackle and stores to the water's edge.

"'And you'd like to see a sean of fishing-boats come in, sir.'

"'What is a *sean*?'

"'A company of five or six boats. When the fish are landed, they are taken up to the warehouses and packed in hogsheads. When they are in the hogshead they are pressed down very hard with strong levers. The pressing goes on for a fortnight, to squeeze the oil out of the fish. Then they are sent to the merchant.'

"'What does he do with them?'

"'The merchants, sir? they take them up the Metranian.'

"'The *Mediterranean*, you mean. Yes, I have read of the quantities of pilchards that are cured and exported to the Mediterranean.'

"'Then, sir, a good many are used for food by the poor people, and the miners. We get plenty of other fish too, sir: the red-mullet, the John-dory, and plenty of mackerel; the conger-eels too, they are very large. I have known one to weigh eighty pounds.'

"'On which side of Cornwall are the pilchards found?'

"'On both sides, sir. There are plenty on the north side, near St. Ives, and plenty more in this beautiful bay at the south.'

"'Which bay?'

"'This which you see before you, sir. Do you not see, a little way out at sea, a mount standing in the middle of the water.'

"'Yes; what is that?'

"'That is *St. Michael's Mount*, and this bay is called Mount Bay. The mount is a mighty big rock; it is lofty, and there are the ruins of a priory on the top. When it is low water you can walk across the sands to the mount. A sort of road to it has been made of stones sunk into the sand.'

"'I like better,' I said, 'to see it as it is. With the old ruin on the summit it looks very picturesque.'

"'And if you were to go out to sea a little way, you would say that the bay too is "picturesque." I have heard a gentleman who lectures at Penzance say, that Mount Bay is so beautiful, it is like the Bay

of Naples—it is almost as good. I think we had better not go any further to-night. Wouldn't you like to stop at Penzance, sir? It is worth seeing, for it is the most westerly town of England.'

"'Very well,' I said.

"'Talking about ruins, sir,' continued our guide, as we turned our steps to the town, 'some of the most curious things in our county are the ancient castles and ramparts. The castles are circular buildings formed of dry stones, not joined by cement. They are supposed to have been built by the Danes. Between here and Land's End there are no less than seven. There is (1) *Caer Bran*, in Sancreet; (2) *Caer an Dinas*, in Ludgvan; (3) *Chun Castle*, in Morvah.'

"'Thank you,' I said, 'that is enough. I can't remember such gibberish. Here is Penzance!'

"And here is the end of the epistle,

"From your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

THE WIND.

THE wind it is a mystic thing,
Wandering o'er ocean wide,
And fanning all the thousand sails
That o'er its billows glide.

It curls the blue waves into foam,
It snaps the strongest mast,
Then like a sorrowing thing it sighs,
When the wild storm is past.

And yet how gently does it come
At evening through the bowers,
As if it said a kind good night
To all the closing flowers.

It enters into palace halls,
And carries thence the sound
Of mirth and music;—but it creeps
The narrow prison round,

And bears away the captive's sigh
Who sits in sorrow there;
Or from the martyr's lonely cell
Conveys his evening prayer.

It fans the reaper's heated brow,
It through the window creeps,
And lifts the fair child's golden curls,
As on her couch she sleeps.

'Tis like the light.—freely to all,
To prince, to peasant given;
Awake, asleep, around us still
There is this gift of heaven.

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

ETYMOLOGY.

CHAPTER IV.—GREEK ROOTS (*concluded*).

P. Before you commit to memory any more derivatives from the Greek, you may write the exercises which we omitted last week.

Exercise 83.—Write six sentences containing derivatives from the first six Greek words on page 256.

Exercise 84.—Six sentences from the second six Greek words.

Exercise 85.—Six from the third six words.

Exercise 86.—Six from the fourth six words.

Exercise 87.—Six from the remaining four words.

Logos, *a discourse.*

Geology, chronology, prologue, epilogue, catalogue, decalogue, logic, genealogy, etymology, analogy, conchology, entomology, ornithology, eulogy, mythology, phrenology, tautology, theology, zoology, apology.

Mania, *madness.*

Maniac, monomania, bibliomania.

Metron, *a measure.*

Thermometer, barometer, hydrometer, diameter, trigonometry, geometry, symmetry.

Micros, *small.*

Microscope.

Monos, *alone.*

Monopoly, monarch, monotony, monandria, monologue, monosyllable.

Nomos, *a law.*

Astronomy, economy, deuteronomy, anomaly.

Exercise 88.—Write six sentences each containing one of the above words.

Orthos, *right.*

Orthography, orthodox, orthoëpy.

Oxus, *acid.*

Oxygen, oxalic, oxide, paroxysm.

Pathos, *feeling.*

Pathetic, sympathy, antipathy, apathy, homeopathy.

Petra, *a stone.*

Petrify, saltpetre, Peter, petrifaction.

Phone, *voice, sound.*

Phonography, symphony, euphony, phonic.

Polus, *many.*

Polygamy, polypus, polygon, polyandria, polyadelphia, polysyllable, polyglot, Polynesia, polyanthus, polypetalous.

Exercise 89.—Write six sentences each containing one of the above words.

Scopeo, *I see.*

Microscope, telescope, episcopacy, kaleidoscope, stethoscope.

Sphaira, *a ball.*

Sphere, hemisphere, atmosphere, spheroid, spherical.

Theos, *God.*

Atheist, theology, theocracy, pantheon, polytheism.

Tome, *a cutting.*

Anatomy, phlebotomy, epitome, atom.

Tupos, *a proof, likeness, or figure.*

Type, typography, typical, stereotype, calotype, daguerreotype.

Zoön, *an animal.*

Zoölogy, zoophyte, zodiac, azote.

Exercise 90.—Write six sentences each containing one of the above words.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

18th Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

CHARITY.

"*Charity envieth not.*"

Oh, dear me! mamma (said Lucy one day), it is very unpleasant to come through the wet, and to wear goloshes, and to pick one's way through so many puddles—now if you had a carriage just as Emily's mamma has, how pleasant it would be! The last two days when it has rained, a man-servant has called for Emily to ride home from school.

And then it is so much more stylish to have a man-servant; I like nurse to fetch us, but she—

M. I think you had better not say any more Lucy—it is my turn to talk now. Lately, I have often noticed you longing for something that you have not got. You wished the other day that you had a better piano, like your cousin's; and you were sorry that you were not so tall as she is.

L. But is it wrong, mamma, to wish to be better than I am, or to want to have better things? I really think I should like to be taller, and I should like to have a fine piano, and a carriage, and a man-servant.

M. Sometimes it is not wrong to have such desires; it is often very praiseworthy. You may have great ambition to *be* good, and to *get* good.

L. That is what I often say to myself, mamma.

M. But keep this ambition in its proper place. When you see the good things which your friend Emily has, if they *only* make you sorry that you have not got them, such a feeling is *envy*.

L. And do you think that envy is a bad thing, mamma?

M. Yes. In the first place, you have feelings which are unpleasant to yourself; you feel discontented. Secondly, you cannot have very kind feelings to your companions if you are always envying them.

If you feel love towards your companions (or charity as we call it) then you will always rejoice at their good fortune.

But I will tell you another tale about Arthur, that you may see what charity can do.

Two years had passed since Arthur's party, and he was between 9 and 10 years of age. Ruth did not teach him his multiplication table now; he went to school "next door."

The gentleman who lived there was a friend of Arthur's

papa; he had a tutor for his own two sons, Henry and Mark; and Arthur, and three other boys living in the neighbourhood, were instructed with them.

"Mamma," said Arthur one day, "I do not think that Mark is a kind boy; he is always boasting that he can *beat* me. I don't mean, you know, that he thumps me, but he likes to get before me in our class; and he likes to beat me at marbles, or rounders, or any other game."

"And do you really try to be first in your class, Arthur?"

"Yes, mamma, that I am sure I do. Did you not notice how I worked at my history lesson last night? I really try hard with my Latin, and Algebra, and Arithmetic, and I *cannot* be the first boy."

"Then Arthur you ought to feel very glad at that."

"But I am very sorry."

"Then you should not be; you have tried—you have done your duty, and as you *can*not get into a higher place you should feel content. Two of the boys are older than you; and if the others are more clever, you should be *glad* that they get on so well."

"Well, mamma, I will try and feel glad. I think I could if Mark did not sometimes laugh at me. Only yesterday he showed me how much more clever he is than me. When I was ill, and made the model of our house in pasteboard, he did not praise it very much; and yesterday he showed me the model of a church which he had been making. He said it was much better than my model; and so it was, for it had little Gothic windows in it, and the belfry, and nearly all the monuments and grave-stones in the church-yard. But then, he said, that *I* could not make anything so good.

"I did not like that. I wonder, mamma, whether he could make a stage coach as well as I can."

"I dare say not," said Arthur's mamma; "for the model you gave to Alice Hall was a very clever one. But it it is not worth while to make one on purpose to 'beat' your rival Mark."

"No, it is not; but we were saying the other day, that each of us would make a present to our tutor, Mr. Cox, at the end of the half-year, so I might as well make him a stage coach as an ornament for his parlour."

About five weeks after this conversation, the end of the half year had arrived, and all Mr. Cox's pupils except Arthur were in the school-room, talking together.

"Have you all brought your presents for Mr. Cox?" said Mark.

"Yes," they replied. "I," said Henry, "have brought a pencil-case."

"But you will be amused," said Mark, "when you hear what I have got. Here is a model of a stage-coach; now look at it and tell me how you like it."

The boys admired this model very much; they said it was the

best that Mark had ever made. When they saw how perfectly round the wheels were, how nicely the door, the cushions, the springs, and even the little lamps were formed, they thought that no other person could have made such a coach.

"And now I will tell you why I made it," said Mark. "I want to have another laugh at Arthur. He is so foolish that he cannot bear for me to do anything better than he does. I found out that he was very carefully working at a model of a stage-coach, which is to be much better than my church, or anything that I have made; so I thought—but let us put the coach away," he added; "he will be here directly."

The boys were talking about poor Arthur—they were saying to one another, "How vexed he will be when he sees Mark's model, for it certainly must be better than his!" and one was saying that it was very foolish of Arthur to be vexed at such trifles, when he entered the room.

"I think," said Arthur, after saying "How do you do" to his schoolfellows, "that you will like to see the present that I have brought:" and with that he took his model out of a box, and placed it before them.

Arthur stood by, and watched his companions with an air of triumph, as he saw them admiring his model; then turning round to Mark, he said to him, "Do you think you can ever beat that?

"You shall see," answered Mark. Then crossing the room he brought his own beautiful model, and presented it to Arthur. "There," he said, "what do you think of that?"

The other boys now suddenly turned to Arthur, and looked up at him with curiosity. One even laughed, whispering to the others, "How vexed he must be, for Mark's model is a much finer one than his!" Arthur certainly did look troubled, for he had expected to triumph; he was much surprised too, but he saw what was Mark's motive for making this coach.

"Well, what do you think of *my* coach now?" said Mark to him.

"I think, Arthur," said one boy, coming forward, "that it is a much better model than yours."

"And so do I," said another.

Arthur saw very plainly that his school-fellows expected him to feel vexed. He did not say anything. He still examined the coach, looking in silence at all its minute parts. While he was doing so, his charity rose up and helped him.

"Well, what *do* you think of my model?" said Mark again.

"I think," said Arthur, "that it's very beautiful, and that you are a very clever fellow. Is'nt it perfectly made?" he said to his school-fellows. "Look at all the different parts," he added; "it is a much better model than mine."

"Only," he said, turning to Mark, "I wish you had made a model of something else, instead of a coach, for I

wanted to give mine to Mr. Cox, and he will not want two. Of course yours is a better one to give."

Mark himself now felt rather sorry when their teacher entered the room.

"I am much pleased," he said to all the boys, "with the models. I have been watching you for the last five minutes, and I should like to have both coaches. Whenever I look at Arthur's model it will remind me of the lesson which I wish you now to learn."

"What is that, sir?" said the boys.

"To rejoice in the success of others, not to *envy* them. Arthur showed great charity by being pleased with Mark's success, especially after his disappointment. You may read in the Bible that 'Charity envieth not.'"

L. Do you think, mamma, that the boys then learned charity from Arthur.

M. I dare say that some of them did. They were never seen *laughing* at him when he was not first in his class, for they knew that he was not vexed.

Arthur has since grown up to be a man, and his charity makes him very happy. The other day I went with him to see the splendid mansion which his neighbour Mr. Thompson is building.

"This man," he said to me on our way, "has become very rich in less than three years. He was formerly a banker's clerk; but he speculated in railway shares and in mines, and he is now worth sixty thousand pounds."

"While you," I said, "have been working hard at your profession for nearly ten years—yet you cannot afford to build yourself a house. Don't you wish that you may be able to do so?"

"I should be very glad," he replied, "but I never thought of such a thing. I am quite content with my own lot, and I am much delighted with my neighbour's good fortune."

Such was really the case; for Mr. Arthur took me over his neighbour's new estate and pointed out to me all the beauties of the new mansion. Indeed, he seemed quite to enter into its beauties, as if he had a share in them.

The truth is he really *had* a share in the matter.

Why was this?

It was because he still had within him the charity which envieth not. Thus, through all his life time, he has been able to *feel pleasure instead of trouble at other people's success.*

The dewdrops, leaves, and buds, and all
The smallest, like the greatest things,
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim the King of kings.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

Class 1. THALAMIFLORAL EXOGENS.

Order 3. WATER LILIES.

(*Nymphæaceæ.*)

L. I know where you got this beautiful flower from, papa I have been watching it as it grew on the pond, for some days. I did not know that it belonged to Order 3, and was to be brought up for a lesson.



(1.) The WHITE WATER-LILY (*Nymphæa alba*); (2) The *Ovary*, showing the scars left by the stamens and petals.

W. But is it an exogen, papa? I always thought that the lilies were endogens.

P. That is a question. Botanists have held controversies about it. Some have said, "it is an endogen"; others, "it is an exogen."

Jon. Why didn't they look at the stem?

P. So they did. But its herbaceous stem did not afford enough distinctions to decide upon. The leaves might almost agree with either class.

W. Then why do *you* call it an exogen?

P. Because of the number of its parts. Its flower is arranged in fives. This is never the case

with endogens. The parts of their flowers are, you may remember, arranged in threes, or some multiple of three. Again, its seed is "*Dicotyledonous*," which is another distinction of an exogen.

But sit down. I will give you the water-lily to examine. 1st. You know its *place*; it grows in stagnant or slowly running water; thus it is an "aquatic" plant.

2ndly. Its *parts* are very beautiful. It has, you see, about twenty-five thickish petals. They are white; but the outside whorl are greenish at the back, and may be looked upon as *sepals* of the calyx. The whorl of sepals, and each whorl of petals, are five in number. These petals overlap one another, like the tiles of a house; they are, therefore, said to be *imbricated*.

W. And I see that the petals in the middle are smaller than the outside ones.

P. Yes, they gradually become smaller; and their points are thickened, and tipped with yellow. Indeed, they gradually change into stamens, as you have heard before (vol. iv. p. 244). The stamens, you may observe, are very numerous, and are inserted in the large fleshy disk. When the stamens have filaments so much like petals we say that they are *petaloid*.

L. Now we will notice the pistil. There does not seem to be any pistil, only a round ovary and—

W. Yes, you may well stop, Lucy; here *are* a number of pistils, each with a style and stigma on the crown of the ovary.

P. No; you too are mistaken, Willie. These little ornaments at the top are only the orange-coloured *stigmas*. You see that they all radiate from *one centre*, so that they are considered as the stigmas of a single pistil. But let us notice the round ovary. It is curious that some of the petals and stamens grow upon it. The scars which you see outside it (preceding page, No. 2) show where they have been removed.

W. Now will you let us see the *inside* of the ovary, papa?

P. Yes, I will cut it. You see that it has ten or eleven distinct *carpels*; their walls form complete partitions. Each carpel contains a great number of ovules.

L. We have observed all the parts of the flower; let us now look at the leaves.

Ion. They are very fleshy. Their shape is round, *cordate*, or it is almost *peltate* (vol. iv. p. 150). They are not compound, so we say they are *entire*.

P. The plants of this order may also be known by their juice; it is rather milky, and is bitter and stringent.

We will next talk of the *varieties* of these flowers. There are many different sorts. Perhaps the most curious is the ancient *Lotus* of the Egyptians. This flower springs up in the rice-fields when under water. It is said to rise out of the water at sun-rise, and sink down again at its setting. It was formerly worshipped in Egypt;

and in the most ancient monuments a *blue* lotus is often represented.

You may see carvings of the lotus on articles from CHINA, where it is also worshipped; indeed, some of the Chinese ponds are literally covered with the plant. The mandarins cultivate it in large handsome pots, in their gardens. In EAST INDIA and JAPAN it is also esteemed a sacred plant. The Japanese say it is pleasing to their gods, and their idols are often drawn sitting on its large leaves.

In England the principal varieties are the *White* and the *Yellow Water-lily*. It was once thought that these plants only grew in the northern hemisphere; but in the year 1838, a traveller who was on the river Berbice, in *Demerara*, discovered the gigantic water-lily which we call the *Victoria Regia*.

I. Yes, we have all seen that lily since the Great Exhibition. I can almost describe it. Its great broad leaves are salver-shaped, and are six feet across, with a broad rim rising round the edge. The flower is very large, and has several hundred petals; the outside whorls are white, and gradually become pink towards the centre —those in the centre are entirely pink. The petals also change into stamens like the petals of the white water-lily.

Ion. The Victoria Regia has, too, a sweet scent.

P. Its scent is well worth noticing. Some tropical plants of this order give forth a most delicious odour in their own climate; they are all larger than ours, and some have brilliant tints of blue or red.

Ion. You have not told us of the *uses* of these plants, papa.

P. They have not many uses. Some parts are useful as food;—the roots of most are tuberous, fleshy, and white; they contain so much starch that they are dried, and pounded, and made into cakes. The natives of *India* roast the rootstocks and stalks in the sand. The *Egyptians* also roast the seeds to make bread, or pound them, and mix them with their flour.

The seeds of the lotus in China are like acorns, and have a more delicate taste than almonds. They are accounted cooling and strengthening. The British ambassador, when breakfasting in China with the principal mandarins, was frequently presented with a dish consisting of the seeds, and slices of the root, served up with the kernels of apricots and walnuts, in alternate layers of ice. The Chinese store up the roots for the winter in salt and vinegar.

W. Now, papa, may we make a summary of the 3rd order?

P. Yes; and I will help you.

Order 3. THE WATER LILIES.

(*Place.*) In quiet waters, in temperate countries, and in the tropics.

(*Parts.*) FLOWER with numerous petals and sepals; *petals* are white, yellow, pink, or blue; of thickish substance, imbricated—grow on the disk, and even on the ovary. *Sepals*, green outside,

persistent. *Stamens*, numerous, grow on disk, and on the ovary; their filaments "petaloid." *Ovary* round; one pistil on the summit, with numerous stigmas radiating from it. The inside is divided into many carpels, containing many seeds.

LEAVES very fleshy, roundish shape, nearly cordate or peltate.

(*Varieties.*) The white and yellow water lily in Britain; and many of various colours in the tropics.

(*Uses.*) The seeds and root of the *Victoria Regia* in the Western World, and the Lotus plant, and many other varieties, in the East Indies, China, and Egypt, are used as food.

THE FERN.

THE green and graceful fern,
How beautiful it is!
There's not a leaf in all the land
So wonderful, I wis.

Have ye ever watched it budding,
With each stem and leaf wrapped small,
Coiled up within each other,
Like a round and hairy ball?

Have ye watched that ball unfolding
Each closely nestling curl,
And its fair and feathery leaflets
Their spreading forms unfurl?

Oh! then most gracefully they wave
In the forest like a sea;
And dear as they are beautiful,
Are those fern leaves to me;

For all of early childhood,
Those past and blessed years,
To which we ever wistfully
Look back thro' memory's tears.

The sports and fa- ies then my own,
Those fern leaves dear and wild,
Bring back to my delighted heart—
I am once more a child!

L. A. TWAMLEY.

THE STUARTS.

JAMES II.

JAMES II. was, as you have heard, the brother of Charles II. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic religion by his mother, Henrietta of France.

We now see the evil consequence of Henrietta's marriage with Charles I.; she made her two sons enemies rather than friends to the religion of the state, in times when it was the most important question of the day. Charles attempted to restore Popery, and received a pension from Louis XIV. for doing so. James came to the throne more determined than his brother to make the attempt, for Charles cared nothing for any religion. The effort, however, was fatal to himself, as you will hear.

On the 6th February, 1685, James II. was proclaimed king, and six days afterwards he went openly to *mass* with great state and dignity, which act was contrary to law. He also published two papers taken out of the late king's strong box, to show that he had died a Papist. He sent an agent to Rome to prepare the Pope for readmitting England into the Catholic church.

The designs of James were not at all concealed. They were just what the people had expected. The Duke of Monmouth had, you may remember, been proposed as king instead of James during Charles II.'s reign. A conspiracy had also been made in his favour and discovered, but he had been pardoned and banished to Holland. When he saw the dread of Popery in England, he thought it a good opportunity to try again for the crown. Accordingly, he engaged with the Duke of Argyle to raise an insurrection in the North of England, while he would land in the West.

Argyle landed in Scotland, and put himself at the head of 2,500 men, but he was defeated, taken prisoner, and executed at Edinburgh. Monmouth landed in Dorsetshire with scarcely 100 men. The hatred of the people to James and his religion was, however, so strong that in four days his army numbered 2,000 men, and when he had advanced to Taunton, in Somersetshire, he had 6,000 followers. He was proclaimed king in Bridgwater, Wells, and other large towns. His men, however, were not well armed; the miners of the Mendip Hills fought for him with scythes and the butt ends of their muskets. When, therefore, his army was met by the king's troops at *Sedgemoor*, near Bridgwater, although they fought desperately, they were totally defeated.

Monmouth after this battle fled, and did not stop until his horse dropped under him. He

then exchanged clothes with a peasant, and, though much exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he hid himself under some ferns. At length, by means of bloodhounds, he was found concealed in a ditch, with raw peas in his pocket, on which he had fed for two or three days. When caught he burst into tears, and begged for mercy in the most abject manner. His prayers were not listened to; he was brought to London, and, when taken before the king, he begged very hard that his life might be spared. But his petitions were again useless; James ordered him to be executed and he was put to death on Tower Hill. The executioner in performing his office showed a want of skill which horrified the spectators: he missed his blow, and struck the unfortunate duke in the shoulder; he then struck him twice more, but with feeble strokes, and then threw down the axe in despair. The sheriff compelled him to renew the attempt, but he did not sever the duke's head from his body until after two or three more blows.

James was not content with punishing Argyle and Monmouth; he resolved to intimidate his subjects by more severities. Accordingly, he employed two of the most cold-blooded, savage, and brutal men ever read of in history to punish Monmouth's followers in the western counties. The names of these men were Judge Jeffries and Colonel Kirke. They came into Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire, to *try* and execute the rebels. The cruelties they perpetrated brought a lasting disgrace on their employer James, and were too horrible to be described.

Jeffries, whose brutality was often increased by intoxication, made sport of his victims, enticed them to confess by the promise of pardon, and then ordered them to death. In some places the highways were hung with the quarters of those who had been killed. This man executed eighty people in one place. He pardoned some on condition of their *paying him* for their lives; one man bought his own life for £14,000. Kirke was, if possible, more inhuman: when at Taunton he ordered thirty persons to be hanged whilst he dined. On the whole more than three hundred were put to death, some were whipped and imprisoned, and about eight hundred were transported to the plantations.

James now saw that the success of his schemes would much depend upon the strength of his army, and their attachment to him. He therefore told the Parliament that he must now enlarge the standing army to prevent any more "such wretched attempts." This he did by increasing the number of men from 7,000 to 15,000. He endeavoured to procure as many Catholics as possible, and appointed only Catholic officers. According to the laws of the country, it was necessary for these officers to take the sacrament and oaths prescribed by

the *Test Act*, but James informed the Parliament that he had thought proper to dispense with the Test Act on this occasion.

The Parliament complained very much of the expense of this step, but many of the members were either friends of James, or bad men who received bribes; they therefore granted him the large supplies that he required.

The increase of his army gave James more confidence, and he proceeded to bolder measures. He introduced Papist noblemen into the government, he suspended the bishop of London, and he issued a declaration of indulgence to all Roman Catholics. He permitted the Jesuits to build colleges in all parts of the kingdom; he tried to introduce Catholics into Oxford and Cambridge; and he actually turned out the fellows of Magdalen College and filled it with Catholics. He pursued a similar course in Scotland, while in Ireland he totally expelled the Protestants from all places of trust and profit. To complete the work, he sent a nobleman as "ambassador extraordinary" to Rome. The object of this embassy was not disguised: it was publicly avowed that it was *to express James's obedience to the Pope, and to reconcile the kingdom to the Catholic religion.*

James by this last step went too far. Even the Roman Catholics thought the measure dangerous. They said that he was doing openly that which he should have done in secret. The Pope himself warned James of his imprudence, yet he sent in return a "nuncio" (or ambassador), who made a public and solemn entry into England.

The "declaration of indulgence," and other measures, at length aroused seven of the bishops to resist. In 1686 this declaration was again published, with the order that the *clergy should read it from their pulpits* after divine service. The whole body of clergy resolved to disobey this order. SANCROFT, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with six other bishops, therefore drew up a *remonstrance*, saying they could not with respect to the Protestant religion read the declaration, and presented it to the king. The king upon this showed great anger, and committed them to the Tower.

This order caused the greatest commotion in the City. The king dared not send the bishops through the streets to prison, but ordered them to be conveyed there by water. The people, however, ran to the river side craving their blessing, and calling upon Heaven to protect them.

The 29th of June was fixed for the bishops' trial. Twenty-nine peers, a great number of gentlemen, and an immense crowd of people, waited upon them to Westminster-hall. After the dispute by the lawyers on both sides, the jury withdrew into a chamber, where they passed the whole night, but next morning they pronounced the bishops "*Not guilty.*" Westminster-hall instantly rang with loud acclamations, which spread through all parts of London.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

CORNWALL.

"My dear Children,—

"It was quite dusk when I entered Penzance with my guide. On the following morning he accompanied me round the town.

"'It is a much finer town than I expected,' I said.

"'Penzance *is* a very nice town, sir. The climate, sir, is so mild, that there are always plenty of visitors here; poor people whose lungs are not strong.'

"'And there are some nice shops,' I added.

"'Yes, sir, especially just here, round about the market-place. But you must come down to the quay and the pier. Now, sir, you see we have plenty of shipping. I will tell you how the Penzance people get their living. You see those fishing-boats in the distance. They belong to the pilchard fisheries, and they bring their fish ashore here. Well, sir, the trade here consists in exporting those pilchards, and many other things produced in the county.'

"'What sort of articles?' I said.

"'A good many *potatoes*, sir, which I told you we cultivate; and the celebrated *Cornish clay* which is used in making earthenware and china,—like the Dorsetshire clays. Tin and copper, from the mines, are also exported here.'

"'And what do your ships *im*port when they return?'

"'They bring back timber, iron, tallow, and other things. I think you would like the people in this place, sir. I should say they are fond of *larning*—some of them. They have a Literary and Scientific Institution, and a Natural History Society; a Horticultural Society, and a Geological Society. The Geological Museum here has one of the best collections of minerals in England,—I wish you'd go and see it, sir. You would see some of the Cornish clay, the Cornish china stone, the Cornish diamonds, which are crystals of very transparent quartz, and the mineral called asbestos.'

"'What is *asbestos*?'

"'We call it fire-stone, sometimes, for it will resist fire. The ancients used to make cloth of it, and wrap it round the bodies of the dead. Then, when the bodies were burned, the ashes were preserved. I learnt that at a lecture at the institution. Will you go and see the Museum, sir?'

"'No, thank you; let us make haste to the mines.'

"On our way I persuaded my guide to tell me more about the *curiosities* of Cornwall.

"'One of the singular animals in our county, sir, is the *Cornish Chough*, a sort of red-legged crow. Its back is beautifully glossed with blue and purple, and its bill and legs are a bright reddish-orange colour.

It builds its nest in high cliffs and in ruined towers. There are very few of them now,—I had one once, sir; it was very easily tamed, and we taught it to speak, but it had very thievish and mischievous habits. It is said that these birds will catch up bits of lighted sticks, and that they have even set houses on fire. They used to be found in Wales and Devonshire as much as in Cornwall.'

"'But I should like,' I said, 'to hear about the Cornish *towns*.'

"'The Cornish *towns*? Very well, sir. There's TRURO to begin with; it is one of the best towns in the county. If you know English History, sir, you may remember how the soldiers of Charles I. surrendered to General Fairfax in this town. He was a clever fellow, that Fairfax, sir. He drove his enemies just into this *toe* of England, where it is so narrow that it was impossible to pass him.

"'ST. IVES, the town which we passed, is worth noticing for its trade in pilchards.

"'If we keep straight along the road we are on now, sir, past the town of St. Michael, we shall reach BODMIN. That is a very ancient place. It was there that Perkin Warbeck, the pretended Duke of York, assembled his forces to attack Exeter, in the reign of Henry VII.

"'On the same road as Bodmin is LAUNCESTON, the capital of the county. You see it close on the borders of Devonshire. The most remarkable thing at Launceston is the old castle. The keep of the castle stands on a hill, and consists of three wards, each surrounded by a circular wall. The antiquarians say that it is more ancient than any in the county, for it is unlike any that have been built by the Romans, Saxons, Danes, or Normans.'

"'Are there any more remarkable towns?'

"'Yes, sir; there's *Saltash*, famous for malt and beer; *St. Austle*, where the *tin*-miners live; it is famous, too, for porcelain clay. *Redruth* is inhabited by the people of the copper mines. Oh! I had almost forgotten one very important place. Not far from the *Lizard Point*, which is the last place seen from the ship as you leave Britain, is *Falmouth*.

"'FALMOUTH has a noble harbour. It is a great packet-station. The town is defended by two castles. Around the western one, called Pendennis, you may still see some of the lines of encampment made by Oliver Cromwell, when he attacked it. Sir Walter Raleigh landed here once, on his return from America; then it contained only a few fishermen's huts. But here is *Redruth!* Now, sir, we are getting into the mining district.'

"'Let me count up all these towns,' I said. 'Launceston, Penzance, Bodmin, Truro, St. Ives, Falmouth, Saltash, St. Austle, and Redruth.'

"But the mines. You shall hear of them, positively, in the next letter

"From your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

ETYMOLOGY.

CHAPTER IV.—SAXON AND FRENCH ROOTS,

P. I SAID that many of our Greek and Latin derivatives have been introduced by men of science and literature. The English people, however, are principally Saxons; Saxon words, therefore, still form the chief part of the language. I have given you only a few Saxon *derivatives* to learn.

SAXON ROOTS.

ÆTHEL, *noble.*

Ethelred, Ethelbert, Athelstan, Athelney.

BEORGAN, *to protect.*

Burg, borough, Edinburgh (contraction of Edwin's borough).

CEAPIAN, *to buy.*

To chop, chuffer, cheap, Cheapside (i.e. *market-side*), Chepstow, Eastcheap, Chippenham.

CEASTER, *a fort or town.*

Chester, Rochester, Leicester, Chichester, Colchester, Manchester.

DUN, *a hill.*

Down, downs, Snow-don; and from *dun*, a hill, and *holm* an island, Durham.

EALD, *old.*

Elder, older, alderman, Aldborough, Aldgate (as opposed to *New*-gate).

FARAN, *to go.*

Fare, thoroughfare, fare-well, ford, Chelmsford, Bradford, &c.

HYTH, *a port or haven.*

Greenhithe, Queenhithe, Hythe, Rotherhithe.

EXERCISE 92.—Write eight sentences each containing one of the above words.

NYTHER, *down.*

Nether, nethermost, beneath, underneath, Netherlands.

SCIRAN, *to cut.*

Shears, plough-share, shire, scar, score, sheer.

SNICAN, *to creep.*

Sneak, snake.

STOW, *a place.*

Walthamstow, Chepstow.

TEON, *to draw.*

Tug, tow, team, tough, tight.

UT, *out.*

Outermost, uttermost, utterly.

WALD, *a wood.*

Weald (of Sussex or Kent), Walthamstow, Saffron-walden.

WRITHAN, *to bend or twist.*

Writhe, wreathe, wreath.

EXERCISE 91.—Write eight sentences each containing one of the above words.

In our language we have also words derived from the *French*. The Normans, as I told you, introduced many French words.

FRENCH DERIVATIVES.

COUVRE, *I cover.*

Discover, coverlet, curfew.

GUARDE, *I keep.*

Guardian, guard.

PARLER, *to speak.*

Parliament, parlour, parley.

PETIT, *small.*

Petty, petticoat, pettitoes.

EXERCISE 93.—Write four sentences each containing one of the above words; also sentences containing derivatives from the following French words:—*rendre*, to give back; *rang*, rank or row; *tailler*, to cut; and *trouver* to find.

FRANCE.

P. Let us go to France, Willie.

W. I am quite willing.

P. Then get the map of France out of my study. What countries in Europe have we talked about already?

Ion. We have visited *Spain* and *Portugal, Italy, Turkey* and *Greece*---these countries are the three southern peninsulas of Europe. We have also heard of *Malta*, and of *Switzerland*.

P. And here comes Willie with the map. Let us make a short lesson on that country.

We will begin with the *position* of France. How is it bounded on the north?

W. On the N.W. is the English channel; on the N.E. is Belgium.

P. Now notice the countries on the east.

Ion. There are three countries on the east. The most northern is Germany; below it Switzerland, and below Switzerland, Italy.

L. The western boundary is the Bay of Biscay, and on the south are the Pyrenees, which separate France from Spain; and the Mediterranean Sea.

P. These boundaries are of great importance to France. She thus has many fine ports for shipping. The ports in the English Channel are convenient for her trade with England, Sweden, and other northern countries. Those in the Mediterannean enable her to trade with the south of Europe, Africa, and Asia. You see also that France is divided from Germany by the noble river Rhine. Thus the French can communicate with that country and with Switzerland. But let us also notice the principal *rivers*. Begin with the largest.

Ion. Here is one that seems larger than the others It rises in the Cevennes mountains, and flows through the centre of the country, into the Bay of Biscay. It is called *the Loire* (pronounced *Luar*).

P. That is the longest, but not the *largest* river. The finest is the *Rhone*, which you may easily find on the map.

L. Yes; here it is. But it does not begin in France. It rises in the Alps, and flows into Lake Geneva.

W. Where does it flow out of the lake again?

L. Here. It issues from the western end of the lake, at the town of Geneva. It then proceeds westward to the town of Lyons. There it meets with a tributary, called the *Saône*, and it turns round southward.

P. That is correct. You would like to visit Lyons, and see the confluence of the two rivers.

Ion. What is the *confluence?*

P. The place where any two rivers meet is called a confluence (from *con*, together, and *fluere*, to flow). The Rhone is one of the most rapid rivers in Europe, and it rushes

down its steep course with astonishing violence. The Saône, on the other hand, is a slow, quiet river, and moves so gently that you can hardly perceive which way it flows. With such a contrast in their characters the effect produced by the confluence of these rivers is curious. Even though they are united, a *distinct line* is seen for some distance in the centre of the new river, showing the different motions of the two waters; this at length disappears, and the waters of the Saone are persuaded by their companions into the same activity. The force of the Rhone is such that it washes down toward the sea a great deal of earth; it is said that, in consequence, the coast of France near its mouth extends 9 miles further south than it was in the year 1800.

Ion. Here is a river that rises in the Pyrenees. It has tributaries too, flowing from the Cevennes. It is called the *Garonne*.

P. You may remember this river, because some parts of it are very dangerous. It is like the Loire, because it flows into the Bay of Biscay.

L. And I see, papa, that a canal has been cut to join the Garonne to the Mediterranean sea.

P. Yes. Thus the river connects the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay. The canal is called, *The Canal of Languedoc.*

W. Here is another important river, for the capital, PARIS, is situated upon it. It flows into the English channel, and is called *the Seine.*

P. The *Seine* is like the Loire and the Garonne in having a slow current. This is because its course is winding, and through level ground. You may remember this river too, because its valley is very beautiful. The scenery near Rouen cannot be excelled by that of any other river-valley in Europe.

We have now noticed the four principal rivers of France —the LOIRE, the RHONE, the GARONNE, and the SEINE.

W. I think we will look at the lakes next. Where are they?

P. You will scarcely find any. Near the Bay of Biscay and the Mediteranean there are certain shallow salt-water ponds, called *Lagoons*—they are separated from the sea by only a thin strip of land. There are also *etangs* (or ponds), which are highly pestilential.

L. Now will you describe the *soil* of France?

P. We will leave that subject until next week. Then we will talk of the soil and its produce, and the people, and their manufactures.

WE 'LL humbly take what God bestows,
And, like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

19th Week. **MONDAY.** **Botany.**

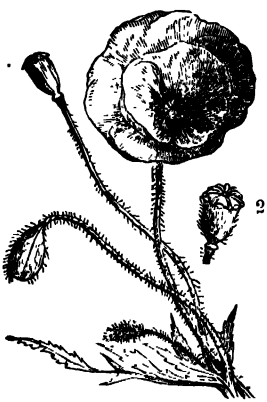
THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

THALAMIFLORALS.

Order 4. THE POPPIES.

(*Papaveraceæ.*)

W. I HAVE had such a run, Lucy! Papa sent me to the corn-fields for a certain plant, and here it is!



(1.) The Common Red Poppy, with bud and seed vessel. (2.) The capsule or ovary.

L. It's a *poppy*. I suppose, then, that it belongs to Order 4.

P. Yes; it's an interesting plant. It is the farmer's plague, and he calls it a rank weed. Nevertheless, poppies are useful, because of their narcotic quality. When the *ovary* of the white poppy is unripe, a pulp or jelly is procured from it, which is called *opium*. This opium is highly narcotic, and when properly used, is a most valuable medicine. But it is also most improperly used, as you read in "Uncle Richard's Travels" (vol. iv. page 111); it has thus been the curse of millions. Some of the medicines prepared from the poppy are *morphia*, *laudanum*, *paregoric elixir*, and *syrup of poppies*. A great many *patent* medicines for babies, which are called cordials, also contain poppy juice, such as Godfrey's Cordial, &c. They are given because of the *soothing* effect of the opium, but many are very dangerous; some have even caused death.

L. I have heard of Godfrey's Cordial, papa.

P. The ovaries of the white poppy (or, you may say, the *capsules*, which you will soon see is a better name) are also picked when *ripe*. They are sold by the chemists to boil and use as a "fomentation."

W. Yes. Don't you remember that mamma had some boiled poppy-heads applied to her face, when she had the face-ache?

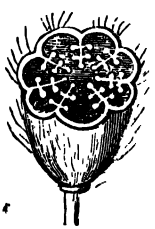
P. Oil is also procured from the seeds of the poppy; but we have said enough of the *uses* of the plant. Examine its *parts*.

We will begin with the centre of the flower this time. Here is a capsule, or poppy-*head*, as you call it. It is certainly a distinctly marked ovary, but the pistil is not very distinct.

W. No; where is it, papa?

P. These ridges which form a star shape on the crown of the ovary are all you have of the pistil (No. 2); they are the *stigmas*. The styles are wanting.

Now let us cut open the capsule. There! Tell me whether or not it is divided into many cerpels, like the ovary of the Water-Lily.



Section of Capsule, Parietal Placentæ.

Ion. Yes, it seems to be.

L. No; I think it is *not*, because you see, Ion, the divisions do not meet in the centre and make complete cells.

P. You are right, Lucy; so we say that the ovary has only one cell.

W. Then what do you call these little partitions springing from the side, which the seeds are sticking to?

P. Each division is called a *placenta*. The placenta is the part to which the ovules are always joined. When the placentæ spring from the walls of an ovary, as these do, they are said to be *parietal*. You had better notice that word, as there are other kinds of placentæ. The Heartsease has parietal placentæ; if you will pick a seed-vessel, you will see the placentæ joined to the sides, and the seeds attached to them.

Ion. The poppy has a great many seeds, but I cannot think how they get out. See what a hard tough box this poppy-head is; it will not burst, I suppose.

P. No; but if you will turn it upside down—

Ion. I will. Ah, see Lucy, how the seeds are running away!

P. That is because there is a particular contrivance. There are a number of *doors* (or valves) for the seeds to pass through. These valves are open; you may observe them underneath the lid of the capsule (see No. 2 in the cut at the commencement of the lesson); they are in the spaces between the stigmas.

But we must quickly notice the other parts of the flower. Will you look at this poppy-*bud*? The calyx has, you see, only two sepals, which completely enclose all the red petals; these fall off when the flower opens.

L. So they are called "deciduous."

P. The corolla has four petals which are much crumpled.

W. Yes; and they are very large and thin. No wonder, when they have no calyx to keep them steady, that they flaunt about so when the wind blows them; but some poppies have more than four petals.

P. Yes. The great double

Marseilles Poppy which grew in our garden last year had a great many petals. Generally the petals are either four or some *multiple* of that number.

The *stamens* are, you may see, very numerous; and are of course "hypogynous." The *juice*, which we have noticed before, is the last distinction. In all the tribe the juice is white and milky; the Crowfoot tribe, on the other hand, have always a clear juice.

L. Now will you tell us the *varieties* of poppy?

P. No, they are too many to be enumerated. There are in the order some flowers which appear very different from the poppy. The *Major Celandine* has small yellow flowers which grow in "umbels" (vol. iv. page 229); its capsule is long and *pod*-shaped, like that of mustard-seed or a pea; all its parts yield an orange coloured juice; it grows in waste places round about towns and villages. Again, the *Horned Poppy* has only two carpels, which grow together and look like long slender horns; it grows chiefly on the sea-shore.

There is one curious example of the poppy tribe which we have in our garden. It is a foreigner, and is called the *Eschscholtzia*. It has a curious calyx, which covers the whole bud like a night-cap. The two sepals of this calyx are so joined that *they cannot separate*; it therefore will not open, and the bud inside would be imprisoned, if it were not that the calyx is joined very weakly to the receptacle. The bud therefore expands with all its might, breaks away the calyx from the receptacle, and pushes it off at the top. The useless calyx then drops to the ground, like an empty extinguisher.

Order 4. THE POPPIES.

(*Parts.*) The FLOWER has an ovary consisting of a large *capsule*, which is *one-celled*, with *parietal placentæ*, and is *many-seeded* (Polyspermous); the pistil has no style, the stigmas are *stellate* (radiated), and lie upon the flat apex of the ovary; has two large sepals, deciduous; petals, four, or some multiple of four; stamens, hypogynous and numerous.

The plants are *herbaceous*, or *shrubs*, and have a milky juice.

(*Varieties.*) The Common Red Poppy, Black, White, Oriental, Marseilles, &c., the Horned Poppy, Major Celandine, Eschscholtzia.

(*Uses.*) Its narcotic and soothing qualities are much used in medicine, and abused in the form of opium.

(*Note.*—These plants are distinguished from Order 1 *Ranunculaceæ*, by not having distinct carpels, but a single ovary; they differ from Order 3, *Nymphaceæ*, in their parietal placentæ and deciduous calyx; their juice is more "milky" than that of the third order, which is only *rather* white, while that of Order 1 is quite clear.)

Whose hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird its thrilling tone?
Whose power the dewdrop's tints combined,
Till, like the diamond's blaze, they shone?

THE STUARTS.

JAMES II.

P. To-DAY we will conclude the history of James's reign.

I told you of the people's delight when the seven bishops were acquitted. Their rejoicings were so loud that they even reached the camp at Hounslow, where the king was at dinner. His majesty demanded the cause of the noise, and was informed that it was nothing but the soldiers shouting for the delivery of the bishops. "Call you that nothing?" cried he; "but so much the worse for them." After this he prosecuted all the *clergymen* who had not read his declaration, for all had refused it except two hundred.

What gave the king courage to imprison the bishops and set his face against the whole nation? It was that he depended upon the strength of his *army*, which I told you he had so much increased. But he had now to learn that his soldiers could not be depended upon. It was one thing to raise a large army, and another thing to make them faithful to himself. Wishing to try his soldiers, he ordered a regiment to be drawn up before him, and desired those who were against the "Declaration of Indulgence" to lay down their arms. To his surprise the whole regiment grounded their arms, except a few Roman Catholic soldiers, and two officers. This circumstance was a warning to him; for he had hoped that this regiment would promise obedience, and that all the others would then follow their example.

At this time a son was born to James. This he looked upon as a fortunate circumstance; thinking that, now he had a successor, the people would become more attached to him. The circumstance, however, was turned against him. The people said, "This Prince of Wales will be educated as a Roman Catholic, and will carry out the plans of his father." They had borne with the king before, because it was known that, as soon as he died, he would be succeeded by his daughter Mary, who had been married to William Prince of Orange, for this prince was the great support of the Protestant religion in Europe.

As the birth of James's son thus interfered with the succession of William, and the national discontent was very violent, that prince resolved to take advantage of it, and deprive his father-in-law of the Crown. He began by sending an envoy to every religious sect in the kingdom. To the church party he sent assurances of favour and regard; the nonconformists he exhorted not to be deceived by their known enemy, but to wait for a real and sincere protector.

In consequence of these mes-

sages, the prince soon received pressing invitations to England from the most considerable persons in the kingdom. Admirals Herbert and Russell, Henry Sidney, brother to Algernon, Lord Dumblaine, and other nobles, sent him their tenders of duty, and considerable sums of money. The bishop of London, the earls of Danby, Nottingham, Devonshire, Dorset, and several other lords, gentlemen, and principal citizens, united in their addresses to him, and intreated his speedy arrival. The people also now joined against their unhappy sovereign as a common enemy. William determined to accept their invitations; and had a fleet ready to sail, and troops provided, by the beginning of June 1688.

All these measures were done in secret. Louis, the king of France, sent James warning of his danger, and offered him help, which, however, he blindly refused. At length, when everything was prepared by his enemies, he was left to face the danger alone. A letter was brought him from his minister in Holland, saying that an invasion by William was already projected and publicly avowed in Europe. When the king read this information he was struck with terror; his face grew pale, and the letter dropped from his hand. He suddenly found himself on the brink of ruin, and again applied to Louis for help; but he was now too late. He next tried to pacify his people, by retracting his unpopular measures against the colleges and the clergy. He also shut up the Romish chapels; made proclamation of a general pardon; and promised to assemble Parliament which he had dissolved. But these concessions were now useless. Every one saw that they were made not from repentance, but through fear.

When James found that these measures failed he did everything else that was in his power. He had not, as you may suppose, much confidence in his army. Though his soldiers, and the navy also, were disaffected, he assembled all his troops at Salisbury, and went there to review them; he put Portsmouth and Hull under the charge of Papist governors, and the fleet under the command of Lord Dartmouth, an old and trusty servant. He also issued proclamations requiring all persons to help in the defence of their country; to drive in all horses, sheep, and oxen, from the fields, and to remove them twenty miles from the places where his son-in-law might land. He published a printed list of William's army, to show that it was too contemptible to be feared; and, in another proclamation, he forbade any one to publish the Prince of Orange's declaration.

But all these active measures, like his concessions, were too late. On the fifth of November, 1688, after having been long detained by bad weather at sea, WILLIAM PRINCE OF ORANGE was seen on the coast, with 500 vessels, containing 1,500 men; he landed on that

day at Torbay, in Devonshire. For some days few people dared to join him, for, in the West of England, the terrible executions of the followers of Monmouth had filled the people with fear. At length a Major Burrington had the courage to join his standard; the gentry of Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somersetshire soon followed; then crowds flocked around him, and the whole kingdom was in commotion

It was impossible for James to stem the torrent of desertion which took place. While at Salisbury with his army, one officer after another left; nobles whom he had supported, and whose fortunes he had made, ungratefully departed. He then returned from Salisbury to London; but when he reached Whitehall he found that even his favourite daughter *Anne*, and her husband, *Prince George of Denmark*, had turned against him; they had left London only the night before. On hearing this he was stung with bitter anguish, and exclaimed, "God help me! my very children have forsaken me."

Under these circumstances, in the greatest dismay, distress, and perplexity, the unfortunate James was urged by the Jesuits and his queen to leave the country. He therefore sent the queen and his infant son away secretly, under the care of a French nobleman; and, having disguised himself, he followed them in the middle of the night. He had, in his trouble, issued writs for assembling the Parliament, but, before going, he threw all the writs that had not been sent out into the fire; he sent orders to his commander-in-chief, the Earl of Feversham, to disband the army, and he took with him the great seal. This he threw into the Thames as he was crossing in a ferry, so that nothing might be done legally in his absence.

As soon as James's flight became known, there was the greatest tumult. The mob of London arose and considered themselves as the masters of the city. They set about *doing justice* as mobs usually do it. They demolished all the Roman Catholic chapels, the mass-houses, and houses of the Catholic nobles. They caught the wicked Judge Jeffries in disguise, and, in venting their rage upon him, they treated him so unmercifully that he soon after died. General Feversham added to the confusion; for, instead of enforcing order with his troops, he carried out the message of James, and disbanded them. Without disarming the men, or giving them their pay which was due, he turned them loose all over the country.

In the midst of all this confusion two opposite events occurred. The lords and bishops then in London met, and sent an invitation to William Prince of Orange; and James II. returned to London.

The poor king did not return voluntarily; he had embarked for France, but being driven back to Feversham the mob had discovered him, and after the greatest insults they brought him again to London. Here,

through pity, the feeling of the people strangely and suddenly turned once more in his favour; they received him with the loudest acclamations of joy, with ringing of bells, and bonfires. All kinds of men crowded round his coach, and rent the air with gladness.

The Prince of Orange, however, had reached London before James. He received the news with a haughty air; and at midnight he compelled his father-in-law to make his escape a second time. The populace found by the morning that their king was again gone, and on the same day the nobles and gentry of London congratulated the new king, WILLIAM THE THIRD.

The flight of James was not so hasty as before; he remained three nights at Rochester, surrounded by faithful friends, and had he had the courage he might yet have recovered his kingdom. Message after message came, assuring him of the indignation of the people at his being forced from London, and assuring him that, if he would return, the people would certainly rise in his favour; even some bishops, as well as peers and officers, entreated him to stay only for a month, if in the remotest part of his kingdom.

But no! James had given up all hope. He made one sensible remark, "that he would not raise a civil war, and do so much mischief, for he hoped the nation would come to their senses;" and then he embarked at Sheerness, on board a small fishing-smack, which landed him in France on the 25th of December.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

THE voice of God, in accents clear,
Is heard above, below, around;
To all his children far and near,
The universe repeats the sound.

Through the thick grove of lofty trees,
Where cheerful sunbeams never shine,
It whispers in the gentle breeze,
Yes, list! and hear the voice divine.

And every flower, and every plant,
The heavens, the earth, and ocean's waves,
In one sweet strain his glories chant,
With songs of triumph hymn his praise.

But sweeter far his voice is heard,
Telling of Heaven, and peace, and love,
To those who keep his holy word,
To those who hope for joys above.

THE STUARTS.

JAMES II.

THE character of JAMES II. is less objectionable than that of his brother Charles. He was not so idle, nor so fond of wicked pleasures. When he became king he endeavoured to stop the indecency and immorality which everywhere prevailed. He applied himself to business with great attention, presiding daily at the council, at the boards of the Admiralty and the Treasury. He also managed his revenue with economy, and showed himself anxious for what was called the "glory" of the nation. But with all he was in his manner cold and formal; in his disposition he showed great cruelty; and though he often fought for his country, it is questioned whether he was brave.

The bigotry of James was more a weakness than a fault. His attempt to force his religion on the nation was an imprudence which brought with it its own punishment. He sacrificed himself to the religion in which he had been brought up.

Lesson 39. *JAMES II.*

Begun to reign . . 1685
Abdicated 1688

1. JAMES II. *succeeded Charles II. because he was his brother. He was then* 52 *years old, and was a rigid Papist.*

2. *He began his reign by going openly to mass, and by making plain his intention to restore Popery. The discontent caused by his conduct encouraged his nephew, the* DUKE OF MONMOUTH, *to try and deprive him of his crown. The attempt failed, and Monmouth and hundreds of his followers were executed with the greatest barbarity.*

3. *Encouraged by his success against Monmouth, James increased his standing army, dissolved his parliament, and alone made bolder efforts to establish Popery. He was, however, resisted by seven bishops, whom he imprisoned. They were sent to trial, but acquitted; and soon after James found, to his cost, that the faithfulness of his large army could not be depended upon.*

4. *The people had looked upon* WILLIAM PRINCE OF ORANGE, *the king's Protestant son-in-law, as his successor. When, however, that prince was excluded by the birth of James's son, he could only become king of England by taking the crown by force. He therefore took advantage of James's unpopularity, landed with an army at Torbay, and drove his father-in-law from the country.*

5. JAMES *abdicated in the year* 1688, *having reigned nearly four years. He was the last king of the* HOUSE OF STUART.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

CORNWALL.

"My dear Children,—

"The copper mines of Cornwall would be worthy of a long description had I the time to write it. The principal are those round about *Redruth*, *St. Agnes*, and *St. Just*. There is one on the N.W. coast, near St. Just, whose entrance is on a rock overhanging the sea. You descend a steep shaft, as the entrance to the mine is called, through many different floors and passages, until you are many hundred feet under the bed of the ocean. Think how deep the mine must be to be *under* the ocean! As I stood in one of the galleries I heard the sound of the roaring waves over my head. It is said that when there is a storm the noise of the waves has a most appalling effect. This place is called *the Botallack Mine*.

"The copper mines of Cornwall seem to be almost inexhaustible. There are three principal veins of ore. These veins are generally about three feet wide; but in some parts their thickness is not more than that of a sheet of paper. Some veins, again, have been found twelve feet, and even thirty feet wide. The three sets of veins run in different directions. The lowest are the most extensive, and are, of course, the oldest. It is seldom that a vein is worked out to the bottom, as the expense of the drainage at length becomes too great.

"But I think that I must, after all, describe the mines of Redruth. They are the most extensive system of mines in Cornwall, and are called the *Consolidated Mines*. They are on a range of hills 300 feet above the level of the sea, and the deepest shafts reach 1,800 feet beneath the surface. There are so many of these shafts, that the length of all is nearly equal to twenty miles. The length of all the galleries, levels, &c., is not less than fifty miles. All these working places are kept free from water by means of nine large steam-engines. There are also eight small engines for raising ore, six water-wheels, and other means. There are between 2,000 and 3,000 people employed in these mines; and the copper produced every year from the ore weighs more than 1,400 tons. Now if you want to get an *idea* of all these particulars, you must sit down and ask yourself, 'How much *is* 1,400 tons? How many pounds does such a quantity contain? What is the number of *yards* in 50 miles of galleries?' and, 'how long must it take to cut out a yard of gallery so deep under the earth?' When you have thought of these questions you will get some idea of the wonderful extent of the Cornish Copper Mines.

"The Cornish Tin Mines are as ancient and remarkable as the copper mines. They are situated principally around *St. Austle*. This town, you may remember, is on the south coast, while the copper mines are on the north, or north-west coast. About two miles south-west of St. Austle is a tract of dreary, bleak, and desolate country. Never mind its being dreary, it is very rich for all that. Underneath the surface are the *Polgooth Mines*, the largest and richest in the county. They are drained like those of Redruth, by steam-engines. The shafts are very steep, and, to descend them it is necessary to put on a flannel dress (dresses are kept on purpose for strangers), and to get down some ladders which are almost perpendicular. I liked neither the ladder nor the flannel dress, therefore I remained on the surface, where there was plenty to interest both my guide and myself.

"'Is the tin ore always found in this state?' I asked my guide, as I took up a lump.

"'I can't say, sir; here is one of the *miners*.'

"'Yes, I can tell you, sir,' said the miner. 'This piece has been dug out of one of the veins, or *lodes*, as we call them. Tin is found sometimes in *lodes*, which are veins in the rocks of granite; sometimes in horizontal beds, which we call *floors*; and sometimes it is found in *grains*.'

"'Where do you find it in grains?' I said.

"*Miner*. 'Grain-tin is found scattered loosely among gravel and sand, which is washed down by the mountain streams. It is almost pure, sir, just like the grains of gold found in Africa.'

"'And what will be done with these lumps of ore?' I said.

"'These, sir, are going to the town of *St. Austle*, to be pounded and sifted, and put into the blast-furnaces.'

"'Just tell me how all that is done, will you?'

"'I will, sir, as well as I can. Now, first, the lumps are taken to the stamping-mill, where ye see two great beams, placed upright, and moving up and down. They look something like the legs of men on the treadmill, only they are kept moving by a wheel, instead of the wheel being moved by them.'

"'Well, go on.'

"'These beams, sir, have heavy shoes of iron, which weigh something like 1½ cwt. each; and these iron shoes, as the beams move up and down, fall on the ore, and smash it to bits; and that's all about the *stamping-mill*.'

"'And what next?'

"'Secondly comes the *sifting*. The broken pieces of ore fall into troughs, through which a stream of water runs; this washes away some of the earth. The end of the trough consists of an iron plate pierced with holes; and the pieces that are small enough pass through these holes into another trough, at the end of which are finer holes; the smaller pieces pass through this trough into the next, where

there are holes only large enough for the smallest pieces. Thus it is all divided according to its fineness.

"'After the *pounding* and *sifting*, the third thing is the *washing*. The ore is put into large vats, called keeves, and all the dirt that can possibly be dissolved is washed away. It is then ready for the furnace.'

"'But what is the use of melting it, if you have washed away the earth?'

"'Why, sir, you mustn't suppose that the ore is pure tin; it also contains sulphur, arsenic, iron, &c., so it has, fourthly, to be *purified*. It is put in a furnace and "calcined," at a low red heat, for several hours; then the sulphur and arsenic pass off in vapour. This poisonous vapour makes the purifying process a very bad thing. The men as work at it don't live many years; they die at an early age.

"'The fifth process is that of *smelting*. The ore that has been purified is mixed with about half the quarter of its weight of small coal. It is then put into what we call a 'reverberatory' furnace. Each furnace holds about 600 cwt. of the mixture; and after we have melted it all for about six hours, it yields 350 cwt. of tin.'

"'How do you get the tin out of the furnace?'

"'We open the plug hole at the bottom of the furnace, and the melted tin pours out into moulds. The blocks of tin which we take out of the moulds we call *pigs*.'

"'What is done next?'

"'The pigs are taken to be stamped, or, rather, they used to be, sir, and we paid the government a duty of 4s. on every 120 lb., for stamping. It used to come to 5s. with all the fees and the expense of carriage. But this duty was abolished in the year 1838, and a fixed sum is paid instead.'

"'Whom is it paid to?'

"'To *the Prince of Wales*, sir. He is styled the Duke of Cornwall, and he used to have the regulation of the affairs of the mines.'

"'Are there any other tin mines in Cornwall besides these around St. Austle?'

"'Yes, sir, there are some near Penzance; and in a valley at Redruth, where the copper mines are, there are large *stream-tin* works.

"'There is one curious mine at Penzance, sir, which you would like to hear about. I will give you its history.

"'About a hundred years ago some tin-veins were seen in a bed of gravel about 200 yards from the Penzance shore; the place was only left dry at low water. Many people tried to work this spot, but failed. At last a poor miner said 'he'd do it.' He had no money to get help, so he set about it alone. It took him three summers to sink a pit, for he could only work at it two hours each day because of the tide; and then, poor fellow, of course when he returned every day he found that the opening was filled with water, and he had to take it all out before he could go on digging. At length, when

he got down to a certain depth, he built a strong turret of wood on the top of the pit, to cover it over and keep out the water; this cost him a great deal of labour and ingenuity. However, after a great many disappointments and failures, he was rewarded; he established a regular mine, and in six months he got £600 worth of tin out of it.'

"'He was certainly a singular man,' I said; 'he was a persevering fellow.'

"'That he was, sir; yet, though he worked so hard, he lived to the age of 70. He died in the year 1791. His mine was named *Huel Fery*, and the year before his death it yielded £3,000 worth of tin.'

"'I should like to see it,' I said.

"'Ah, you can't; it is destroyed now, sir. One night, during a storm, a ship struck against the tower and broke it; then the water got in.'

"'Well, it seems that your county will always be celebrated for tin,' I said.

"'Yes, sir, and for copper too, and, indeed, for *all* kinds of metals. In Cornwall you may find tin, copper, antimony, cobalt, arsenic, lead, silver, iron, and, as I said, almost all the metals, except mercury and platina. Our county is richer in tin ore than any other part of the world. To show you what work we get through here, sir, I should tell you that we use about £4,000 worth of gunpowder every year, merely for blasting.'

"So ended the miner's account of the mines.

"I am, dear children,

"Your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

CORNWALL.

(Shape and Boundaries.)—CORNWALL *is a narrow tapering peninsula at the extreme south-west of England. It is bounded on the north by the Bristol Channel, on the south by the English Channel, and on the east by Devonshire.*

(Soil.)—*The appearance of the county is unuriting. The greater part consists of bare rugged hills, intermixed with moors. The vapours from the sea, on both sides of the county, cause much rain: but the winters are mild, and the summers cool, so that myrtles will grow in the open air. Potatoes and barley are cultivated, but the principal products are the pilchards from the sea, and the copper and tin from the mines.*

(Surface.)—*The principal curiosities of Cornwall are the singular ancient castles and ramparts, which are supposed to be Danish, St. Michael's Mount, on the southern coast, and the Logan (or rocking) Stones, at the Land's End, and other parts. The Cornish chough, a red legged crow, is worthy of notice, as the species is almost extinct. The peculiarity in the Cornish names is remarkable, as they are the remains of the language of the ancient Britons, which is similar to that of the Welsh.*

(Rivers.) — *The principal*

rivers are the FOWEY, *and the* TAMAR *which separates the county from Devonshire.*

(TOWNS.)—*The capital of the county is* LAUNCESTON, *famous for its peculiar old castle. The other towns of note are* PENZANCE, *the most western town in England;* ST. IVES, *with a great trade in pilchards;* FALMOUTH, *a fine port at the south;* ST. AUSTLE, *the town of the tin-miners;* REDRUTH, *the copper-miners' town; and* BODMIN *and* TRURO, *which are both ancient places.*

THE PRISONER TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST.

WELCOME! welcome, little stranger,
Welcome to my lone retreat;
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat.
Robin! how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty!

Hunger never shall distress thee,
While my meals one crumb afford,
Colds nor cramps shall e'er oppress thee,
Come and share my humble board:
Robin! come and live with me,
Live, but still at liberty.

Soon shall Spring with smiles and blushes
Steal upon the blooming year,
Then amid the verdant bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear:
Then shall I, too, joined with thee,
Taste the sweets of liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin,
And confine thee in a cage;
Then, poor Robin, think of me,
Think, and mourn thy liberty.

Liberty, the brightest treasure
In the crown of earthly joys,
Source of gladness, soul of pleasure,
All delights beside are toys.
None but captives, such as me,
Know the worth of liberty. YORKE.

SYNTAX.

Chapter V.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF SENTENCES: DIFFERENT KINDS OF SENTENCES.

P. Let us make a sentence, Willie.

W. I should think we have made a great many thousand in our lives.

P. But let me hear you make one now. You know that two or more letters make a *syllable*, two or more syllables make a *word*, so two or more words make a *sentence*.

W. Then I will put a great many words together—

Lucy, Ion, Willie, and Ada.

Isn't that a *good* sentence?

P. No; it is not a sentence at all.

W. Why not?

P. Because it does not convey to you any idea. Just think of what I am now saying. A sentence is two or more words which convey some *statement* or *fact*, as we say. Or, as you would say, they tell you something.

W. Here are six words then—

To tumble quickly down the stairs.

P. No; they do not *state* anything; they do not contain any fact.

Ion. Here are some words joined together, papa—

As soon as possible.

P. These words have some sense; yet they do not convey any *complete* sense; they do not state a fact; they are, therefore, called a *phrase*.

L. Here is a sentence, papa.

To tumble down stairs is dangerous.

P. Yes, that is a sentence, because it contains a statement. Or you may write a sentence with even four words; with three, or only two. Thus—

John hurt James.
Or, John laughed.

You now see that two or more words form either a *sentence* or a *phrase*. Let us next examine the parts of a sentence. One of these sentences has two parts, the other three—

Subject.	*Predicate.*	*Object.*
John	laughed.	
John	hurt	James.

Ion. Why do you call John the subject, papa?

P. Because he is the subject whom we are speaking about. The subject of a sentence is always the nominative case to a verb. A sentence must contain a nominative and a verb. We call the nominative the *subject*, and the verb the *predicate*.

In the second sentence you have three parts. John, the nominative who *does* the action, is the subject—the action hurt

is the predicate—and JAMES, the objective whom the action is *done to*, is the object.

L. I think I can easily make some sentences now—

Subject.	*Predicate.*	*Object.*
Cats	catch	mice.
Willie	makes	mistakes.
John	cleans	the boots.
Mary	mends	the stockings.
Dogs	bark.	
Sheep	bleat.	
Pigs	grunt.	

Each of these collections of words states a fact.

P. That is true; therefore they are all sentences. I will now show you another part of a sentence. After uniting the three principal parts, the subject, predicate, and object, you may add other words to them, and thus make your sentence much longer. For instance, see me enlarge *my* sentence—

Subject. Predicate. Object.
The mischievous John *very spitefully* hurt *his brother* James.

All the new parts of my sentence are in italic letters. They are, you see, added on to the principal parts. Because they are thus added to these parts they are called "adjuncts."

L. I will put some adjuncts to one of my sentences.

Subject. Predicate. Object.
Cunning cats *quickly* catch *sleepy* mice.

P. You have made three adjuncts to that sentence. I will make one more example, that you may see how many words in a long sentence are often only adjuncts—

Subject
The hasty, careless boy *very often indeed* makes *rather absurd* but *yet excusable* mistakes.
Predicate
Object.

W. There are 14 words in that sentence, and 11 are adjuncts.

P. Yes. We will talk of the different kinds of sentences next week. I will to-day give you some exercises on sentences.

EXERCISE No. 94.—*Strip the following sentences of their adjuncts, and write each with only the subject, predicate, and adjunct.*

The industrious boy is always successful. Our old poll-parrot has been swinging in the new brass cage. The long-continued drought caused a distressing famine. The remarkably careful man foolishly made several important mistakes. People like those of India live almost entirely on the plain vegetable substance, rice. The silly goose fled hastily and swiftly. The sure and swift footed horse brought us all home in perfect safety.

EXERCISE No. 95.—*Enlarge the following sentences by adding adjuncts to their principal parts.*

John came home. The servant broke the dish. The cat spilt the milk. The shepherd is shearing the sheep. James laughed. Mary visited her brother. The tree fell down. The girls go to school.

EXERCISE No. 96.—*Underline the parts of the following sentences which are only* phrases.

You are walking in a great hurry. In one word, you are wrong! Without doubt, you cannot be right. For my own part, I think you are always mistaken. At least, you are generally wrong. Go with all despatch to the post.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

RECAPITULATION.

"My dear Children,

"My journey through England began at Berwick-on-Tweed, and now here we are at the Land's End. I have travelled down the eastern and southern counties, and cannot go any further. So let us rest to-day, and before I go up the western side of England, we will recapitulate.

"Your series of questions to-day will be on the Cities and Towns.

CORNWALL.

1. In which Cornish town did *General Fairfax* shut up the Royalist army and compel them to surrender?

2. In which town did *Perkin Warbeck* assemble his forces in the reign of Henry VII.?

3. Where did *Sir Walter Raleigh* once land when returning from America?

4. Which town in Cornwall is the principal abode of the copper miners?

5. Where do the tin miners principally live?

6. The most western town in England exports pilchards, potatoes, Cornish clay, copper, tin, &c. What is its name?

DEVONSHIRE.

7. There is a port into which *Napoleon Bonaparte* was brought as a prisoner in the ship Bellerophon. What is its name?

8. In what town was *Newcomen*, the inventor of the steam-engine, born?

9. Name the town where *King Athelstan* built a minster when he defeated the Danes—it is celebrated for its woollens and carpets.

10. What town is the capital of Devonshire, and for what is it famous?

11. Name two towns in the northern part of Devonshire which import coals from Wales?

12. A town celebrated for broad lace?

SOMERSETSHIRE.

13. A town where the *Duke of Monmouth* was proclaimed king, and defeated in the reign of James II.?

14. Name another town, near Sedgemoor, where the supporters of the *Duke of Monmouth* were defeated, and many bloody executions took place?

15. What is the capital of Somersetshire, and for what is it famous?

16. The principal commercial town, and the principal cathedral town in the county?

DORSETSHIRE.

17. Which town in Dorsetshire is famous for the number of executions by the cruel *Judge Jeffries*, after the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion?

18. Mention the two principal ports of this county.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

THALAMIFLORALS.

Order 5. FUMITORIES.

P. HERE, Lucy, is a *Fumitory.*



L. Why is it called by such a curious name? Is it because it has disagreeable fumes?

P. Yes—it has an unpleasant smell, so its name is derived from the Latin word *fumus*, smoke. The French called it *fumeterre*, from which we make "fumitory."

W. I think I have seen such a plant before, papa. Where does it grow?

P. It is one of our wild flowers. You may find it in the corn fields and other places in the country; indeed, it is a native of most temperate countries in the northern hemisphere.

The order is not an important one. I will point out its particulars.

(1.) *Ovary*, one cell. (There appear to be two carpels in it, but they are not separated.)

(2.) *Stamens* 6, united in *two bunches*. What class in the Linnæan system do they therefore belong to?

W. The 17th class, Diadelphia.

P. (3.) *Petals* 4, parallel to each other. They never completely unfold—the two inner ones adhere at the top and enclose the anthers and stigma.

(4.) *Sepals* 2, small.

(5.) *Colour* purple, white, or yellow. (The flowers grow in "racemes.")

(6.) These plants differ from the poppies in having a *watery* juice. The properties of the tribe are not on the whole worthy of special notice.

W. Shall I write down their distinctions once more?

P. No, not now. I have today to introduce to you a highly important and respectable order, viz. :—

Order 6. CRUCIFORM PLANTS.

Ion. Please let us see one of the members, papa.

P. Here is a distinguished member; its name is *Brassica.*

Ion. Why, papa, this is a cabbage! but I suppose that Brassica is its Latin name?

P. No; the word Brassica comes from the Celtic word *Bresic*, which means a cabbage. But we will begin to-day with the varieties of the order. I will introduce the members. Here they are—the common cabbage, brocoli, cauliflower, turnip, mustard, cress, radish, horse-radish, water-cress, candytuft, wall-flower, scurvy grass, &c.

W. We know most of these very well, papa. These are the *cruciform plants* which we heard of in "Fireside Facts."

L. And they belong to the class Tetradynamia.

P. Yes, but we will talk about that when you notice their parts. Let us first talk of the varieties and their uses.

Not many of these plants are "indigenous" to Britain. It is a question whether Cassibelaunus ever tasted cabbage. Perhaps even Queen Boadicea could not have boiled a cabbage, for it is likely that the plant was introduced by the *Romans.* It is said that cabbages of some sort must have been known to the Saxons, for they named the month of February "sprout kale."

The turnip, too, was little eaten here until Henry VIII.'s time, and the radish has only been used in England about 300 years. The cauliflower and brocoli also were introduced by the Dutch gardeners from Flanders, between 200 and 300 years ago.

Ion. Before you leave off, will you mention the different kinds of cabbage, papa?

P. There are a great many varieties; I will tell you of one or two. I think that in Britain we must always have had the *wild cabbage*, or sea colewort (*Brássica oleácea*). It is found growing on the Dover cliffs, and other parts of the seashore, and it is supposed that the various cultivated kinds in Britain have sprung from it. In different parts of the world there are the Scotch kale, sea-kale, the palm kale, the cow cabbage, the different savoys, the *common white* cabbage, the *red* cabbage, the cauliflower, and others.

The turnips are another variety of cabbage (*Brassica Napus*), such as the white, yellow, and purple turnips, and the Swedish turnip. Another plant allied to the turnip is the *Brassica Rapa*, yielding the rape seed, which you know so well. All these plants form one *tribe* in the order called THE CABBAGE TRIBE. The *Mustard plant* is in tribe 2 (Sinapis). In tribe 3 (Nasturtium), we have the *Water-cress.* In tribe 4 (Cardamine), we have the *Lady's-smock.* In tribe 5 (Alinia), *Jack by the hedge.* In tribe 6 (Cheiranthus), the *Wallflower*, *Stock*, &c. These tribes belong to the FIRST DIVISION of the order.

The tribes to which the *Candytuft*, *Garden-cress*, *Honesty*, and *Shepherd's purse* belong, form the SECOND DIVISION.

The tribe to which the *Radish* belongs is in the THIRD DIVISION.

W. I think, papa, we are better off than our ancestors, for most of these plants are good food, or ornaments.

P. Yes. We now have the full benefit of the cruciform plants. And now that you have seen some of the *varieties* and their *arrangement*, we may talk of their *uses*.

You know how much they are used at the breakfast and dinner-table. Why is this?

In the first place the plants contain an acrid, pungent, oily principle. You may taste it in the seeds of the mustard which bite your tongue, or in the root of the horse-radish. This acrimony is slighter in the root of the *radish*, in *scurvy-grass*, and in the leaves of *water-cress*. Because of this property, the plants are *anti-scorbutic*; that is, they are a remedy for all scorbutic humours, such as scurvy, &c.

W. I suppose that is the reason of the name *scurvy-grass*.

P. Yes. The scurvy is a dreadful complaint, and was once a terrible scourge on board ship, when little else but salt meat was eaten. It was formerly very frequent in England also, for you may remember in your English history that the people were obliged to eat salt meat during nearly half the year, because the farmers did not know how to fatten their cattle in the winter.

It is this anti-scorbutic principle, then, that makes the order so useful as food. In the cabbage and turnips only a little of the principle is spread through a large amount of vegetable tissue. Do you know why this is?

Jon. No, papa.

P. You may remember that the celery plant contains a *narcotic* principle. Why is it that you can eat the white part of the stalk and not the green?

W. I remember, papa. You said, it is because the stalks have not been acted upon by the *light*. The narcotic principle does not "come to perfection" in the white part.

P. For the same reason the *acrid* principle is not developed in the cabbage; we tie up its leaves to exclude the light, and form a white heart. The inside of the fleshy turnip, too, is not exposed to the light like the leaves.

L. Then we may say that some of the plants are useful for medicine, because they have *strong* anti-scorbutic qualities, and others form wholesome food because they have *weak* anti-scorbutic qualities.

P. True; and these plants have other uses. The seeds of all the tribe contain *oil*, which is used in cooking, and for lamps. The rape-seed forms food for birds. Mustard seed, infused in water, forms an emetic; it is also used outwardly as mustard-poultice. The turnips are not only food for men, and cattle, but a wine is said to be made from them.

You see now, Willie, how much we owe to *one* order of plants. Many a life has been saved by a mustard poultice!

W. But, papa, we are having a very long lesson. We have

not yet noticed the *parts* of the plants.

P. We described most of them in the account of the Linnæan system.

L. Yes; they belong to the 15th class; they are called *Tetradynamia*, because four of the stamens are longer than the remaining two.

W. And we learned, in our lesson in "Fireside Facts," that they are called Cruciform—1st, because the six stamens ° ° ° ° ° ° are arranged in the form ° O ° of a Maltese cross, so; ° ° and, secondly, because the four petals of each flower form a cross.



P. Thus its six *stamens* and its four *petals* make two distinctions. Thirdly, there are no bracts on the flower-stalks; and, fourthly, in the *ovary*, the placentæ are parietal. This you may see in the ovary which I have opened.



W. Yes, the placentæ do grow from the sides, but this ovary is a long pod.

P. True, but there are other shaped ovaries. In some the pod is short, in others it is long and tapering, and divided across into many partitions. Those with long pods are called *Siliquosæ*, and form the 1st division which I enumerated; those with short pods are called *Siliculosæ*, and form the 2nd division; while those with a tapering pod, divided across (such as the radish), are called *Lomentaceæ*; they form the 3rd division.

The last distinction is that the seeds do not contain *albumen*, and therefore are not nutritious; at the same time none are poisonous, and all may be used with safety. They also possess anti-scorbutic qualities.

W. Now, papa, after such a long lesson, will you let us arrange the particulars in their proper order, or I shall forget them.

Order 5.—FUMITORIES.

(*Parts.*) *Ovary* one-celled—*stamens* 6, arranged in two bundles. *Petals* 4, parallel and adhering at their ends. *Sepals* 2, small—the flowers grow in "racemes," and are white, purple, or yellow—juice watery.

(*Place.*) Wild in Britain, and northern temperate countries.

Order 6.—CRUCIFORM-PLANTS.

(*Parts.*) *Stamens* 6, tetradynamous, arranged in the form of a Maltese cross. *Petals* 4, forming a cross. *Ovary* either a long pod, a short round pod, or a tapering pointed pod. *Seeds* without albumen, but acrid, pungent, and anti-scorbutic.

(*Place.*) In most temperate countries.

(*Varieties.*) 1st division, SILIQUOSÆ, with long pods, containing cabbage, mustard, turnip, stock, wallflower, &c.

2nd division. SILICULOSÆ, with short round pods, such as candytuft, shepherd's purse, &c.

3rd division. LOMENTACEÆ, including the radish, &c.

(*Uses.*) As medicine, as articles of food, condiments with meat, salad; the seeds as food for birds, their oil for lamps, &c.

WILLIAM III.

On the 28th of January, 1689, the House of Commons resolved, "That King James II. had endeavoured to subvert the Constitution by breaking the contract between the king and the people; and that having abdicated the government the throne is thereby vacant."

On the 12th of February, both houses agreed that the PRINCE and PRINCESS of ORANGE should be King and Queen of England; that the kingdom should be governed in the name of both; but that William should have the sole power.

This resolution completed the change in the monarchy, and the Great Revolution was accomplished. It has been said that so complete a national defection, and so bloodless a change of government is without a parallel. James was deposed from the government of three kingdoms with as little disturbance as a parish changes its overseer. Tranquillity reigned throughout the country, and William Prince of Orange was submitted to as if he had succeeded in the most regular manner to the throne. The fleet received his orders; the army allowed him to remodel them, and the City promptly supplied him with money. Such is the omnipotence of public opinion when the people are unanimous in resisting tyranny.*

* Wade's British History.

The people this time took better advantage of their power than they had done at the Restoration. The declaration that the prince and princess should be king and queen was made on the 12th of February; on the 13th, the very next day, both houses attended their majesties with one of the most important declarations ever made; it was called *The Bill of Rights*. The following were its principal enactments:—

That the *pretended power of suspending laws or executing laws* by the king without the consent of parliament is illegal.

That *levying money* for the use of the crown without grant of parliament, in other manner than it is granted, is illegal.

That it is the *right* of the subject *to petition the king*, and all prosecutions for such petitionings are illegal.

That the *raising a standing army* within the kingdom, in time of peace, without the consent of parliament, is against law.

That the *freedom of debate* in parliament ought not to be impeached in any court out of parliament.

That *excessive bail* ought not to be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel punishments inflicted.

That all *fines and forfeitures* of particular persons before conviction are illegal.

And that *parliament ought to be held frequently.*

This declaration became a statute of the realm some months

afterwards. In its character it is much like *The Petition of Right*, which was forced upon Charles I. by his parliament; but it secured the people even more liberties; it was a kind of "People's Charter." During the whole of William's reign, indeed, the people gained power; thus it has been said that "since the times of King William foreigners have been accustomed to look to the parliament of England, not to the crown, for the principles of the government."

The Scots, as well as the English, declared their crown vacant, and settled it on William and Mary. William's power, however, was not established in that country without some resistance. The Stuarts were a Scotch family, and still had many friends. The Archbishop of Glasgow, Viscount Dundee, and others, resisted William. Viscount Dundee collected a body of Highlanders and defeated William's troops in the pass of Killicrankie. He was, however, mortally wounded, and died the next day

After Dundee's death, the Highlanders dispersed, and for more than two years they resisted the new government. William then tried to restore peace by offering a free pardon to all who should submit by a certain day. Most of the Highland chieftains did so, but one, named *Macdonald of Glencoe*, deferred taking the oath until the last day. He was then prevented by a mistake, and by the deep snows and the impassable woods, from doing so until the day after. By another mistake, or else by the malice of some enemy, the king was not informed of this, and an order was issued for Macdonald's death. Macdonald, fancying himself pardoned and in safety, offered no resistance to the king's troops when they arrived. In consequence a most horrible massacre, known as the "Massacre of Glencoe," took place. The unfortunate chieftain and all his family and clan were put to the sword, after they had shown hospitality to the king's soldiers for fifteen days. Those ruffians butchered even the children who clung about their knees for mercy. They utterly destroyed and rooted out the inhabitants of the valley; they burnt all the houses, carried off the cattle and furniture, and left a few women and children naked and destitute, to perish in the middle of the winter from cold and hunger.

This shocking massacre was as disgraceful as that by Jeffries and Kirke in the reign of James. From this time William's government was unpopular in Scotland. Though he was not guilty of it, and dismissed his Scottish minister Stair, yet he did not punish the savage Campbell or any one who had taken part in the murder. The number of Scottish families who longed for the restoration of the Stuarts increased; those who favoured the Stuarts were known by the name of *Jacobites*. We shall hear more of them in after times.

The principal resistance to William's authority, however,

was in IRELAND. The majority of the people there were Papists, and in the very first year of William's reign (1689), he had again to make war against James.

James after his flight to France was again assisted by Louis, who was an enemy to William and to all Protestants. With the help of the French king he landed in Ireland at the head of a small force, and was soon joined by immense numbers of the lower classes. The Protestants assembled in the neighbourhood of Londonderry, and were besieged by James. They resisted with determined resolution, but were reduced to extremities by famine. But after a long time the starving people were relieved by provisions from England; and James then raised the siege.

In 1689, William sent a large body of troops to the assistance of the Protestants; and the following year he arrived in person. On the 1st of July, 1690, he attacked James's army on the banks of the river Boyne, near Dundalk, and gained a complete victory.

James after this battle fled to Dublin, and embarked for France, leaving his followers to shift for themselves. They still resolved to hold out, and so bravely defended themselves at Limerick, that they were allowed to surrender on honourable terms. About 14,000 of them entered into the service of France, and were formed into a corps, which distinguished itself for a hundred years afterwards, under the name of the *Irish Brigade*.

In 1692, the French king made another attempt to restore James by an invasion of England. He prepared a fleet for this purpose, but was completely defeated by the English and Dutch fleets, at the memorable battle of La Hogue.

WINTER.

My pretty flowers are gone away,
All covered o'er with snow,
And I must wait till next May-day,
To see my violets grow.

I'm very sure the leaves will peep
Again above the ground,
Although the root is buried deep,
And not a stem is found.

Mother says, when the grave shall close
O'er little Jane and I,
We, like our own sweet fading rose,
Shall only seem to die.

I know my mother tells me true,—
I'm not afraid to go
To God, who showers my plants with dew,
And covers them with snow.—*Juvenile Miscellany.*

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

RECAPITULATION.

WILTSHIRE.

19. There is a city which is sometimes called *New Sarum;* its cathedral has an elegant spire, 400 feet high. What is its name?

20. Which two Wiltshire towns have long been celebrated for their cloth manufactures?

HAMPSHIRE.

21. There are three principal towns in Hampshire—one was formerly occupied by *Edmund Ironside* when he struggled with *Canute* for the kingdom, and it remained the capital of England until the reign of Henry I., when it was desolated by the civil wars with Matilda. It is a cathedral town. What is its name?

22. The second is the principal commercial town of the county, it is much larger than the first, and has a fine railway station, docks, and pier. Steamers for the East Indies, Devonshire, the Channel Isles, and France, start from here. It has a fine old bar-gate, and the beautiful ruin of Netley Abbey is in the neighbourhood. What is its name?

23. The third town is the principal naval port of England. The dockyard is like a large town, and has caught fire three times. It is in the Isle of Portsea, and is connected with Gosport by a floating bridge. Do you know it?

24. Mention the principal towns in the Isle of Wight.

SUSSEX.

25. There are several notable towns in Sussex. Number one is a most fashionable watering place, where George IV. caused the Royal Pavilion to be built. Number two is also on the south coast; it is sheltered by two great cliffs, and is so warm that consumptive people reside there even in the winter. Number three is also near the south coast; it is in the midst of the beautiful South Downs. Number four is a small quiet old town, but is noted for the splendid castle there, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk. Tell me the names of these four towns?

26. What ancient places are worth noticing in *Chichester* the capital of the county?

SURREY.

27. Tell me the name of a town celebrated for its races?

28. Another, celebrated for its fine breed of fowls?

29. What town has in its neighbourhood the summer residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Addiscombe College, and Banstead Downs?

30. What town is the capital of Surrey?

31. Mention a dozen villages and other places in the suburbs of London.

MIDDLESEX.

32. I know a "long, ill-built, straggling town," where the principal trade is derived from the market-gardens, flour-mills, malting, and brickmaking. What is its name?

33. What celebrated mansion is situated between this town and Isleworth?

34. Another town is celebrated for its powder-mills, and was celebrated for the highway-robberies in the neighbourhood. What is its name?

35. For what are *Twickenham*, *Hampton*, *Harrow-on-the-Hill*, and *Staines* celebrated?

36. What celebrated men went to school at Harrow?

37. For what is *Uxbridge* famous? What decisive battle was fought at *Barnet*?

LONDON.

38. Is LONDON the capital of Middlesex?

39. Are you sure?

40. If so, can you tell me on which side are the suburbs, Islington, Holloway, and Kingsland?

41. On which side are Southwark, Walworth, Camberwell, Kennington, and Brixton?

42. On which side are Whitechapel, Stepney, and Bow?

43. On which side are Knightsbridge, Brompton, and Kensington?

44. I will mix together a number of names. Will you write on a piece of paper in large letters the word LONDON? Then write each name on the proper side of London, and at its relative distance. Here are the names:—Stepney, Fulham, Holloway, Putney, Clapham, Clapton, Camberwell, Kingsland, Kensington, Kennington, Highgate, Brixton, Chelsea, Bow, Walworth, St. Katherine's Docks, Hammersmith, Bethnal Green, Brompton, and Whitechapel.

45. Mention the seven principal bridges of London.

46. A few of the principal streets? The following streets form one long line. Arrange them in their proper order. The *Strand*, *Cheapside*, *Fleet Street*, *The Poultry*, *Ludgate Hill*, *Cornhill*, *King William Street*, and *Pall Mall*.

47. The principal parks?

48. The two principal cathedrals?

49. The principal vegetable market?

50. The cattle market?

51. The principal meat market?

52. The two fish markets?

53. The five principal cemeteries?

54. How is London supplied with water?

55. The great ancient fortress and state prison of London?

56. The most celebrated modern buildings?

57. What building was erected to commemorate the fire of London?

58. Which is the most elaborate and expensive of all the modern buildings?

59. Why has London become so large and important?

60. How many inhabitants has London?

KENT.

61. The capital of Kent is

an ancient cathedral town, and its Archbishop is the primate of all England. What is its name?

62. A certain watering-place in Kent has very fine chalk cliffs, on the top of which is a most ancient castle. There is a railway-tunnel through the Shakespeare Cliff. The steamers start from this port for Calais. What is the name of this town?

63. There are four famous watering-places in Kent; viz., Broadstairs, Margate, Ramsgate, and Gravesend. Arrange them according to their relative distances from London?

64. Which towns in Kent constitute the *Cinque Ports?*

65. Mention two towns famous for their *Dockyards.* One is on the Medway, the other is at the mouth of the Thames, on the Isle of Sheppy.

66. What town is famous for its hospital for old sailors?

67. What town on the Thames is famous for its arsenal and barracks?

68. Another military town on the Medway?

69. A town on the Thames containing the military hospital of England?

70. Mention something about each of the following towns—Tunbridge Wells, Dartford, and Deal.

71. What is the name of that castle near Deal in wh'ch an eminent soldier lately deceased resided?

ESSEX.

72. What is the name of the capital of Essex, and on what river is it situated?

73. On which side of Essex is Harwich, and for what is it famous?

74. Which town is celebrated for its oysters?

75. Which town derives its name from a dye, procured from the crocuses which grow in the neighbourhood? In what part of Essex is it?

76. Where is Tilbury Fort?

77. Arrange according to their distances from London the names of the following towns—*Ilford, Romford, Braintree, Halstead, Coggeshall,* and *Colchester.*

SUFFOLK.

78. The capital of Suffolk is *Ipswich.* What noted man who lived in Henry VIII.'s reign was born there?

79. Why was *Bury St. Edmunds* so called?

80. What small town was the birth-place of the poet CRABBE?

81. What town situated on an eminence, has mackerel and herring fisheries? The herrings which escape from Yarmouth are caught here.

NORFOLK.

82. I know a city in Norfolk which has a cathedral, and extensive manufactures. What are its manufactures? What people formerly settled in the neighbourhood? What is the name of the village where they settled? The name of this city?

83. There's a celebrated port where great quantities of fine herrings are cured. What

is its name? How are the roads at sea near its shore formed?

84. Mention a port in the north-west of the county where much of the corn grown in the county is exported.

When you have answered these questions, you will have recounted the particulars of most of the towns you have heard of since our last recapitulation (vol ii., page 385). I will now give you a few general questions on *all* the counties we have heard of.

85. Where is Salisbury Plain.

86. Which county produces Cheddar Cheese?

87. Where are the Mendip Hills?

88. Why are the houses in Bath built of white free-stone? What is the geological name of that stone?

89. Where is the New Forest?

90. Mention the principal naval port in England, and all the other ports containing dock-yards which you have heard of?

91. Which county is most celebrated for its metals?

92. Which is celebrated for cream?

93. Mention three which are celebrated for butter.

94. Which contains two islands famous for building-stone?

95. Which county is celebrated for hogs and bacon, and contains the town of Basing-stoke?

96. Which is celebrated for hops?

97. Which is celebrated for its large farms?

98. In which county are there such large flats or fens, where large flocks of geese are fed?

99. In which county do you find a breed of strong short-bodied horses called *cobs?*

100. In which two southern counties are large flocks of sheep reared? Where are the South Downs, Dartmoor, Salisbury Plain, and Marlborough Downs?

101. In which counties do we find the following rivers—the *Sark*, the *Humber*, the *Tamar*, the *Ex*, the *Dart*, the *Witham*, the *Arun*, the *Rother*, the *Medway*, the *Thames*, the *Eden*, the *Trent*, the *Derwent*, the *Ribble*, the *Lea*, the *Tweed*, the *Colne*, the *Avon*, the *Kennet*, the *Parret*, the *Taw*, the *Stour*, the *Irwell*, the *Weever*, and the *Tyne*.

THE EARTH AND CORN.

Look on the earth,
With grass so green;
And corn and fruit
And trees are seen:
How nice the wheat,
Our bread how sweet!
Each day we eat,
'Tis still a treat,
Nor does it pall.
As day by day
For it we pray;
So from our hearts
Should each one say,
"I thank Thee, Lord of all!"

SYNTAX.

CHAPTER V. DIFFERENT KINDS OF SENTENCES.

P. Last week we noticed the different parts of a sentence. Repeat them.

W. The principal parts are the *subject*, the *predicate*, and the *object*. A sentence may also have *accessories*.

P. True, and you may remember that the accessories to nouns and pronouns are generally *adjectives*. The accessories to verbs or adjectives are generally *adverbs*.

L. And some of the accessories which we made are called *phrases*.

P. Yes. Thus we have several kinds of accessories. Here is another example—a sentence without an accessory:

He read the book.

Here is the same sentence, with an accessory:—

He read the book, *but he did not like it.*

What do you say of this accessory?

Jon. I think it is a *phrase*.

L. No it cannot be a phrase, because it makes a complete sense; it is a *sentence* because it states a fact—"he did not like it." You have joined two sentences together, papa, and you have made one an accessory to the other.

P. Yes, I have. The first is called the *principal* sente..ce, and the second the *accessory* sentence. When two sentences are thus joined together they are called COMPOUND SENTENCES.

You have now learned two kinds of sentences. Those we made last week were called SIMPLE SENTENCES, because they stated only one fact each; and that which we have just made is called a COMPOUND SENTENCE, because it states two facts. Some compound sentences contain three or even more facts.

W. And you said that the *parts* of a compound sentence are—the principal and the accessory sentence. Which is the principal, papa?

P. The principal sentence is that which may be *used alone* without depending on the other. Which is the principal sentence in this example?

The man praised his daughter because she tried to do well.

L. "The man praised his daughter."

P. The other part is called the accessory, because *it depends upon the principal sentence.*

I will now give you an exercise in which you may divide some compound sentences into simple ones.

L. Will you first divide one or two papa to show us?

P. Yes. Here are, first, the *compound sentences*:—

1. When the woodman cut the tree it fell down.
2. The boy wears thick shoes that he may not catch cold.
3. His punctuality, which I much admire, does him great credit.

The same expressed in *simple sentences*:

1. The woodman cut the tree. Then it fell down.

2. The boy wears thick shoes. Thus he may not catch cold.

3. His punctuality does him great credit. I much admire it.

I will now show you a more difficult exercise. It forms one of Pestalozzi's *paternal instructions*, and is written in compound sentences.

(*Compound sentences.*)

BAKING.

"Baking, like all cooking, is a fruit of civilisation. The savage knows of no preparation for his food; he eats everything raw, like the brutes; and accordingly he eats it like them, with brutal greediness. A proper diet is possible only when the food is prepared by art. Baking, therefore, and every other sort of cooking, is a far more important business than at first sight it appears to be. By baking we procure the most wholesome of all nutriment—that bread which, as a common necessary of life, we daily ask of God in the most comprehensive of all prayers."

(*The same in simple sentences.*)

BAKING.

Baking is a fruit of civilisation. Indeed all cooking is a fruit of civilisation. The savage knows of no preparation for his food. The savage eats everything raw. The brutes eat everything raw. The brutes also eat with greediness. With similar greediness does the savage take his food. Art may be employed in preparing food. In a proper diet food is prepared by art. Baking, therefore, is an important business. Indeed cooking in general is an important business. Cooking is thought to be important. Still more important in reality is baking. By baking we procure the most wholesome of all nutriment. By baking we obtain bread. Bread is a common necessary of life. We daily ask bread of God. We ask bread of God in the most comprehensive of all prayers.*

You may attempt this exercise *after* you have performed these exercises which follow:—

EXERCISE No. 97.—*Write the following in simple sentences.*

Go home, because you are not well. Some people *do* first, *think* afterwards, and *rep nt* for ever. The sun shines, but not so brightly as before While you are grasping at the shadow you may lose the substance. When I was at home I received a letter from Mary, written with much care, and directed very neatly. Walking down the lane, I heard a strange noise, which came from the opposite side of the hedge. My uncle when he was young was feared, but not esteemed; now that he is older he is respected by his friends, and loved by his children, so that he leads a peaceful life.†

EXERCISE 98.—*Write the following paragraph in simple sentences.*

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

A fox once played a trick on a stork. He asked her to dinner; but the poor stork, when she came, saw nothing on the table but soups, in broad shallow dishes, so that she could only dip in the end of her bill, and could not appease her hunger. The fox lapped it up quickly; and now and then turning to his guest, he hoped it was to her mind. The stork saw he was in jest, so she took no notice of it, but seemed to like all the dishes very much, and at parting begged the fox so hard to return her visit that he could not refuse.

EXERCISE 99.—*When all the above exercises have been written in simple sentences, rewrite them in compound sentences.*

* The exercise written in simple sentences is taken from "Lessons in English," by the Rev. John Beard, D.D.

† In some of these examples words are understood which must be supplied in order to form the simple sentences.

FRANCE.

W. I should think, papa, it would take you a long time to describe all the soil of France!

P. It would, indeed. I will only try to mention the chief products—the minerals, vegetables, and animals.

One important *mineral* in France is the salt procured from the lagoons. Coal is rather scarce for the size of the country; there is iron, but from the want of coal the cost of smelting it is very great.

The *vegetables* of France depend much on the climate; this climate may be divided into three zones. The southern parts are very warm, like Italy; here are found vines, olives, mulberries, and maize; the heat is, however, often very great, and there are in harvest-time violent storms of hail and rain (like those of the warm tropics), which destroy the crops. In the middle zone is the best climate; there the air is light, pure, and elastic, but the maize and vineyards are more scarce. In the northern zone the climate is more varied, like that of England; here are seen verdant pastures for cattle; and the vine is supplanted by the apple.

Ion. What is the *principal* vegetable of the country, papa?

P. Perhaps the corn is; but the vine is of immense importance. The wines produced from the French grapes are said to be worth £30,000,000 per annum! By the way, beet-root was once much cultivated for its sugar. The mulberry-trees are cultivated for rearing silkworms upon.

The *animals* of France deserve one word. The horses are not at all famous. Generally, they are deficient in size, swiftness, and beauty. The number in Paris is singularly small, and not more than 8,000 are kept in France for amusement. It is said that the ancient monarchs were drawn to the national assemblies by oxen!

The oxen are not now very plentiful. The total number, in proportion to the size of the country, is about half that of England. The English delight in beef, and like milk, butter, and cheese; and they consume about three times as much of this cattle-produce as the French There are numerous flocks of sheep in France, which are kept principally for their wool: the goats, too, are of importance. The poultry and eggs are however more famous. The quantity of French eggs imported into Britain is immense; and it is said that the weight of poultry consumed in France is greater than that of mutton. Honey and bees-wax is also produced extensively.

Ion. Are there any wild animals, papa?

P. Yes, in the mountainous districts there are bears. The carnivorous bears attack the cattle and sheep, and the graminivorous kind come down

in the night and make sad havoc with the corn and maize. The parishes in these districts appoint several days annually for hunting these animals. There are wolves also, and foxes. The wolves destroy the sheep, and sometimes even women and children; about a century ago one wolf killed 80 persons before he was shot. The foxes make war on the chickens, and they are even more destructive to the grapes; the vineyards in the south of France are guarded in the night by large dogs.

L. Are there any other wild animals?

P. Yes. In a country so varied in climate, with so many mountains and rivers, there are more wild animals than I can count. There are the ibex, the chamois, wild-cats, martens, squirrels, and even beavers.

But let us finish our account of the soil and produce. Agriculture is the occupation of the greater part of the people, but some of the fields have a singular appearance. You may perceive five or six, or even a dozen different crops in one field. This is because the land is divided into such small portions, for when a proprietor dies, his plot of land is distributed among all his children. Thus there are no fewer than 11,000,000 proprietors of the land in France.

L. How different that is from the immense estates possessed by some of the noblemen in England!

P. True, but such minute division is not favourable to *good* agriculture; the small proprietors cannot expend much "capital" on their land.

W. You said, papa, that you would describe the *people* of France and their manufactures.

P. To do so we must look into their towns. But first, one word on the people generally.

The first inhabitants of France were a Celtic race, called *Gauls*, and the country was called after them GAUL. It became a Roman province, like Britain. After it was deserted by the Romans a Germanic race, called *Franks*, conquered the country, just as Romans conquered England. The conquered Gallic race, however, formed the body of the nation, like the conquered Saxons, who formed the principal part of the English nation.

The French living in the departments near the Rhine are of German origin, and speak German. Those living near the Pyrences speak a Spanish dialect; those living in the part of France called *Brittany* are of British extract; they speak a language resembling that of the Ancient Britons. You may remember that when the Saxons killed or drove the poor Britons from their country, a great number took refuge in France, and founded a colony. They called it Brittany, in remembrance of their native country. In a direction extremely opposite to Brittany is the *Island of Corsica* — the inhabitants here are principally Italians, speaking a corrupted mixture of the Italian, French, and Moorish languages. The great

part of the language spoken by the French is, however, derived from the Latin, with a few German words.

It would be very difficult to give one character to a nation, like the French, composed of such varied tribes. Generally they are gay and good humoured, but too excitable. They are fond of what is often called "glory;" and are the first military power in the world; the army numbers more than 400,000 men; and under Napoleon nearly conquered Europe.

Ion. Now will you describe the French *towns*, papa?

P. I will give you the particulars of the most important.

ON THE SEINE

Is the capital of France. It is renowned for its gardens and the palaces of the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, in the city; and Versailles, St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau, in the neighbourhood. The *manufactures* are refined sugar, silks, and cottons, jewellery, time-pieces, statues, and bronzes. The Gobelin tapestry and the Sèvres china manufactures are very fine. This city is called PARIS.

Another town which may be called the Manchester of France (having the principal cotton manufactories) has a magnificent old cathedral, and beautiful scenery on the banks of the Seine. This town is named *Rouen.*

ON THE RHONE,

A town at the junction of the Rhone and the Saône is the principal silk manufacturing town, being situated in the middle of the mulberry district, and having good communication inland and with the Mediterranean by means of its two rivers. It is the second city of France, and is called *Lyons.*

ON THE LOIRE

A great commercial town. The Protestant silk-weavers of this town introduced their manufactures into England when driven from France by the persecutions of Louis XIV. It is called *Nantes.*

ON THE GARONNE

Is a town in the midst of the wine district. It exports the various French wines and brandy, and is named *Bordeaux.*

Another town is connected with the Mediterranean by the "Canal of Languedoc," and with the Bay of Biscay by the Garonne. It ranks next to Paris for its antiquity, and is called *Toulouse.*

NEAR THE RHINE

Is a fine old fortified city, the capital of Alsace, or German France. It has a splendid Gothic cathedral, with a tower 474 feet high, and an astronomical clock which describes the motions of the planets. This town is called *Strasburg.*

PORTS.

The most ancient and important commercial port is in the Mediterranean, and is called *Marseilles.* The principal *naval* port in the Mediterranean is called *Toulon.* In the Atlantic the naval ports are *Brest*, and *Cherbourg* which is opposite to England. The other ports and watering places near England are: *Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne*, and *Calais.*

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

21st Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

CHARITY.

"Thinketh no evil."

P. The real meaning of Charity is *love* or *kindness*. Now, Willie, if you have a kind heart, you will not be as likely to think evil of your neighbour as if you hated him.

W. But what can it matter to my neighbour whether I think evil of him or not?—it is no business of his.

P. You can answer that question yourself by asking how you would like it if I always thought *you* to be bad, or worse than your brothers. If you found that I did not think evil of you—that I was convinced that you were good—you would try to *be* good.

W. Yes, I think I should try. But do you think that everybody minds very much whether you think evil of them or not?

P. There are very few people in this world who are quite careless of such a matter. Even the most brutal man would behave better if he saw that *you did not think evil of him*.

There is a country in Asia which is situated between Persia and India. It is called Affghanistan or Cabul. The people are called Affghans. The English have nearly conquered this country twice; but the Affghans are some of the most savage and revengeful people in the world. The English, therefore, after many bloody battles, and most fearful loss of life, have been obliged to evacuate the country.

Jon. What do you mean by evacuate?

P. To evacuate means to go out of the place—to leave it.

If you were to ask some English people, whether it is possible to make these people kind, they would say, *No*. But should any person ever tell you so, he may read the following tale which will show that he is mistaken.

The tale is taken from a little series published by Messrs. Chambers, called the *Pocket Miscellany*.

WAY TO WIN AN AFFGHAN.

"It is the 16th of January, 1842, and the morning sun is peeping over mountainous clouds, that rear their bulk between the orb and the earth. A few feeble rays diffuse a faint sickly beam over the frozen snow that clothes hill and dale.

"The locality is wild and savage. A rugged rock rises

abruptly from a vast level waste —not a shrub, not a living creature, dotting its desert aspect for many miles.

"At the foot of this rock, in the shade of one of its angles, was a striking group.

"On the ground sat *Mary Maitland*, attenuated in form, her lips parched, her cheek-bones prominent, her eyes sunken, her hair dishevelled, her dress torn. By her side was the little orphan, *Willie Ross*, with a small bone in his hands, which the poor child was eagerly sucking. With his back against the rock stood *Frederick Maitland*. Where are the handsome manly features, the erect gallant bearing, of the young sergeant of the 44th? His lustreless eyes are fixed with a hopeless gaze on his wife.

"A little apart, seated on a piece of rock, with his knees drawn up, and his heavy rifle laid across them, was the Kuzzilbash chieftain, *Chinga Zung*. His face was only partially revealed, for his elbows rested on his knees, his head being upborne by his hands, but evidently fearful inroads had been made on even his iron constitution.

"A few words will furnish a key to all this. During three days the party had been hunted like wild beasts, and for eight-and-forty hours had tasted nothing but a few crusts moistened in the snow.

"Suddenly, Chinga Zung raised his head in a listening attitude, paused a moment in suspense, and started to his feet. Frederick snatched his gun from the ground, and both of them hurried from beyond the shade of the rock to learn the cause of their alarm. They instantly beheld what they feared—the near approach of a prowling foe. He was a single Affghan horseman, completely armed and mounted on a powerful steed, on the back of which was a bulky package. His own surprise was such, that he involuntarily jerked his bridle, and the startled horse plunged so violently, that the unprepared rider was precipitated on the snow. Quick as thought Chinga Zung seized him, and Frederick made a snatch at the bridle of the horse, but the animal eluded his grasp with a disdainful snort. However, a minute afterwards, finding his master remained on the ground, the docile creature came snorting and snuffing to the side of the fallen man.

"Weakened as the chieftain was, it yet proved a ludicrous struggle on the part of the Affghan to get away, for Chinga held him as though in a vice. Frederick then took the girth off the horse, and gave it to Chinga, who coolly turned the Affghan face downwards, and tied his wrists together behind his back. During the operation, the captive gnashed his teeth with rage and terror, for he fully believed he was about to be put to death—an act he was conscious he himself would have performed towards his captors. Chinga Zung seemed to understand what

was passing in the Affghan's mind, for he drew his yataghan, and gave it a meaning flourish. The swarthy lineaments of the prisoner changed to a pallid hue, and he shudderingly closed his eyes.

"'Affghan,' hoarsely cried the chieftain, 'your people have shown less mercy than the tiger of the jungle, and you have fallen into our hands in the act of hunting us down. But fear not for your life—*it is spared!*'

"He re-sheathed his yataghan, and, as much reassured by the act as by the accompanying words, the Affghan looked up, and a wild gleam of joy shot athwart his visage, while he gave rapid utterance to his gratitude in broken English."

"In the captive's package the famishing party found food. Each individual then gratified the immediate cravings of hunger with a piece of dry bread, although their sore and swollen throats rendered swallowing difficult and painful.

"'See how Providence provides for us at the eleventh hour!' cried the full-hearted chieftain, as he piled some loose stones, and spread upon them the firewood, while Frederick tore a handful of dry moss from the rock, and prepared to ignite it by flashing some powder in the pan of a pistol.

"'We shall soon have a nice broil for you!' said he to his wife, who drew near to catch the first warmth of the fire—a luxury she had not enjoyed for a week."

"The captive watched these preparations, and once or twice seemed anxious to speak. At length he cried: 'Know place dere — plenty wode — warm!' and as he could not point, he jerked his head towards a dark nook of the rock opposite.

"Astonished at these words, they examined the place indicated, and found an opening to a natural cave in the body of the rock, about a dozen feet square. In one corner was a large bundle of firewood, which had evidently been stored by the Affghans, who are in many parts of their country almost destitute of fuel. They at once removed the captive into the cave, which was quite dry, and speedily kindled a good fire, the smoke of which found ready egress by a fissure overhead. The horse was secured to a fragment of rock at the entrance.

"The boiled flesh proved excellent, but they had the prudence to eat slowly and sparingly, and a little brandy, diluted with melted snow, rendered the meal a positive feast. Their physical wants were satisfied; the blood once more chased healthfully through their veins; and there was a prospect of a night of unbroken rest before them. As to the little orphan, no sooner was his hunger satiated, than he rolled over on the bare ground and fell into a deep slumber.

"Prompted by his own generous nature, Chinga Zung loosed the bonds of the captive, so that they might not give him needless pain, and asked whether he were hungry.

"'Mahmoud no eat since last day,' was the reply.

"The chieftain instantly released his right hand, and gave him bread and meat. The Affghan ate greedily, and then said with sudden emphasis: '*Englis' not all bad; Mahmoud will tell his people so!*' Then he added: "*You give Mahmoud life; he be your friend.*'

"'Will you guide us to Jelalabad?'

"'Mahmoud will. Ride all morrow — come at night to Cabul.'

"The next morning was clear and sunshiny, and, as Mahmoud had asserted, they were in the vicinity of the awful Pass of Khoord-Cabul once more, and he asserted that they must absolutely go through it. Frozen corpses were scattered on both sides the route long before they entered the defile; and thence, until they were finally out, it was a lane of dead bodies through which they passed! The wind had blown the greater portion of the light snow off the dead. All were frozen, and there was no symptom of decomposition as yet. The Affghans had rifled the dead of all they esteemed of any value, and evidently had done this, in many instances, while the victims were yet alive and capable of struggling with their murderers. One figure especially attracted notice. He was a man of gigantic mould; he lay on his back, with his knees drawn up, and both his rigid arms held straight out, grasping in his clenched fists part of a Giljyes dress that he had torn off in his dying clutch. Close by him was a woman, and in her arms was an infant, with its lips still closed on the nipple of her breast."

"In the place where they passed the ensuing night they made a fire, and cowering over it, ate the remnant of their provisions. This night Chinga Zung insisted that Mahmoud should be left quite at liberty, much to the dissatisfaction of Frederick, who was unwilling to be at the mercy of one who had lately been their deadly foe. He could not believe that he was suddenly transformed into a friend, by whose side they could sleep in safety. But the chieftain inflexibly carried his point, and the Affghan expressively testified his gratitude at this further proof of their confidence in his honour; then coiling himself up like a mountain cat, he was apparently soon asleep. One by one, they followed his example, and soon slumbered heavily.

"Just as day was dawning, their sleep was abruptly broken by war-cries close upon them. Mary screamed; her husband and the chieftain leaped up, and they at once saw that they were surrounded by a numerous band of Affghans. Frederick's first thought was that Mahmoud had treacherously stolen away in the night, and conducted this party to immolate them. But he did their guide injustice, for Mahmoud had not stirred from their side; the Affghans had been attracted to the spot by seeing some sparks from the smouldering fire.

"Had Chinga Zung been alone, so fearful was his arm in combat, and so great his presence of mind, that probably he would have cut his way through the circle of foes, and escaped in the darkness. But he now felt that resistance would deprive his friends of even the remote possibility of meeting mercy, and therefore yielded himself a passive captive. The Affghans clamorously prepared to put the whole party to death, *but Mahmoud flung himself in the midst, arrested the uplifted weapons, and commenced a vehement expostulation in his native tongue. He implored his countrymen to spare them for his sake, for, said he, 'they gave me life and* TRUSTED *me.'*

"Needless were it to dwell on the exciting scene that ensued. Let it suffice, that at length the leader of the enemy acceded to the fervent prayer of Mahmoud. He, however, wished Mahmoud to leave them to their fate; but the guide nobly refused.

"So, the mortal foes of the English departed, yet not till they had, at Mahmoud's entreaty, given provisions sufficient to support the fugitives for several days. The moment his countrymen had disappeared, Mahmoud said, in the quiet, dignified manner which seemed natural to him: 'Now, Englis', has Mahmoud proved friend?'

"The chieftain and the sergeant made warm acknowledgments, and Mary Maitland laid her hand on the Affghan's arm and cried: 'The God of both English and Affghans will reward Mahmoud Khan for what he has done this night!'

"The Affghan bent his head with more than Eastern solemnity, and, pressing her attenuated hand, uttered the touching words: 'Mahmoud's heart is glad.'

"What further hardships and hairbreadth escapes befel them in their perilous flight, must remain unchronicled. Mahmoud guided them with extraordinary skill safely to Jelalabad, and there took his final leave. They felt like parting with an invaluable friend—which, indeed, their *enemy* the Affghan had been."

Ion. I think any one can see how *charity* cured that Affghan. It was the charity of that old chief, who said that his life should be spared, that changed him from an enemy to a friend.

W. Yes. And when the old chief set him at liberty, he showed that he *thought no evil* of him.

L. And he *thought no evil* of him when he allowed him to sleep with the party, and gave him the chance of killing them all.

P. And when the fierce revengeful Affghan saw this, he *could not* do evil to them—his revenge was, somehow or other, all gone; it had been killed by CHARITY.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

THALAMIFLORALS.

Order 7. CISTACEÆ.
(*Cistus, or Rock-rose Plants.*)

P. We will talk to-day of a favourite plant. I will mention its *place* first. Go to Spain, or the south of France, into Italy, and other countries in the south of Europe, and you will find it. Wherever the summer is hot and dry, no matter how cold the winter is, there it flourishes.

W. Does it grow in the gardens?

P. Yes, and in other parts; particularly on dry banks and rocky places. The inhabitants find that it trails beautifully over the rocks where other plants could not get enough nourishment. Can you tell what plant I am talking about?

L. No, we cannot tell from its *place*; you must describe it. Will you talk about its *parts*?

P. Yes, it is an evergreen bush; and it will stand a very hard frost. The leaves and branches of some kinds are covered with a sticky substance. The flowers are very pretty; you might think them at first sight to be single roses, or white poppies, for their petals are crumpled, but on examining one you would see that instead of having four petals, like a poppy, it has five. And then you would observe that each petal has a bright purple spot at its base.

W. Oh, I know that flower very well! It is the *Gum-cistus*; we have one in the garden.

P. Yes, here is one for you to examine. Tell me how you know that it is not a poppy?

Ion. I will soon tell you, papa. In the first place it has five petals, as you said just now, while the poppy has only four. Again, it has five *sepals*, while the poppy has but two.

P. True; there are five sepals in the calyx, but you may observe that two are outside the others; the five are not arranged in one whorl. This difference in the number of sepals is the most certain distinction between the cistus plants and the poppies.

L. Again, the sepals of the poppy fall off—they are *deciduous;* these are persistent.

P. Secondly, the *juice* of the poppy is milky; but it is not so with the cistus. Thirdly, the seeds of the poppy have a large separate albumen; those of the cistus a small albumen. And, fourthly, there is a great difference in the foramen of the seeds of those plants.

Ion. What is the foramen?

P. You must remember your lesson on the imperfect *ovules* of plants. They become perfect in the following manner: the granules of pollen from the anther pass down the stigma of the pistil into the ovary. There these granules enter the openings in the ovules, and form the embryo. This opening in the ovule is called the *foramen.*

I cannot stop to show you the difference in the foramen of a poppy seed, and that of the cistus. You may observe this yourself one day.

But I said that, after all, you might mistake the Gum-cistus for a poppy. We have observed the *difference* between these two flowers; let us see why they are alike.

L. In the *first* place, again, the Gum-cistus has large petals, which are sometimes rather crumpled.

W. I have also been noticing its ovary. It is something like the poppy's; you see that it is a *capsule*. It is divided into five cells, and in the middle of each there is a placenta, with the seeds sticking to it.

P. True; but sometimes the capsules have *ten* cells; others, again, may have only *one* cell, with *parietal* placentæ.

Ion. Here is another reason why the cistus is like the poppy. Its flowers last a very short time. The buds usually open in the night, and after they have been exposed to the sun for a few hours they perish.

P. That is generally the case, but sometimes, if the weather be dull, they will remain closed for several days, and then, if the sun do not shine, they perish.

L. Here is another reason why these flowers are alike. See what a number of *stamens* the cistus has; and so has the poppy. So we may say, fourthly, "They both have numerous stamens."

W. I wish, papa, that you would write down these distinctions.

P. Very well, I will. The Gum-cistus and the poppy have the following

RESEMBLANCE.

The *Gum-cistus* has	The *Poppy* has
Its *petals* large and crumpled;	Its petals large and crumpled;
It is very *fugitive*;	It is rather fugitive;
Its ovary is a *capsule*, with parietal placentæ;	Its ovary is a capsule, with parietal placentæ;
Or otherwise,	
It has numerous stamens.	It has numerous stamens.

But the Cistus tribe may be known from the Poppies by the following

DIFFERENCE.

The *Gum-cistus* has	The *Poppy* has
Five *permanent sepals*;	*Two deciduous* sepals;
It has *five* petals;	It has four petals, or some multiple of four;
Its juice is not milky;	Its juice is milky;
Its seed has a small albumen.	Its seed has a large albumen.
The *foramen* of the seed is situated at the point.	The foramen of the seed is situated at the end near the placenta.

I have now told you of the *place* and *parts* of this tribe. Of its *uses* I have little to say. You heard that it is used to ornament rocky places. One or two species (the *cistus cretus*, *cistus labdaniferus*, &c.) have very much of the "sticky substance" which I spoke of. This

is a gum-resin, called *labdanum*. It was formerly used in medicine, because of its tonic properties. It is what the doctors call a good "stomachic."

W. There, again, it is something like the Poppy in its *uses*. The poppy ornaments the cornfields, &c., and the poppy contains a sticky substance, called *laudanum*.

P. Only the laudanum has a *narcotic* property, which is very different from the stomachic property of the labdanum. In CANDIA, the labdanum is collected from these plants by means of a curious rake, which has leathern thongs instead of teeth; this is drawn backwards and forwards over the plants. It is said that, once, the inhabitants collected it by means of goats. These would browse on the shrub, and return to the stable with their beards loaded with a fat substance. This the peasants used to get off with a comb made on purpose.

W. Are there many different sorts of cistus plants, papa?

P. The order contains four tribes. The *Cistus tribe*, which contains many varieties. There are several kinds of the *Helianthemum*, which form the second tribe. The third and fourth tribes are less important. You may now make a summary to commit to memory.

Order 7. THE CISTUS-PLANTS.

(*Parts.*) *Sepals*, five, persistent, two outside the others, and sometimes wanting. *Petals*, five, crumpled, very fugitive, and having, generally, a purple spot at the base; colour, white, yellow, and pink. *Stamens*, numerous. *Ovary*, a capsule, with one, five, or ten valves, having parietal placentæ; the *pistil* has one style, and one stigma. The leaves and branches are covered with a viscid substance. Some varieties produce the gum *Labdanum*, used as a tonic and stomachic.

(*Place*) It likes warm temperate countries, but can stand a severe winter.

(*Varieties*) The *Cistus, Helianthemum, &c.*

YOUTHFUL ERRORS.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed and danced, I talked and sung;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain:
Oh! then in those light hours of glee,
I thought the world was made for me.

But when the hour of trial came,
And sickness shook my feeble frame,
And folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
Oh! then I thought how sad 'twould be
Were only this world made for me.

PRINCESS AMELIA.

WILLIAM III.

In our lesson of last week I mentioned the celebrated battle of *La Hogue*. You will remember that it was fought by the French, who wished to restore James. The defeat of the French at this battle was the last attempt made on that king's behalf, except some plots to assassinate King William. It appears that James had no knowledge of these.

If you wish to understand why the French king took so much trouble to restore a monarch who had fled from his kingdom, you must again remember that WILLIAM, as king of Holland and Britain, was the chief support of the *Protestant religion* in Europe. On the other hand, LOUIS XIV., as the king of France, was the great support of the *Roman Catholic religion*.

These two kings were also personal enemies, and it is said that William's chief motive for accepting the crown was to engage England more deeply in the concerns of Europe. His great object, during all his life, had been to humble France. Many of the English, however, had no such animosity against the French. These, therefore, considered the interest of the nation as sacrificed to William's foreign connections. They complained that the continental war fell most heavily on them, though they had the least interest in its success. These complaints were heard by William with the most phlegmatic indifference. He employed all his attention in forming alliances with foreign kingdoms. By this means he tried to secure the *balance of power* in Europe.

At length these foreign wars led to a general discontent. The people complained justly that their king did not attend to his proper business. They also complained that they had to pay very dearly for being thus neglected. The sums of money which the king required were incredible. Not only did parliament grant him enormous taxes, but they were obliged to *borrow* money in the name of the nation from private individuals. The sums which they thus borrowed have never been repaid. They were the beginning of what is called the *National Debt*. The nation, having begun to borrow money, have continued the habit. Since William's reign, England has engaged in many great wars. These have cost more than the people could pay in taxes. Thus the government has continued to borrow more and more money from private people, until the "national debt" has reached the enormous sum of £800,000,000.

The war with France, which led to this debt, continued during the greater part of the king's reign. It was not ended until the year 1697, when a treaty was made at *Ryswick*. In this treaty the interests of England

seemed to be wholly neglected. For all the bloodshed and the treasures which had been spent, the only equivalent received was, that Louis XIV. acknowledged William as king of England, instead of the banished King James.

The little interest which William took in the government of England was turned to good account by the nation. As William would not attend to the business of his people, they attended to it themselves, and for their own advantage. When the king accepted the crown, he resolved to preserve as much of the "prerogative" as possible. He even made use of his *power of refusing his assent to some bills that had passed both houses*, which his predecessors had never done. Thus there were perpetual bickerings, which were very harassing to William, who had so much else to do. At length he became tired of the dispute, and allowed every restraint upon his power, provided that he was supplied with money and men for humbling France. Thus this money at the same time founded the national debt, and bought increased power for the people.

When the war was ended, the king attempted to regain his control over the parliament. The remainder of his reign was spent in fresh disputes for the ascendancy. In these contentions, although it was a time of peace, William attempted to keep up the great army which had been granted him during the war; but the parliament knew better than to grant money for its support. A great number of these soldiers were William's countrymen, whom he could depend upon to take his part in any quarrel, if he chose. The parliament, however, consented that 7,000 *English* soldiers should be always kept in pay for the support of the nation. This was the first legal support of a *standing army*. This event, like the commencement of the national debt, is one of the most remarkable in William's reign.

In the year 1701 a new war was declared against France. Since the treaty of Ryswick, James II. had died, leaving his young son behind him. Louis XIV., notwithstanding his agreement at that treaty, proclaimed this boy king of England, by the title of KING JAMES THE THIRD. It might be expected that such an unjust step would irritate William. He therefore prepared for war, but was prevented from carrying it on by his death.

The death of William III. was accidental. On the 21st of February, 1702, in riding to Hampton Court from Kensington, his horse fell under him. He was thrown with such violence that his collar-bone was fractured. His attendants conveyed him to Hampton Court, where the fracture was reduced; and in the evening he returned to Kensington in his coach. The jolting of the carriage disunited the fracture, and the bones were again replaced by Bidloo, his physician. This, in a robust constitution, would have been a trifling misfortune;

but to him it was fatal. He was seized with a shivering, which terminated in a fever and diarrhœa, that soon became dangerous and desperate. On Sunday, March 8, he expired, having lived 52 years, and reigned 13.

It is said that William left behind him the character of a great politician, though he had never been popular. He was accounted a formidable general, though he had been seldom victorious. His deportment was grave, phlegmatic, and sullen; nor did he ever show any fire but in the day of battle.

Lesson 40. WILLIAM III.

Began to reign . . .	1689
Died	1702

1. WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE, *was the son-in law of James II., having married Mary, the daughter of that king. Being the principal defender of the Protestant religion in Europe, he was invited to England to reign instead of James, who had attempted to restore Popery; on his arrival James abdicated.*

2. *The alteration in the line of kings which was thus made is termed in history "The Revolution." By this change the Protestant religion was firmly established in England, and much of the power of government was transferred from the king to the parliament and the people. The liberties which the people gained were secured by an act of Parliament called "The Bill of Rights."*

3. *The first part of William's reign was occupied in resisting the attempts which James II., with the assistance of Louis XIV., the Catholic king of France, made to recover the English crown. The principal events in these wars were the* MASSACRE OF GLENCOE *in Scotland, the* SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY *and the* BATTLE OF THE BOYNE *in Ireland, and the* BATTLE OF LA HOGUE *with the fleets of France.*

4. *William, during the remainder of his reign, was occupied in a long war with France. It was, perhaps, carried on with a good intention; but, when it was ended by the peace of Ryswick, it had only led to great bloodshed and the commencement of* THE NATIONAL DEBT.

5. *Although it was one of the clauses in "The Bill of Rights" that there should be no standing army in time of peace without the consent of parliament, the parliament rendered the standing army legal.*

6. *The passing of the* BILL OF RIGHTS, *the* WAR WITH FRANCE, *the commencement of the* NATIONAL DEBT, *and the first legal support of the* STANDING ARMY *may be accounted as the four principal events of this reign.*

7. *William died from the effect of an accident, while preparing for a new war with France, in the year* 1702. *He was in his fifty-second year, and had reigned nearly* 13 *years.*

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"Guess where I am! I am in a county which is bounded on the north by Brecknockshire and Herefordshire, on the south by the Bristol Channel, on the west by Glamorganshire, and on the east by Gloucestershire. I have travelled a little way up the river *Wye*, which I entered from the Bristol Channel—I have passed the ancient town of Chepstow, and I am now gazing on the magnificent ruins of an abbey. When I have visited these ruins I mean to go further up the river to the capital. Nay! if I tell you the name of the capital, you will at once know the county.

"Come tell me where I am! Do you know the name of that abbey? If you don't, do you know the name of the county? Supposing that you don't know even that, can you tell me on which side of England is the county?

"You say it is on the *western* side? You are right. And that the county is called Monmouthshire? You are quite right again. But the abbey? —— No answer. Then I'll tell you its name. It is called Tintern Abbey.

"I question whether a description of this ruin will please you. It is a place rather to be *seen* than described. It is situated on the western bank f the Wye. The bank is steep, and the woods grow down to the very water's edge. The old abbey is rather near to the water; and from one particular point, the grand east window, wholly covered with shrubs, and half mantled with ivy, rises majestically above the trees. One does not know which to admire most, the sorrowful looking old abbey, the dark woods, the fields, the hills in the back ground, or the reflection in the bright water which forms the foreground.

"The most magnificent view of Tintern Abbey, however, is that of the interior. The ruins have been kept in good order, and as the door was suddenly opened by my guide, the sight filled me with delight such as I had never felt before. There was something so striking and stately—even solemn—in the long regular rows of upright pillars. They greeted the eye so rapidly one after another, and silently stood so still in their proper places, that they seemed to speak with grave dignity of the beauty of order. Then the two splendid arches which formerly supported the tower of the abbey—they, too, were interesting. Each arch springing from the pillars on the north and south side seemed to connect the two rows, and to remind one again of their uniformity. In the far distance, beyond

these arches, were seen the splendid relics of the eastern window.

"Every part in this old ruin is a picture in itself. The lightness and delicacy of the parts are as pleasing as the grandeur of the whole. Even a piece of the old wall, with the different shades of grey upon it, orange, and brown, and dark purple tints—formed a good "study" for an artist. Its tints were often relieved by a steady broad mass of ivy, which generally kept to one particular colour —*green*.

"But, as I said, this description cannot give you any 'conception' of the place. You cannot *imagine* it. I can only add, that it is the finest ruin I have yet seen in England. The only ruins to be compared to it are NETLEY ABBEY, in Hampshire, which I merely mentioned when speaking of Southampton. GLASTONBURY, in Somersetshire, is very fine, but it cannot be compared to Tintern.

"The county of Monmouth is particularly noted for its ruined castles and abbeys. When you remember that it is a *border* county you may account for the former buildings. The principal castles are those of Abergavenny, Caerlow, Chepstow, Llangibby, Monmouth, Newport, Raglan, and Usk. There are several others. The principal abbeys are found almost in the same neighbourhood as the castles.

"The towns of Monmouthshire are not remarkable. If you notice the map you will see that two rivers run parallel with each other through the county, from north to south. These are the *Wye* and the *Usk*.

"The Wye is remarkable for the beautiful scenery on its banks.

"The town of CHEPSTOW is situated on a hill near the mouth of the river. The scenery in the neighbourhood can hardly be surpassed in Britain. The Castle is a very extensive one, and the walls on one side are almost perpendicular with the cliff that overhangs the Wye. Large vessels can enter the port of this town; they can sail as far as the bridge, which is a massive structure of iron.

"Ascend the Wye from Chepstow, past Tintern, and you reach the town of MONMOUTH, the capital of the county. This town is not remarkable except for its antiquity. In the early times the Saxons fortified it to prevent the incursions of the Welsh. They also kept a garrison here to maintain their conquests between the Severn and the Wye. Remains of its former fortifications may still be seen, such as parts of its walls, one of its four gates, and traces of the moat on the side of the town which was not protected by the river.

"The other towns of note are on the river *Usk*. They are named NEWPORT, USK, and ABERGAVENNY.

"The soil of Monmouthshire is not remarkable, except for its picturesque scenery. In the western district there are beds of *coal*, which are the beginning of the South Welsh coal-field,

as it is called. Limestone is also abundant, and is used in the iron-smelting works. The *iron works* of Monmouthshire are very important. Indeed, in several of the neighbouring districts of South Wales there are most ancient iron-smelting works. The long lines of furnaces centre in Merthyr Tydvil, in Glamorganshire; in many places the business done is enormous.

"The only other information which I have to give you concerning Monmouthshire, is that it was formerly reckoned as a part of Wales, but is now an English county. In some of the mountainous parts many of the inhabitants still speak Welsh.

"I am, dear children,
"Your faithful friend,
"HENRY YOUNG."

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

(Size and Position.)—MONMOUTHSHIRE *is one of the smallest of the English counties. It is also one of the most westerly, for it is on the borders of Wales, to which country it formerly belonged. It is bounded on the north by Brecknockshire and Herefordshire, on the south by the Bristol Channel, on the west by Glamorganshire, and on the east by Gloucestershire.*

(Soil and Surface.)—*The soil of the county is rugged and mountainous, and much like that of Wales; its principal minerals are coal, limestone, and iron. The ruins of ancient castles and abbeys on the surface of Monmouthshire are particularly numerous.*

(Rivers and Towns.)—*The principal rivers are the Wye, on which are* CHEPSTOW, *the village of* TINTERN, *and the capital,* MONMOUTH; *and the Usk, on which are* NEWPORT, USK, *and* ABERGAVENNY.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

How pleasant it is at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent,
But to look on the past and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent!

When my duty I've done with patience and care,
And been good, and obliging, and kind;
I lie down on my pillow and sleep calmly there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

But, instead of all this, if it must be confest
That I careless an. idle have been,
I lie down, but in vain seek comfort or rest,
I'm too much discontented within.

Then as I dislike all the trouble I've had,
In future I'll try to prevent it,
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Nor good without being contented.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

THALAMIFLORALS.

Order 8. THE VIOLETS.

(*Violaceæ.*)

P. BEGIN a lesson on this Heartsease, Willie. It belongs to the 8th Order, which also contains many kinds of Violets.

W. I will begin with its *parts*. The *calyx* has five sepals; the *corolla* has five petals, two are above the others, and are nearly upright: they are of a different colour from the other three. There are five stamens.

Ion. I can examine the *pistil*; it is a simple pistil, with only one style, and one stigma. The stigma is covered with a kind of hood. Let us notice the ovary.

L. I have here a ripe ovary, Ion. You see it is surrounded by the dried calyx. The ovary is this round shining case.

Ion. Open it, Lucy. Let us see what is inside.



The seedvessel of the Heartsease.

W. Here is one opened; it has split of its own accord. You see that it is divided into three valves.

P. And each of these valves has in the middle a *parietal placenta*. The leaves of these plants are worth noticing, as well as the flowers; each has a pair of large stipules at its base.

L. What is the *use* of this tribe, papa?

P. Many of the violets are useful because of their fragrance. The root is used in medicine as an *emetic*; that is, it produces sickness. It is therefore similar to Ipecacuanha, and is often used in its stead.

P. You may now make a short lesson on the order.

Order 8. THE VIOLETS.

(*Parts.*) *Sepals* 5; *Petals* 5, unequal in size and shape; *Stamens* 5. *Ovary*, with three valves, each having many seeds joined to a parietal placenta. *Pistil* with single style and stigma, the latter hood-shaped. *Leaves*, simple, with large stipules.

(*Uses.*) The *flowers* afford a sweet scent. The *roots* are often used, instead of Ipecacuanha, as an emetic.

(*Varieties.*) Dog Violet, Sweet Violet, Heartsease, &c.

I MUST act towards others, just
As I'd have them act towards me;
Mildly—kindly—full of trust,
With good will and sympathy.

FRANCE, &c.

P. We will not begin a new lesson to-day. I wish you to *commit to memory* your lesson on France, and to *recapitulate* your lessons on that country and Switzerland.

FRANCE.

(Situation.) — France *is situated between Spain and Holland.*

(Rivers.) — *The principal rivers are the Seine, the Rhone, the Garonne, and the Loire.*

(Soil and Products.) — *The climate of France, in the south, is warm like that of Italy; in the north it resembles that of England. The products are corn, wine, mulberries, silk, olives, &c. The minerals are not remarkable; coal is scarce, and iron is therefore dear. Salt is procured from the lagoons. The sheep and cattle of France are more important than the horses; the quantity of eggs and poultry produced is still more remarkable.*

(People.)—*The French nation consisted originally of Gauls— it now also contains various tribes, of British, German, Spanish and Italian origin.*

(Towns and Manufactures.) —*The capital is* Paris, *with manufactures of white sugar, silk, tapestry, china, jewellery, time-pieces, bronzes, and other ornaments.* Rouen *is noted for its cotton goods, and* Lyons *for its silk. The other important towns are* Bordeaux, Strasburg, Toulouse, Nantes, *and the ports* Marseilles, Toulon, Brest, Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne, *and* Calais.

RECAPITULATION.

1. I know a country where giant glaciers descend from the mountains into the valleys. What is its name?

2. Tell me *four* causes for the descent of the glaciers?

3. Why do the peasants build their cottages under ledges in the rocks?

4. Name the three principal mountains of that country?

5 The four principal rivers?

6. The seven principal lakes?

7. The two principal cities?

8. The cantons which are famous for their cotton-prints and silk-manufactures?

9. Which city has manufactures of watches, musical-boxes, and jewellery?

10. Tell me something of the language, religion, and government of the Swiss?

11. What course of life is adopted by many of the Swiss, living in the agricultural and mountainous parts?

12. Into how many cantons is the country divided?

13. By what country was Switzerland enslaved, when the war of independence was begun by William Tell?

When you can answer these questions, I will make you some more on the geography of France.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

22nd Week. **MONDAY.** **Moral Lesson.**

CHARITY.

"Charity vaunteth not itself."

I DARE say you don't know the road by which Tom used to go to school. It was a country road, for Tom lived in the country, about three miles from the county town.

There was one part of the road where a tall house stood, on the left-hand side; there were white posts in front of the house, outside the gravel walk, and there was a plot of grass between the posts and the road.

I should like to tell you about the saw-mills that were close by, on the opposite side, and the long trunks of—*poplar* trees I think they were—some very large trees—that used to lie by the side of the road, near the saw-mill; and of the very little pond that there was near those trunks, where three ducks used to swim—we used to drive away the drake, and feed the other two, very often; but the history of those ducks and of those places has nothing to do with our lesson.

One morning three boys were walking in the part of the road that I have mentioned. One boy wore corduroy trowsers. I don't know what sort of a coat and waistcoat he had, because an old-fashioned, thick, blue pinafore covered his body from his shoulders down to his knees. He had not any white collar; his cap was circular, with a peak to it, and was made of seal-skin. If you had descended from his cap to his boots, you would have noticed that they were hob-nailed—regular *country* boots, just the sort of thing for that road; for in the winter time—especially down Damphurst Hollow—it was awfully muddy! I may add respecting this boy, that he was marked with small-pox, that he had red hair, and was decidedly ugly in the face. Yet he was a very regular and steady fellow; and every morning, at twenty minutes past eight exactly, even when it poured with rain, you might have seen him, with a bag over his shoulder, trudging past the great house, past the saw-mills, past everything else that was by the side of the road, onward and onward, to school. Finally, I may tell you his name; he was called *John Snub*, and he was the son of the shoemaker who always mended Tom's shoes.

L. But who was *Tom*, papa?

P. Tom was one of the other boys whom you might have seen on that country road at twenty minutes past eight. *Tom Martingale* was the son of a Thomas Martingale, Esq., a gentleman and a "Justice of the Peace."

L. That means a magistrate, I suppose?

P. Yes. I am not going to describe Tom, nor the third boy, who was his younger brother. I will only tell you his thoughts. When he overtook John Snub, he thought to himself, "There's that boy again! We will pass him on the other side of the grass-plot; then we need not notice him. Let us run," he said to his brother, "and get on before him. It will be an unpleasant thing to have that fellow for company every morning!"

When they had passed the "fellow," Tom said to his brother, "I hope that that boy doesn't go this way to school every day. Do you know who he is?"

"No. Who is he?"

"He is the shoemaker's boy. He brings home our shoes sometimes. I think he goes to the National School, in the town Of course, it wouldn't be respectable, when we are *Grammar-school* boys, to talk to a boy from the National School. But, look here! How shall we get past?"

"*Halloo! sh-sh-sh!*" said Tom. "Get out of the way!"

"They won't move," said his brother. "Can't we get through the hedge? I don't like the front one, with a crumpled horn. She looks 'vicious.'"

"I think we had better go back," said Tom, "for we can't pass, the lane is so narrow!" But just at this moment they heard some steps, and, looking back, behold, another cow was behind them!

"What *shall* we do?" said Tom again. "We had better get into the ditch."

"Wait a minute," said a voice from the other side of the hedge; and, looking up, they saw John Snub, with his round seal-skin cap in his hand.

"I'll drive her back," said John. "You keep still. I saw her come out of the field gate." And with that he threw his great cap at the cow behind them; at which, being quite "horror-struck," she turned into the field again.

"Now, then," said John, getting into the lane, "we'll soon make t'others goo! Yuoy! Whoo-oo-op! Yu - oy - oy - oy there! Coo-up, coo-up, cup, cup, gee! Go on, will yer?" Then curling up his tongue, and making a strange noise between his tongue and teeth (which the printer could'nt print if he tried *ever so*), John tossed his bag up in the air, and whirled it round and round, and took two or three steps forward.

These steps ended the contest; the cows heard John's remarks—they considered the matter—they looked very glum and discontented; they also stared vacantly into the air, as if they inwardly felt that a retreat was not "quite the thing," but they didn't *say* anything;

they silently turned round, and walked slowly before the boys.

By this time Tom Martingale and his brother had quite forgotten their resolution not to speak to John Snub. They couldn't help thanking him; and then they felt bound to make a few other civil remarks.

When the two brothers returned home they mentioned their adventure to their papa.

"Do you think," said Tom, "that we ought to have talked to John Snub?—because he is not respectable."

"You can't tell," said their papa, "whether he is respectable or not, until you *have talked* with him. He is certainly poor; and very often it may not be well for you to make a poor boy your companion."

"Why not?" said Tom.

"Because," said his papa, "many poor boys have not had the opportunity of learning good manners that you have. If this poor boy is rude, and you have not sense enough to teach him better habits, he will certainly make you like himself. But if he is not a rude boy, you may walk with him and try and do him good."

"Very well," said Tom, "only I think we ought to let him feel that there is a difference."

"What difference?"

"I don't like to say what exactly, but we belong to a *rich* family. And then it is a charity of us, who are Grammar-school boys, to try and teach him good manners. They don't learn manners at the National School."

"Ah, I am sorry to hear you say that," said his papa. "You show that you have not much charity in you *by talking about it*. Why do you want to make him feel that you have charity? Did this boy want to *make you feel* that he had been kind to you when he drove the cows away?"

"No! he didn't seem to think anything about that, he was so delighted at what he had done."

"Then I hope you will feel delight, instead of boasting, should you be of service to him. If you will look in God's word, you may read that he who hath true charity does not boast of his deeds; it is said that '*Charity vaunteth not itself*.'

"Let me tell you something more. Even if riches could be worth boasting about, you are foolish to feel proud of the riches of your *father*. Or if you had great wisdom, you might not boast; for all wisdom is given you by your Father in Heaven.

"When Jesus Christ lived in this world he did good to any poor man that he met with. Jesus had unbounded wisdom, yet he never boasted of what he gave away. Jesus had the true charity which vaunteth not itself, for it was *natural* to him to go about doing good.

"Now, you may copy Jesus every morning. Never once think again that you are richer than John Snub; but as you go to school, I hope you will feel *glad* to do him all the good you can."

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

THALAMIFLORALS.

Order 9. SUN-DEW PLANTS.

W. HERE are two curious plants which papa has brought.



The round-leafed Sun-dew plant.
(Drosera rotundifolia.)



The Venus's Fly-trap.
(Dionæa Muscipula.)

P. Yes, they are both remarkable. What is the shape of the leaves in this *Sun-dew* plant?

W. They are nearly round, or we may call them *orbicular*.

Ion. But the most curious thing about these leaves is the number of long red hairs on them; each hair has a little nob at the end of it, like a pin's head.

P. Don't say "nob." If you look at those little nobs, as you call them, you will see that they are drops of a viscid *juice*, which has an acrid taste. The hairs themselves consist of glands. Thus we say that *the leaves are orbicular, and covered with long, bright red glandular hairs, containing on their points drops of viscid juice.*

W. Which, I suppose, look like *dew*.

P. Yes, when the sun shines upon them; but the real dew is only seen early in the morning. When the sun shines this dew disappears, but these drops of viscid juice continue. They become most abundant when the sun is at its highest.

Ion. I suppose that is why it is called the *sun-dew* plant.

P. Yes, that is the reason of its name. You may also notice that its leaves grow close to the ground; therefore, we say that they are "depressed." They are also arranged in a circle.

L. What sort of flowers have they?

P. The flowers grow on flower-stalks, which are radical, that is, they spring up from the

root; they are white, and in racemes. I have not brought you any, for they are the least striking part of the plant; the leaf is the most conspicuous part. The plants grow in bogs, on small hillocks, just raised above the water. There they have a beautiful sparkling appearance.

Ion. Now, will you tell us what the second curious-looking plant is?

P. Yes, this is another of the same order. It is one of the Dionæa tribe.* The English name of this plant is the "Venus's fly trap." I have spoken about it in one of our former lessons.

L. Yes, you said that it does not flourish if it has not flies or other animal food to nourish it.

P. By observing it you may now see how it procures its food. I should tell you first, that the sticky hairs of the *Drosera* appear to retain *small* insects. When any victim comes within their reach, the hairs slowly curve round, and entrap it. These hairs, however, are not strong enough to catch flies, like the leaves of the Venus's Fly-trap.

Now let us look at the *Dionæa* (*see cut*). The parts which you might take to be the leaves are the leaf-*stalks*, or petioles; these, you see, are flattened and widened, even more than the true leaves. I believe they perform the functions of leaves.

The *leaves* are the parts at the ends of the leaf-stalks, which you see fringed with a long row of spines. If you notice one of these leaves (*a*), you will see that each half has three thorns upon it. Directly one of these is touched by a fly, the two sides close together. They thus form a perfect trap, for when they are folded up, the spines at the edges so cross each other that they completely prevent the insect from escaping. The more the poor captive struggles, the more closely they seem to press upon it.

Ion. They are, really, *very* singular leaves; but you have not drawn the flower of this plant.

P. No, the flower of this plant, like the Drosera, is the least striking part. You may now make a summary of the order.

L. Here are the notes which I have made, papa. Will you hear if they will do?

Order 9. SUN-DEW PLANTS.

(*Parts.*) These plants are chiefly remarkable for their leaves, which are covered with long, bright red, glandular hairs, having at their ends small drops of a clear viscid fluid. This substance having a sweet taste, attracts small insects, and retains them. These leaves are also orbicular and "depressed." They are so arranged that they form a circle. This circle is sometimes rather convex; thus the bright red patch has a sparkling appearance.

(*Place.*) The Sun-dews are found in fens, and morasses; growing on small hillocks above the water. They do not flourish if transplanted to other soils.

* Dionæa is one of the names of Venus. *Drosera*, the name of the former plant, is derived from the Greek word *droseros*, dewy.

ANNE.

WILLIAM III. was succeeded by the second daughter of the late James II., the princess Anne, who had married George prince of Denmark. She ascended the throne in the 38th year of her age.

William had died at the eve of a war with France. The present queen was now urged by opposite councils—a part of her ministry being inclined to war and another to peace. At the head of the *war* party was the *Duke of Marlborough*, since so much renowned for his victories over the French. The war was opposed by the *Tory* party. After both parties had given the reasons for their opinions, that of Marlborough preponderated, and war was proclaimed accordingly. This declaration of war was seconded by similar declarations by the Dutch and Germans, all on the same day.

The power of Louis XIV. had been greatly circumscribed by William, and he expected on the death of the latter to enter on a new field of conquest and fame. At the news of William's death, therefore, he could not suppress his rapture; the people of Paris testified their joy in the most public manner. At seeing, therefore, such a combination against him, the French monarch was filled with indignation; but his resentment fell chiefly on the Dutch. He declared that, as for those gentlemen pedlars the Dutch, they should one day repent their presumption in declaring war against one whose power they had felt and dreaded. By these threats, however, the allies were no way influenced. Marlborough was appointed general of the British forces, and by the Dutch he was chosen generalissimo of the allied army. His after conduct showed that no better person could possibly have been chosen. In the year 1702 he began a contest with the French, which was carried on in Flanders and Germany for ten years. This war raised his fame as a soldier above that of any British general before him.

It would take too long a time to describe to you the great battles fought by Marlborough in this war of the English, German, and Dutch, against the French. The first deviation that this general made from the usual practices of the army was to advance the subaltern officers of *merit*. Regardless of seniority, wherever he found abilities he was sure to promote them. Thus he had all the upper ranks of commanders rather remarkable for their skill and talents than for their age and experience.

In his first campaign, in 1702, Marlborough found himself at the head of 60,000 men, who had been long disciplined by the best officers of the age. With this army he

defeated the French under the Duke of Burgundy and Marshal Boufflers, and took the city of LIEGE, in which was found an immense sum of money and a vast number of prisoners.

In 1703, Marlborough opened the campaign with the siege of BONN, the residence of the Elector of Cologne. He also took HUY and LIMBOURG, and secured Liege and Cologne from the enemy.

In the campaign of 1704, the Duke of Marlborough was opposed by the French commanders the Marshal de Villeroy and Marshal Tallard. The latter was joined by the Duke of Bavaria, and their two armies amounted to 60,000 men. Marlborough met these renowned generals with an army of 52,000 men, and defeated them in the terrible battle of BLENHEIM. By this victory the allies gained possession of a country of 100 leagues. The nation rewarded Marlborough by giving him a large estate. They also erected for him a magnificent mansion, which was called "Blenheim House."

In 1706, Marlborough defeated Marshal Villeroy, at RAMILLIES; and the whole country of Brabant fell into his power.

In 1708, the victory of OUDENARDE threw almost the whole of Flanders, into the hands of the allies. The following year was remarkable for the bloody battle of MALPLAQUET, and the surrender of the town of Mons.

Marlborough's last campaign, in 1711, opened a passage into the heart of France. The French troops were now dispirited, and the city of Paris was in confusion. The King of France was so humbled that he even excited the compassion of his enemies. He ntreated for peace, but in vain. Marlborough carried all before him, and threatened to enter the capital itself.

There is little doubt, that had Marlborough been allowed to carry on the war he would have conquered France; but he was at length stopped by his enemies at home.

The English nation at this time was divided into two parties. Those who advocated the freedom of the people were called *Whigs*, while those who wished to exalt the power of the Church and of the Crown were called *Tories*. The war with France had been begun by the advice of the *Whigs*, and during the greater part of the war the kingdom had been governed by that party. But at the very time when Marlborough was entering France, the Tories were gaining power in England. They saw too well that the war was ruinous to the nation, who were now oppressed by the heaviest taxes without gaining any advantages. They, therefore, stirred up the discontent of the people, until the Queen was persuaded to dismiss her Whig ministers, and chose in their stead the leaders of the Tories. One of these leaders, named Harley, was then made *Earl of Oxford*, and the other, named St. John, was made *Lord Bolingbroke*.

As soon as Bolingbroke and

Oxford governed the nation, Marlborough was recalled from his victories, and disgraced. It is said of this general, that from the beginning of the war, which had now continued nine years, he had perpetually advanced, and never retreated before his enemies, nor lost an advantage he had obtained over them. He most frequently gained the enemy's posts without fighting, but where he was obliged to attack, no fortifications were able to resist him. He had never besieged a city which he did not take, nor engaged in a battle in which he did not come off victorious. Thus the allies had reduced under their command Spanish Guelderland, Limbourg, Brabant, Flanders, and Hainault. They were masters of the Scarpe, and by the capture of Bouchain had opened a way into the heart of France, so that another campaign might have made them masters of Paris.

The Tories, on Marlborough's return, accused him of amassing an enormous private fortune, and said that he had received a bribe of £6,000 a year from a Jew who had contracted to supply the army with bread. On this ground, he was dismissed from all his former employments. The Duchess of Marlborough had long been the Queen's favourite, but having disgusted her Majesty by her haughty temper, she also was dismissed.

The new ministry soon resolved on peace. After very long negotiations between the kingdoms of France, Spain, Germany, Holland, and England, the famous treaty of Utrecht was concluded in the year 1713. The articles of this treaty which related to the English, were that Louis XIV. should resign Newfoundland, Hudson's Bay, and Nova Scotia. England also gained the strong town of GIBRALTAR, which had been taken in the war by Sir George Rooke. This possession has since proved a most important one, but at that time the nation valued it so little that they did not think that Sir George deserved any thanks for his services; indeed, he was soon after displaced from his command.

The English were, on the whole, great losers by this war. The battles of BLENHEIM, RAMILIES, OUDENARDE, and MALPLAQUET were "great victories," but they were worse than useless to the nation. Although victorious on land, they met with much bad success and severe losses at sea.

DOWN the sultry vale of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creeking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

"My dear Children,—

"I have paddled up the Wye, out of Monmouthshire into Herefordshire. I am stopping, now, at the town of *Ross*.

"Yesterday I rode a few miles out of the town on the box of the stage coach; for, I thought to myself, 'I will talk with the coachman, and get some fresh air.'

"'There, sir,' said the coachman, pulling up his horses as we were passing through the town, 'that is the house where *the Man of Ross* lived.'

"At these words, all the outside passengers turned themselves round, and those who were inside put their heads out of the window.

"Of course, dear children, you have heard of the man of Ross. That is, if you go to a boarding-school where the pupils say 'recitations.' There, the account of him written by *Pope* is as familiar as 'My name is Norval!' Ah! the recollection of those dear old lines is so pleasant, that I must send you a part of them. Hear once more what Pope says of this man:—

"'Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
* * * * *
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies!
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest;
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
* * * * *
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.'

"'Ah! *he* was one of the right sort, sir! he was,' said the coachman. 'My grandmother knew him well; many a kind turn he did her. It is wonderful how much good he managed to do with his five hundred a year. His name, sir, was *John Kyrle*.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I saw his monument in the church.'

"'Oh, you have been to see the church, sir? How did you like the view from the churchyard?'

"'It is very fine,' I said.

"'And I'll show you something better, directly, sir. Just wait till we get a little lower down this hill, and turn round.'

"After we had partly descended the hill, we came suddenly upon a most splendid view. We saw lying before us a large open panorama, in which the river Wye, fields, cattle, woods, and hills were intermixed in a strangely picturesque manner, but I am not going to describe it.

"'The railways, it seems, don't interfere with you much, at present?' I said.

"'No, sir, it will be some time before they touch *us*, I should think. This county, and Monmouthshire, are too much like Wales for any rail to answer well; it's all "up and down." I'd like to see a *hingin* take this 'ere hill—she wouldn't come down more than once, I expect. See what fine open, hilly country it is, sir.'

"'And I should think it is very *healthy*,' I added.

"'Yes, that's true, sir, certainly. The people here live a long time; I could tell you two things to show you how long-lived they are. The first is the anecdote about king James the First; have you ever heard it?'

"'No,' I replied.

"'Well, sir, it is said that when the king was in this county, Colonel Hoskins gave him an entertainment of a morrice dance; this was executed by ten old men and women, whose ages were, together, more than 1,000 years. Very old boys and girls for a dance, sir, eh?

"'Then, secondly, sir, we came off very well in the cholera time. When the great cholera was all over the kingdom, it reached this county and Devonshire just at harvest time, when the people drink a great deal of cider. Yet, sir, for all that, there were scarcely any deaths in Devonshire, and *no one* died of cholera in Herefordshire.'

"'And these are both *cider* counties,' I said; 'perhaps this was owing to the cider. Do you consider it a healthy drink?'

"'Yes, sir, I do, for I have drunk a good deal of cider in my time.'

"'Have you ever seen any cider-making?'

"'Bless you, sir, yes! and have helped to make it. I will tell you how it is done. About the end of November the apples are knocked of the trees with long poles; this work is called *poulting*. *We* always used to *pick* our apples, and so do many other people; it costs a little more money but it is more economical for all that.'

"'Why?'

"'Because, in poulting, so much of the young bearing wood is spoiled.'

"'The first thing after the apples are picked, is to collect them into heaps, and let them remain for a month, until they are mellow.

"'Secondly, they are taken to

the mill; here they are put into the chase and smashed.'

"'What is the *chase?*'

"'That is a large circular stone trough. In this we smash them, with a very heavy stone called the *runner;* it is turned round by one or two horses. In time, sir, the runner reduces the apples and their rind and core into a smooth pulp, which we call *must*; the must is not fine enough until it slips through the fingers without any lumps. We know by the white spots in it whether the *pips* have been broken or not. When the must is quite ready, we take it to the press. A pailful or two is poured upon a square horse-hair cloth, with the edges turned up; when this cloth is full, we place another on it, and fill that also; then we put on a third cloth, and fill it; sometimes we fill a dozen cloths, one on top of another. Then we cover the sides of the press with a wooden frame, and we screw it down at the top, until all the brown juice is squeezed out.

"'Sometimes, when apples are scarce, we mix the dry must with water again, and squeeze out a second juice. We call this juice *water-cider*, just as you call your weak beer, table-beer. Water-cider isn't good, sir; it is like weak tea made from water poured a second time on the tea leaves.'

"'What do you do with the good juice that is squeezed from the must?'

"We place it in casks, where there is a current of air. In about three or four days the liquor *ferments;* then we strain off the lighter from the heavier parts, through linen bags; it is then clear bright cider. You must be very careful to ferment cider properly. You may make it too thick, or too weak, or too sour, and harsh, and thin; it all depends upon the fermenting.

"'The labourers here, sir, drink wonderful quantities of cider. The masters pay them part of their wages in cider. Indeed, they always allow them three quarts a day, but in harvest-time some of them drink *ten* or even *twelve* quarts. They don't like it sweet; if you were to taste it, you would think it was vinegar.'

"'And yet,' I said, 'they did not catch the cholera. I suppose that you call Herefordshire the principal cider county?'

"Yes, sir. I think we make more here than they do in Devonshire. Just look for yourself, sir; you have noticed the apples by the side of the road. Did you ever see such a rosy crop as that in Devonshire?'

"I must certainly confess the orchards of Herefordshire were *crammed* with apples. For a very long distance there were large orchards which sparkled with fruit, on both sides of the road. How far they extended I cannot say, for when we stopped to change horses, I alighted and returned to *Ross*. Here I remain, your faithful friend,

"HENRY YOUNG."

SYNTAX.

Chapter V.

RULES FOR CONSTRUCTING SENTENCES.

P. Here is the present tense of the verb "To be:"

I am	We are
Thou art	You are
He is	They are.

Suppose I make a few changes in this verb.

I are	We am
Thou are	You art
He are	They is.

W. That is all wrong.—When you say I *are*, you join a singular pronoun to a plural verb; and when you say We *am*, you join a plural pronoun to a singular verb. You have done the same with the other "persons" of the verb.

P. Thus you see that it is necessary for the verb to be of the same *number* as its nominative case. We say that it must "agree" with its nominative in number.

Suppose we change the *person* of the verb—I *is*—Thou *am*—He *art*.

W. That still sounds badly. You have joined the verb *is* which is in the third person to a nominative of the first person; and so on.

P. Thus you see that a verb must also agree with its nominative in *person*. You may, therefore, make the following rule:—

Rule 1.—*The verb must agree with its nominative in number and person.*

This is one of the first rules to be observed in constructing sentences. It is, however, often broken. Tell me whether this expression is correct: "Your father and I am not pleased with you"

Jon. No, it is not. The words *father and I* are both nominatives to the verb *am not pleased*. As there are two nominatives the verb should be plural.

P. Thus you see that the verb and its nominatives do not agree in *number*.

Here are numerous examples in which the first rule is broken. It will do you good to correct them.

Exercise No. 100.—*Correct the errors in the following sentences:—*

You was not there. Want of proper food and cleanliness are the cause of their disease. There was more than fifty boys in the field. The time for argument and reasonings are past. Thomas or John ride every day. Thomas and John walks every day. The consequences resulting from his behaviour was very serious. The number of persons present were considerable. Up I gets The navigation of the centre arch of Westminster bridge and of the two next arches on the Surrey side, are stopped. Away I starts. You was very foolish. You and he is to go home. The cure of many diseases are difficult I do not know whether he or she are to go. He need not go. She dare not do it. There was only three left. When was you there? Then, says I, we will not do it. Immediately up runs she, and away goes I. A knife, and not scissors, are the proper instrument for mending a pen.

P. I will now supply you with other rules and examples.

RULE 2.—When two or more singular nominatives are connected by the conjunction *or*, or *nor*, each noun is *separately* a nominative to the verb. Therefore the verb must be in the singular number.

EXAMPLE.—*Mary or Jane has said her lesson.* Here the singular *verb*, has said, and the singular *pronoun*, her, agree with the singular nominative Mary—or they agree with the singular nominative Jane.

RULE 3.—When singular nominatives are connected by the conjunction *and*, they are *together* the nominative to the verb. Therefore the verb must be in the plural number.

EXAMPLE.—*May health and happiness follow you with their blessings.* Here the plural *verb* follow, and the plural *pronoun* their, agree with the plural nominative health and happiness.

EXERCISE No. 101.—(a) *Supply verbs and pronouns to the following sentences.*

John and James — known by — good behaviour. Mary, you, and I — to go and put on — bonnets Good living or good treatment always — on me — usual effect. To love him or to praise him — a pleasant task.

(b) *Make other examples to illustrate Rule* 2, *and Rule* 3.

(c) *Correct the errors in the following examples.*

The bread and the cheese is on the table. To speak correctly and to write well is an art which requires practice. Neither John nor his brother are well. Neither cotton, silk, nor tea are grown in this country.

P. Here are two other rules to be observed.

RULE 4. When a *singular* nominative, and a *plural* nominative are connected by *or*, the verb and pronoun must be in the plural.

EXAMPLE.—Mary or her sisters *are* coming, but they will not stop to tea.

RULE 5. *Collective nouns* may be followed by either a singular or a plural verb.

EXAMPLE.—The committee is sitting on the case. The committee are going to their homes. In the first sentence the committee is acting *as one* body; in the second sentence they are acting as a number of individuals.

EXERCISE 102.—(a) *Supply the verbs and pronouns wanting in the following sentences.*

A mob — not be dispers d when — is excited. The mob liberated—companions, and then returned quietly to —own homes. The public—respectfully informed.

(b) *Correct the errors in the following sentences.*

The people is giving its votes. A great nation are not known by their love of luxury. The cattle is going homeward. The clergy is divided in their opinion.

P. I will now read you the sixth rule.

RULE 6.—The distributive pronouns *each, every, either, neither*, &c., mean *one*, only, of several persons or things, As they are singular, the verbs and pronouns that belong to them must, of course, be singular too. If I say, 'Every one rode their own horse,' I violate this rule; it should be 'rode *his* own horse.'

EXERCISE 103.—*Correct the following violations of this rule.*

Every one should know his own desk. Each of them gave their hat to the servant. Neither of the men hurt themselves. Either of them may have their box if they ask for it. Each of us put on our hats. Give every one their due.

SYNTAX.

CHAPTER V.

RULES FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF SENTENCES.

P. THERE are more rules for constructing sentences, which require attention. Let us notice them.

RULE 7.—Every finite verb must have a nominative case. But this nominative is not always expressed: it is then said to be *understood*: thus, "Take this book" means, "*You* take this book." Sometimes, however, this nominative is omitted improperly, as "That is the man whom I met yesterday, and told me the way." Here *who*, the nominative to the verb *told*, is improperly omitted.

EXERCISE No. 104.—*Correct the following violations of this rule:—*

I have just been to see the house where I was born, and is now going to be pulled down. We have not yet seen the ", and indeed are not expected till the evening. The friend to whom I am indebted for this kindness, and is so often serving me, is my mother's cousin.*

All the preceding rules relate to the nominative cases of verbs. Here are some rules which relate to the *objective*.

RULE 8.—The objective case is governed either by a transitive verb, or a preposition. This rule is often broken when the governed word is a pronoun, or is *separated by a phrase from the word that governs it*; as "She whom you dislike, I admire."

Here the object of the verb *I admire* is separated from it by the phrase "whom you dislike." It is written *she*, but it should have been *her*; "I admire her whom you dislike."

Do not say "*Who* did you give it to?" but *whom* did you give it to? or "to whom did you give it?" for *to* governs *whom* in the objective case.

EXERCISE No. 105.—*Correct the following violations of this rule:—*

Who were you speaking of when I came in? He, whom you so absurdly honour, I, on just grounds, despise. We know who you went with. Between you and I that gentleman is not so fond of plain dealing as he should be. Who do you think I met in the garden? He and she, too, although it is long since I saw them, I well remember. Well, who should I meet there but Mr. Johnson! I, who am so well known to scorn all artifice, he audaciously accuses of trickery. Who did you give the book to? And we, whom owing to the darkness of the night he could not distinctly see, he took for strangers. Who did you obtain this pen from? I could never have guessed who you meant. Who are you looking at? And he, whose evidence they relied on, our lawyers proved to be an arrant rogue. Who do you suppose to be the cause?

RULE 9.—The objective case cannot be used as the nominative to a verb. This, however, is too often done when the verb is *understood*.

* Most of the exercises in this lesson, and exercises 100 and 103 in the previous lesson, are taken from an excellent little work by Mr. G. Darnell, entitled "Grammar made Intelligible to Children."

EXAMPLE. Who is there? *Me.* By saying *me*, you mean "me *am there*," which is not good grammar. You should use the nominative pronoun, and say, *I* (am there).

EXERCISE No. 106.—*Correct the errors in the following sentences:* —

Who brought these things? Ellen and me. John and me were in bed. Only us two were allowed to go out. I can draw better than her. Him and me are always good friends Neither you nor us can help it, Perhaps you know better than me. I can write as well as him. You was there as soon as us. It was not me that did it.

RULE 10.—Neuter verbs have the same case after them as before them.

EXAMPLE.—If I say "That is her!" I speak bad grammar, because I make the objective case *her* after the neuter verb *is*. I ought to say, "That is she."

EXERCISE No. 107.—*Corrrect the errors in the following sentences:*—

Was it her? No, it was me. There was only him in the room. Can it be him? If I were him I would not do it. That is him. Don't be frightened: it is only me.

RULE 11.—When a neuter verb is followed by a noun *of similar meaning*, such a noun is governed in the *objective case*.

EXERCISE No 108.—*Underline the neuter verbs and their objectives in the following sentences:*—

All must sleep the sleep of death. He lived a quiet life. Pharaoh dreamed a dream. The emigrant looked a last fond look at his native land. Let me die the death of the righteous.

RULE 12.—If you wish to qualify a verb, a participle, or an adjective, you must use an *adverb*, not an adjective.

EXAMPLE.—He is an uncommon dull boy. This is not correct; the adverb uncommonly, not the adjective uncommon, should be used to qualify the adjective dull.

EXERCISE No. 109.—*Correct the following violations of this rule:*—

She draws and paints beautiful. He is an exceeding clever man. They dress quite suitable to their station in life. He ran too quick. She is an excessive vain woman. I acted agreeable to your orders. How pompous he talks! I think you dress a little too smart. He is a particular nice man to deal with. How delightful she sings! You get on too quick for me. Walk as brisk as you can. Speak as correct as possible. You are a wonderful sharp lad. What a remarkable fine ox!

P. Here is a rule which it is very important that you should attend to. It is a very common error to use the *perfect tense* of an irregular verb, instead of its participle.

RULE 13.—When an auxiliary verb (such as *have*, *had*, *is*, or *was*,) is used to make a compound tense, the *participle*, and not the perfect tense, should be used with it.

EXAMPLE.—"I have written a copy." If I say "I have *wrote* a copy," I use the past tense, when I ought to use the participle.

EXERCISE No. 110.—*Correct the errors in the following sentences:*—

A nail was drove through the door. Have you began your copy? Have you showed up your sums? In our hurry the child was forgot. He has forsook me. It was showed all round. Our horse was stole last night. He was beat for telling falsehoods You have drank all the milk. The wind blowed tremendously. We have ate

it all up. The water was froze. It freezed last night. They had swam across the river. We drunk wine and water I seed him twice, but he never saw me. Have you catched it? His nerves were much shook. As soon as they had rang the bell, the door was opened. He was chose in preference Has he gave you the money? You have not growed much I knowed that. They run as fast as they could. The things are took away now.

P. Certain parts of the verb to lie and to lay, are often mistaken one for the other. The perfect tense of the verb *to lie* is I lay; which is like the present tense of the verb *to lay*. To prevent any confusion with these two verbs, you must think a little. *I lay, I laid*, is a transitive verb; you see this when you say I *lay* down my life, I *laid* the pencil on the table. But the verb I lie. I lay, or I have lain, is *intransitive*.

Jon. Yes, for when you say "I have lain down," the action does not pass on to any one else.

P. Similar mistakes are sometimes made with the transitive verb *raise, raised*, and the intransitive verb *rise, rose, risen*.

EXERCISE No. 111.—*Correct the errors in the following sentences.*

The pencil lays under the table. We laid at anchor twelve days. It luys in your power We rose the plants from seed. Our hens have lain fifteen eggs. Take it, there it lays. As I laid in bed I began to reflect. It laid very hard on me. Rise your left foot. Where have you lain it? I rose it up as high as I could. My grandfather generally lays down afte dinner. I have lain it on the shelf. All these were risen from four seeds. Three lions were laying under the tree. He rose his left arm. Switzerland lays between Germany, France, and Italy. They lain him on his back. He rose himself upright. How long has it laid here *

* It is one of the general principles of Pestalozzi's system, that in most cases rules should be deduced from examples, instead of the examples serving only to *illustrate* rules. In the present instance, teachers, when using these lessons, should first give their pupils *the examples*; the pupils should then *correct the exercises;* and lastly, with the experience they have thus gained, they *should form the rules for themselves*. Sometimes it is better to give the *example* first, then the *rule;* putting the *exercise* in the last place. The order should always depend on the nature of the rule and exercise.

The above grammatical rules (excepting the first) have been printed before the examples, only on account of the space which the conversations necessary to lead the children from the examples to the rule would occupy.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

23rd Week. MONDAY. Grammar.

SYNTAX.

Chapter V.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF SENTENCES.

P. When you have well considered the rules for constructing your sentences, you may next observe how to arrange their *parts*. In many sentences the sense of the whole may be altered by a difference in the arrangement. Thus:

Papa, who was very ill, sent for the doctor.

Papa sent for the doctor, who was very ill.

W. In the first instance, papa, you say that *you* were ill; and in the second, you say that the doctor was ill; yet there are the same words in each sentence.

L. Will you show us what is the common way of arranging the words in a sentence?

P. Yes, here is a simple sentence.

The blind man carried a stick.

Here you have the following order:—the *adjunct*, the *subject*, the *predicate*, and the *object*. Or, if you call these parts by their names, as "parts of speech," you have an *adjective*, *nominative*, *verb*, and *objective*.

Again—

I like to talk about him.

Here is an *intransitive* verb, "I like," so that the accusative is governed by the preposition *about*. The first verb, *I like*, also governs the second verb, *to talk*, in the infinitive mood. The verb is, you see, placed *before* the infinitive which it governs, and the preposition is placed *before* the accusative it governs.

Thus you may make five rules for what is called the *ordinary* arrangement of sentences.

In the ORDINARY ARRANGEMENT of sentences, *generally*,

(1.) The *adjective* is placed before the noun it qualifies.

(2.) The *nominative* is placed before its verb.

(3.) The *verb* is placed before the accusative it governs.

(4.) The *verb* is placed before the infinitive which it governs; and

(5.) The *preposition* is placed before the accusative which it governs.

W. Are there any exceptions to these rules?

P. Yes, many; when we have finished our lesson, you may amuse yourself by trying to make some. I have often told you that there is no rule without an exception.

Besides the ordinary arrangement there is another, called the *Rhetorical arrangement.* By this we mean the arrangement in the sentences of a piece of oratory, or poetry. Here is a sentence from the splendid speech of the Apostle Paul to the Athenians:—

"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you."

Now, in the ordinary arrangement (which is used in conversation) the sentence would have been made thus.

"I therefore declare unto you Him whom ye ignorantly worship."

W. Yes, but as the Apostle was not conversing, and was making a speech, he arranged his words as he liked—that was a *Rhetorical* arrangement.

P. You are not quite right; you should say that he arranged the words in the most striking manner, or in the best way to excite attention. When sentences are *thus* formed, we say that they have a rhetorical arrangement.

L. The sentence by the Apostle Paul is by no means in the ordinary arrangement. The nominative *I*, instead of being first, is the last word but two; the objective *whom* is placed before the verb *worship*, which governs it; and the objective *him* is placed before the transitive verb *declare.* What are the rules for the rhetorical arrangement?

P. It is impossible to make any. The arrangement must depend upon the taste of the speaker, or the matter of the sentence.

There are, however, four points to be observed in making sentences. One point is *elegance;* the second, which is more important, is *force;* a third and still more important point is *clearness;* and the last and most important point is *correctness.*

I might give you many rules for composition, but you would not remember them. Such rules can be best remembered when you have felt the want of them, and have made them for yourself. You may, however, bear in mind these four points: compose with elegance, force, clearness, and correctness.

EXERCISE No. 110.—*Write the following Rhetorical and Poetical sentences, according to the ordinary arrangement:—*

Great is Diana of the Ephesians. Fallen is Babylon, that great city. In the dark blue sky you keep, while you through my curtains peep. Around the fire, one wintry night, the farmer's rosy children sat. As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

'Tis doing our duty, not changing our lot,
That brings truest pleasure and peace;
And whether we share in earth's treasures or not,
We may share in its joys if we please.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

THALAMIFLORALS.

Order 10. CHICKWEED PLANTS.

(*Caryophyllaceæ.*)

P. You will find some plants in this order, which are not much like the chickweed. They grow in temperate and frigid parts of the world; there you may see them on the mountains, in hedges, and in waste places. Some grow on old walls and the ruins of ancient castles.

L. Have you brought any with you, papa?

P. Yes, but I was going to say that many of them have been much improved by cultivation. Here is one.

W. This is a beautiful flower! it is a *Carnation*

P. Here is another.

L. This is a *Sweet William.*

P. And here are a *Pink*, and a large *Picotee.* Here is another.

Jon. This is a *Bachelor's Button;* and here, see, is a *Ragged Robin.*

L. And here is a piece of Chickweed. What an insignificant plant it seems amongst the "civilized" members of the family. How *can* it be like them?

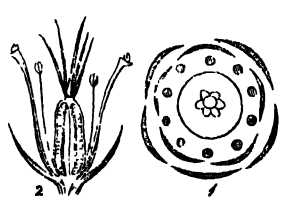
P. Suppose you had run wild all your life time, and were placed with your brothers and sisters when dressed in their best clothes, *you* would not seem to belong to the family. So let us see what particulars belong to *all* these plants.

The order is arranged in two divisions, according to a certain difference in the calyx. Here is a single pink; its calyx has, you see, five sepals, but they are united so as to form a *tube.* Now look at the flower of this chickweed; it has five sepals, also, but they are *divided.* All the flowers of the order which have a tubular calyx, form the first division, such as the *Lychnis, Ragged Robin, Bachelor's Button, Sweet William, Common Pink, Carnation,* the *Cockle,* and the *Lobel's Catchfly;* this division is called SILENACEÆ.

Those without a tubular calyx are the *Chickweed, Spurrey, Sandwort,* and others. These form the division ALSINACEÆ.

W. You have only told us one *distinction* of the order yet, papa.

P. True; I said that these flowers are alike, because they all have five sepals. They also have five *petals;* though one or two may be met with, having only four; these petals, in most of the order, are slit. Thirdly, in almost every case the *stamens* are twice as many as the petals. Thus you will see a whorl of five sepals, a whorl of five petals, and within, a whorl of *ten* stamens. Here is the plan upon which they are arranged:—



PARTS OF A FLOWER IN THE ORDER CARYOPHYLLACEÆ

1. Horizontal section; showing the sepals and petals. 2. Vertical section.

By this picture you may see some other distinctions of the order. Fourthly, the *ovary* is a capsule; it is one-celled, and has a *central*, instead of a parietal, placenta: around this placenta many *ovules* are clustered. It has many styles. Fifthly, these plants are alike in their leaves, they are opposite, and undivided, or *entire*, as we say.

W. Or you sometimes call leaves that are not divided *simple* leaves, do you not?

P. Yes; these simple leaves are not only opposite, but they are without stipules. You may see this, particularly in the leaves of a pink. Those long narrow leaves are so simple that they have only a single vein running from one end to the other. You might thus think that the plant is an Endogen, if it were not for the number of its petals, and its seeds.

There is one more distinction; this we shall get from the *stem*. What do you call the joint at which the leaf springs from the stalk?

L. It is called the *node*.

P. And if you look at the nodes of the pink, you may see that they are thicker than the stalk; they are little swellings. Thus we say, sixthly, and lastly, that these plants have *tumid* nodes.

The last two particulars are special distinctions of this order. It is said that "*there are no other Exogens with polypetalous flowers, having opposite undivided leaves without stipules, and stems with tumid nodes.*"

W. Now, shall I count up the distinctions of the order?

P. No, you may wait one minute, for I have a word or two to say on the *uses* of these plants.

The species of the order, except the pinks and carnations, are generally inodorous and insipid. Some of the wild species are used as food by small animals, and one is used as "fodder" for cows, during the winter.

L. Which is that, papa?

P. The plant called *Spurrey*. In the Netherlands and Germany, after the corn has been reaped, the spurrey seed is sown on the stubble. In eight weeks it is ready to be cut. It is much liked for cows, because it is said that when they eat it, their milk is more abundant, and richer. *Hens*, too, eat this spurrey greedily, and it is supposed to make them lay a greater number of eggs.

We will now make the summary of the order.

Order 10. CHICKWEED PLANTS.

(*Caryophyllaceæ.*)

(*Parts.*) These plants are known by having (1) five *petals*; (2) five *sepals*, sometimes four; (3) twice as many *stamens* as petals; (4) an *ovary* forming a capsule, having a central placenta, on which are many ovules; (5) the *leaves* are long, narrow, undivided, and opposite, they have no stipules; (6) they have tumid nodes.

(*Varieties.*) The order is arranged in two divisions: 1st, *Silenaceæ*, or flowers with a tubular calyx; such as the Pink, Sweet William, and Ragged Robin. 2nd, *Alsinaceæ*, or flowers with the sepals divided; such as the Chickweed, Sandwort, Spurrey, &c.

(*Uses.*) These plants are not much used by man, except the Spurrey, which affords fodder for cows.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

THALAMIFLORALS.

Order 11. THE FLAX PLANTS. (*Linaceæ.*)

P. HERE is a pretty blue flower. If you go to Yorkshire



2. 1.

1. THE FLAX PLANT (*Linum usitatissimum*)
2. The monadelphous stamens (much magnified).

you may see large fields of these flowers—blue fields.

W. What is it called, papa?

P. Never mind its name yet. I just want to show you how *useful* it is. Here is something for you to drink.

W. I don't like that; it looks so *nasty*.

P. Put the spoon in it.

W. Yes, it *is* nasty. See how slippery and slimy it is!

Ion. Let me taste it. I think I know what it is. Yes, it is *linseed-tea*. I know, because mamma gave me some when I had a cold. I liked it when it was warm.

P. To be sure! it is really nice then. This slippery substance is a gum or *mucilage* from the seed of this little plant. When you have a cough it is very soothing and "demulcent," as the doctors say.

Here is something else.

L. Yes; that is linseed-*oil*.

P. And here is something else.

Ion. What a curious cake? Is it good to eat?

P. Ask a bullock when it is winter time—he will tell you that it is as good as bread and butter; and further, that with a little sweet turnip from order 4 (Cruciferæ), it makes him a most excellent meal.

L. But what is it, papa?

P. It is *oil-cake*. It is made from the seeds of this plant pressed together when all the oil possible has been pressed out of them.

Here are the seeds in another form. You don't happen to have any swelling, sore place, tumour or boil, Willie, do you?

W. No I am quite well—thank you.

P. That is a pity, because if you were not, you might prove how useful these ground seeds are. You see that they form a

flour, which we call "linseed-meal." With a little warm water and some meal, I could make you a linseed *poultice*. An enormous quantity of linseed-meal is consumed for poultices in the hospitals.

Ion. The seeds of the plant, then, are very useful; but is any other part of use?

P. Yes. The stalks are the most useful part. They afford the substance called *flax*. The plant itself is called the *flax plant*.

Ion. There! We have got its name at last. But why do you not call its seed *flax*-seed instead of *lin*-seed.

P. Because the prefix *lin* is derived from the latin word *linum*, which is the botanical name of the plant. The flax when made into cloth changes its name and becomes *linen*, like the *linseed*. The Latin word linum is itself derived from a Celtic word, *llin*, a thread. From this we probably have also the English word *line*.

L. I wish you would tell us how the stalks of that little plant are made into fine white linen, like Willie's collar.

P. The manufacture of linen does not belong to our subject. I may, however, give you one or two particulars. The plants are picked and soaked in water to dissolve the gummy sap which holds the woody fibres together. By various processes called combing, scutching, and heckling, the stalk is reduced to a bundle of dry threads. These threads are worked into linen by machinery. The linen is whitened by a process called bleaching—sometimes it is exposed to the *air*—sometimes it is acted upon by *chloride of lime*.

I will sum up the uses of this plant once more.

1. The fibres of the stalk produce *linen*.

2. The seeds supply *oil*, which is used in painting, in varnish, and as a drying oil.

3. They also supply a mucilage, which we call *linseed tea*; it is used as a medicine.

4. They may also be made into *oil-cake*, for cattle, and

5. They may be ground into a powder and form a good poultice for sores, wounds, &c.

Ion. Where is the flax-plant found principally, papa?

P. Holland and Belgium have the principal linen manufactures—the *brown-holland*, and Belgium *lace*, made from flax, are well known. In Ireland the linen manufacture is one of the principal. England, Scotland, Russia, France, Egypt, and now Australia, are also flax-growing countries.

W. Now will you tell us the *varieties* of this order?

P. The two principal sorts are 1st, the plant which we have been talking about. Its botanical name is *linum usitatissimum*; this name is a very fit one, for usitatissimum means "most useful." The 2nd principal species is the *linum perenne*. It differs from the first, in being a perennial plant.

W. That means that it lasts several years.

P. But we must finish our history of these plants by a description of their *parts*.

L. I will notice the *sepals*. This plant has five sepals arranged in a whorl.

P. They are not arranged in a *complete* whorl; and thus they differ from the 10th order, the chickweed plants. You may observe that two sepals are outside the others, and overlap them. When any substances overlap in this way, we say they are imbricated.

Ion. You said before, papa, that the sepals and petals of the *water-lily* are imbricated.

P. This order then, also h imbricated *sepals*. The *petals* are always of the same number as the sepals. The *stamens* again are equal in number to the petals. By looking at the cut (No. 2), you will see that they are arranged in *one bunch*. What class in the Linnæan system do they therefore belong to?

L. To the 16th class, "monadelphia."

P. We thus say that they are "monadelphous stamens." At their base you may also see five small bodies, which are the rudiments of another whorl,

Let us next notice the *ovary*. How many divisions are there?

Ion. I count *ten*.

P. It appears to have ten but really there are only five cells; each of these cells is partly divided by a partition, which begins at the outer wall. Such a partition is called a *spurious* dissepiment.

W. That is because it is not a real one—"spurious" means false. Where is the *pistil* of the ovary?

P. You may observe it in the flower. There are five styles and stigmas, sometimes only four.

W. You have not told us how many seeds there are. Is the plant "polyspermous?"

P. It has not very many seeds. You will find one large seed in each cell. I dare say you have seen some linseed

The *leaves* are worth noticing. You may see that they are simple, alternate, and without stipules.

Lastly; the *stem* differs from that of the 10th order, for it is not swollen at the nodes.

I think that you have now a great many particulars. You had better sum them up.

Order 11.—THE FLAX PLANTS.

(*Parts.*) These plants are known by having—

(1.) Five (sometimes four) sepals, imbricated.

(2.) *Petals*, same number as sepals, rather fugitive.

(3.) *Stamens*, as numerous as petals, monadelphous, having also a whorl of imperfect undeveloped stamens.

(4.) *Ovary*, a globular capsule; having as many cells as sepals, each divided by a *spurious* dissepiment, thus appearing to be double their real number.

(5.) *Pistils*, five, or four, according to the cells in the ovary.

(6.) *Seeds*, one in each cell of the ovary.

(7.) The *leaves* are simple, alternate, without stipules.

(8.) The stalk is not swollen at the nodes.

Varieties.) The *Linum usitatissimum* and *linum perenne*.

(*Uses.*) Very useful, stalks for the *linen* manufacture, seeds for their *oil*, as *oil-cake*, linseed-*tea*, lin-seed *poultice*, &c.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

THALAMIFLORALS.

Order 12. THE MALLOWS.

P. ALLOW me to introduce to you some of the plants from Order 12. Did you ever go about in the country looking among the hedges for *cheeses?*

Ion. Yes. Lucy and I used to ' em. They are the fruit of the mallow which grows in the field.

P. Here is a "cheese," and the plant with it; I have brought it from the field, as being one of the 12th Order. Besides this field mallow, I have brought you something to represent another species.

W. These are *cough-lozenges!* I will take one if they are nice.

P. You may taste one, they are made with the juice of the *Marsh-mallow.* This juice is a thick transparent "mucilage," and it has very healing properties in cases of cold or cough.

Here are others of the order which I gathered from the garden.

L. This is my fine crimson flower, the *Malope Grandiflora;* and here are the white and pink *Lavatera.*

Ion. And here is the beautiful Hibiscus. "*Hibiscus Africanus*" the gardener called it when he put in the seeds. I suppose it grows in Africa. Hasn't it a beautiful eye?

W. Look, Ion, papa has cut some flowers from my *Hollyhock.* Is the fine Hollyhock a relation of the common field-mallow?

P. Yes. It is one of its *rich* relations, just as the rich *Clove-pink* is related to the chickweed.

But I have something more remarkable to tell you. You would hardly think that the mallow is related to the giant *Gossypium.*

W. No, I should'nt, for I don't know who that giant is. Where does he live?

P. If it is right to call a flower *he*, you may say that he inhabits nearly all places. The Gossypium goes with you to school, and there you weary your eyes with reading from Gossypium, and with writing on it. Gossypium goes with you to bed, you see it when you wake in the morning, and when you come down to breakfast. I do not know what we should do without it, for it is used in almost every room in the house. Without it the bed-room drawers would be almost empty. It is a most intimate friend to nearly all the world, for not only do you wear it about your person, but Indians, Arabs, and others are *dressed* in it. The negroes wear it, and the people of all quarters of the world. *Gossypium* has given rise to great cities, where tens of millions of pounds worth are ' mually used. Nearly two millions of people depend upon it for their means of living, and more than 500,000.000 lbs. weight is imported into these towns every year. The length of web spun from the Gossypium every year in these towns,

would wind round the globe nearly five hundred thousand times.

W. You may well call it a giant, papa, when it winds round about the world in that way. But please tell us its *common* name.

P. You ought to know its name from this account of it. It is called by the Arabs *Kutn* or *Kutun*, from which we make the word—

W. Cotton, of course. I thought it was cotton all the while. But is the cotton plant a very large one.

P. No. Here is a part of one.



THE COTTON PLANT
(*Gossypium herbaceum*)

I called it a *giant* because of its great use, not because of its size.

L. I shall always remember what order the cotton plant is in, because it is next to that of the flax plant. We often wear cotton and linen together; indeed, they are sometimes woven together in the same piece of cloth. The stuff for the white window-blinds is made of linen and cotton mixed; it is called *Union*.

P. Only you must remember that the material for linen is made from the *stalk* of the flax plant, while cotton is produced from the *seeds*. The capsule of the plant is rather large, because the seeds are imbedded in fine down or hair. You see that one of these capsules (or *pod* as we call it) is bursting. (*See cut.*)

L. You told us, papa, something about the linen manufacture; do tell us how this down is made into cotton cloth.

P. Very well; the cotton is picked directly the capsule bursts. If allowed to be exposed the sun gives it a yellow tinge. When picked, the greatest difficulty is to separate the seeds and downy fibres, because these fibres grow *from* the seed.

W. How is it done, papa?

P. In India, and other parts, the seeds are picked out by hand, but in America this is done much more quickly by machine. I will read you the account given of these downy hairs.

Kutun (or Cotton) is one of the names given by the Arabs to a filamentous matter produced by the surface of the seeds of Gossypium. It consists of vegetable hairs, of considerable length, *springing from the surface of*

the seed-coat, and filling up the cavity of the seed-vessel. Hairs are extremely common on the surface of plants, but are frequently unobserved because of their minuteness. On the surface of *seeds* they are uncommon, but are found in plants of the "Malvaceæ," and in several other species.

In this description, it is added that

Vegetable hairs consist of *cellular* substance; and like all such tissue (which is the same as that of the *leaf*), they have thinness and transparency. The hairs of cotton when put in water and magnified, look like flat narrow ribands. They break much more easily than the fibres of the flax plant, which are a *woody* tissue. Thus, cotton cloth is well known to be inferior to linen in strength, for the *leafy* tissue is the weakest, while the woody tissue is the strongest part of the plant.*

I should like to read to you of the wonderful fineness to which the hand-spinners of INDIA, with their delicate fingers, can draw out the cotton fibres. So gauzy and transparent are the fine muslins thus made, that they are called "woven air."

I must add that there are *several kinds* of cotton. Some produce a long and delicate fibre, which is very white; other kinds produce a short, coarse, and bad-coloured fibre. In America the finest kind is the *black*-seed cotton. It is properly called "Sea-island cotton," because it was first discovered on an island. It requires the sea air for its healthy growth; the further it is removed from the sea, the more inferior it becomes in quality. The common sort of cotton in America is called *green*-seed cotton.

Both these kinds are from the *herbaceous* cotton plant. In India, Arabia, and Egypt, there is another kind called the *tree*-cotton; it sometimes reaches the height of 15 or 20 feet. In the Mauritius, China, &c., there is a species which is not high enough to be called tree-cotton, but it is higher than the herbaceous cotton. It is, therefore, called the *shrub*-cotton. It has the curious botanical name of *Gossypium religiosum*. One kind of this shrub-cotton is always of a light yellowish brown colour, and from this is made a yellowish brown cloth called *Nankeen*.

Ion. I have worn Nankeen. It is so called from *Nankin*, the place where it is made.

P. That is true; but how we have run away from the subject of our lesson! Order 12, the *Mallow plants*. I have not yet finished the account of their uses.

You see then we may almost say of one single tribe of the order (the Gossypium) that it is of all plants the most useful to man; it is the principal tribe on which he depends for *clothing*. Perhaps the only tribe which is more important is the grass tribe, on which we depend for *food*; this supplies us with all the kinds of corn, rice, &c.

We will finish our account of this order next week.

* Penny Cyclopædia.

THE JUSSIEUAN SYSTEM.

THALAMIFLORALS.

Order 12. THE MALLOWS—*continued.*—(*Malvaceæ*).

THE BOMBAX.

(*Bombaceæ*).

P. You have not heard of half the uses of Order 12. You may remember that the *marsh-mallow* and others are useful as *medicine*, because of the mucilage in their juice; it is also used as a *poultice*. The mucilage in one species in the East and West Indies (the *Hibiscus esculentes*) is so nutritious that it is used to thicken soups.

The *petals* are also useful. The petals of one kind of Hibiscus yield a black juice. This is used in China to blacken the eyelashes and shoe leather. One species of the Hollyhock tribe yields a blue colour.

But one of the uses of the Malvaceæ is like that of Order 11. Some of them have tough fibres in their stalks, like flax. The stalks of one species of Hibiscus are used to make cordage; it is said that this cordage was formerly plaited by the slave drivers of the West Indies to make their whips. There! I think you may say that on the whole this is a *very* useful order.

I have mentioned the *places* where these plants are found. If you have been looking at your map, you will have noticed that they grow principally in the tropics and warm temperate countries. As you get into the colder temperate countries the species degenerate in beauty and in size.

But it is not enough to know the *uses* and *place* of this order. You must also learn to *distinguish* its plants from others.

W. And to do so, we must examine the *parts*. Shall I examine this Mallow?

P. Yes.

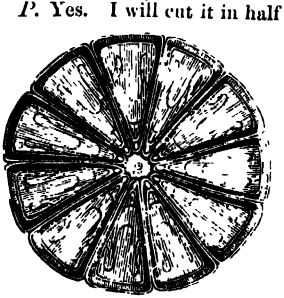
W. I will begin with the ovary. Here is one of the



Ripe Capsule of the Common Mallow. (*Malva Sylvestris*)

cheeses which we used to pick in the country. I suppose I must call it a capsule now?

P. Yes. I will cut it in half



Horizontal Section of Capsule (*magnified*).

for you. Now look at the inside. What do you observe?

L. I notice, 1st, that it is

divided into several carpels; and 2ndly, that each carpel contains *one* seed, which fills up all the space.

P. This ovary is like those of most of the order. When carpels thus contain one seed, they are said to be *monospermous*. But you remember that the seeds of the others are more or less hairy. These carpels easily separate when the ovary is ripe.

W. I remember that that was the case when we were gathering the seeds of our Lavatera, in the garden.

P. I cannot show you a pistil; but I may tell you that one style arises from each of the carpels, and that these styles unite and appear like one column.

Ion. We will notice the stamens. The *filaments* are like those of order 11. They unite at the base and form one bunch, so that they are *monadelphous*. They are very *numerous*, too, and are *hypogynous* like those of other Thalamiflorals.

L. I will examine the *petals*. There are five; these in the bud are twisted in a curious manner.

P. The *sepals* are rather singular. *They*, too, are five in number, like the petals. You may observe, however, that they form a complete whorl, and outside the calyx there are three bracts, which form an *involucrum* (see vol. iv., page 230).

W. Yes; here it is. The involucrum is like another calyx.

P. The leaves are worth noticing, because in the different plants they are more or less divided; they also have *stipules*.

The stems also vary, but in most cases they are *hairy*.

Lastly. Hitherto most of the orders have been herbaceous, but here we have *herbs*, *shrubs*, and *trees*.

I said that the order is a most useful one; it is also most beautiful. The *Bombax* tree and others (which we will notice directly) have been separated from it; and before then it contained most of the grandest flowers in nature. Still, however, there remain the Hollyhock, the Hibiscus, Malope, and Lavatera, which, especially in the warmer climates, are magnificent flowers.

Order 12. THE MALLOW PLANTS.

(*Parts.*) This order may be distinguished by having—

(1.) *Ovary* with many carpels, which are monospermous. (2.) *Styles*, same number as carpels united into one column. (3.) *Stamens*, numerous, hypogynous, and monadelphous. (4.) *Petals*, generally 5, twisted when in the bud. (5.) *Sepals*, same number as petals, often having an involucrum outside consisting of three bracts, appearing like a second calyx. (6.) *Leaves*, alternate, divided, with stipules. (7.) *Seeds*, and *stems*, sometimes hairy. (8.) Being either *herbaceous* plants, *trees*, or *shrubs*.

(*Place.*) Found in tropical and warm temperate countries.

(*Varieties.*) The order contains the Mallow, Lavatera, Hollyhock, Hibiscus, Cotton Plant and others.

(*Uses.*) *Hairs* of seed for manufacture of cotton cloth; *fibres* of stem for cordage &c.; *mucilage* of sap from leaves or stalk as medicine and poultice; mucilage of *seeds* as

a nutritious thickening for soup; *petals* of some species for dye.

The flowers of this order are some of the most beautiful in nature.

The Bombax Trees.

There are in the tropics some gigantic trees. They differ from the 12th order, principally in their *size;* also in their *calyx*, and in their *stamens*, which are not monadelphous. In almost every other respect they exactly resemble the Mallow plants, and were included in the same order, but they have lately been separated from them.

I will mention one or two particulars of these trees.

The *Bombax*, or *Silk-cotton Tree*, is so called from bombyx, one of the Greek names for cotton. The seed-pods are filled with fine silky hairs. It is impossible, however, to spin these fine fibres into threads. Having no tooth or roughness at the edges they will not hold together so as to form thread.

W. Are the fibres of no use then?

P. Yes; this silk is used to stuff cushions and beds; and a sort of *felt* has been made from it. The Bombax is of great size; its wood too is light, and from its great trunk a canoe large enough to hold 150 men has been made.

But even the great Bombax has its superior in size. There grows on the western coast of Africa a tree called *Monkey-bread*, and in Egypt called the *Boabab*. It has also been called *Arbre de mille ans* (tree of a thousand years). It is said to be the largest tree in the world. One tree that was measured was *supposed* to be 5,150 years old, and was 73 feet high. The circumference of its gigantic trunk was nearly 100 feet. One of the roots of this tree was laid bare, and it measured 100 feet in length. Each of the great branches was equal to a monstrous tree.

It is a useful tree in that climate, for it furnishes articles of food and clothing; it also supplies a medicinal food, which diminishes the perspiration caused by the great heat, &c.

There are many more large trees in the order. One with prickly fruit is called the *Durio* (from the Malay word *dury*, a thorn), and would be well worth noticing if we had time.

THE WISH.

Mine be a cot beside a hill,
A bee-hive hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that sips the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

ROGERS.

SYNTAX.

Chapter V.—Punctuation.

P. The various parts of sentences are separated from each other by stops. The art of using these stops correctly is called *punctuation*. The punctuation of a sentence is almost as important as its construction or arrangement.

The following are the principal stops:—

The Comma, marked . .	,
The Semicolon	;
The Colon	:
The Period, or Full Stop .	.
The Dash	—
The Interrogation . . .	?
The Note of Admiration .	!
Parentheses	()

There is no exact law as to the length of each stop. This depends upon whether you are reading slowly or quickly;—whether the subject is solemn or lively.

Generally, we stop at the comma long enough to count *one;* at the semicolon you should take time enough to count *two;* the colon requires twice as long a pause as the semicolon; and the period is twice the length of a colon.

Here are some examples by which you may learn when to use these stops, in writing:—

1. My brother's good conduct brought him much praise.
2. It rained very much indeed, the week before the opening of the Royal Zoological Gardens.
3. John, who is my friend, saw me.
4. He is a strong, healthy boy.
5. My mother, brother, father, sister, and cousin are ill.
6. He is a strong and healthy boy.
7. Sir, you are mistaken.

Let us examine these sentences. No. 1 is a simple sentence; and, generally, the parts of a simple sentence are not separated by stops.

No. 2 is also one sentence, but it is too long to be uttered in one breath; it is therefore divided by a comma.

No. 3 is not a simple sentence; between the words, *John* and *saw me*, the clause, *who is my friend*, is introduced; a comma is therefore placed before and after it. Whenever any phrase or accessory sentence is thus introduced, it is marked by a comma on each side.

In No. 4 the comma is introduced between the words *strong* and *healthy* because they are both of the same part of speech, and relate to the boy. In No. 5, also, there are several nouns employed, forming the subject of the sentence, but they are not joined by a conjunction; they are therefore separated by commas. In No. 6, again, the two adjectives, *strong* and *healthy*, are joined by *and;* therefore a comma is not required.

In No. 7, the word *Sir* is separated from the neighbour-

ing words by a comma because it represents the *person addressed*. In nearly all cases, the person spoken to should have a comma after it.

THE SEMICOLON—;

Here are some sentences which will show you the use of the semicolon:—

8. Straws swim on the surface; and pearls lie at the bottom.
9. Straws swim on the surface, and they lie at the bottom
10. The pride of wealth is contemptible: the pride of learning is pitiable; but the pride of dignity is ridiculous.

No. 8 is a compound sentence. The two sentences are separated by a semicolon, because they are not *intimately* connected; one relates to *straws*, and the other to *pearls*. In No. 9, however, *both* parts relate to the straws; they are therefore separated by a comma only.

No 10, again, is a long compound sentence. It is made up of a number of short ones which have a slight connection with each other; they are therefore separated only by semicolons.

THE COLON—:

Sometimes a sentence is complete in itself, but it is followed by another which is used to explain it, or give it more force; in this case a *colon* is used. Thus:—

11. You must read this book: it will do you good.

In the following example you will see a number of sentences separated only by semicolons. These are followed by another which *relates to them all*; it is used to explain them, and is therefore separated by a *colon*.

12. The difficulty I have always found in procuring work; the high price which I pay for bread; the large family I have to support; the small wages which we are able to earn: these are the points which lead me to emigrate to Australia.

THE PERIOD—.

This stop is used at the end of every sentence. It is also used after all abbreviations. Thus:—

13. Mary has gone to bed.
14. M.D—A.B.—A.D.—B.C.—A.M.

THE NOTE OF INTERROGATION—?

THE NOTE OF ADMIRATION—!

The former is used at the end of every question. The latter is used after interjections, and sentences which express surprise or strong feeling. Thus:

15. How do you do?
16. How ill you look!

THE DASH —

THE PARENTHESES —()

The former is used when there is an abrupt change in the sentence. The latter is used to introduce an incidental thought, which cannot be worked up into the sentence. Thus:—

17. He sometimes counsel takes, and—sometimes snuff.
18. "Know, then, this truth
(enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness
below."

You may now supply the stops in the following exercise:—

EXERCISE No.111.—*Supply the necessary stops in the following extract:—*

In order to relieve the people of Great Britain of a part of the burden of the taxes the ministry resolved to tax the North American colonies and in 1765 an act of parliament was passed imposing stamp duties upon them this act was received in America with the greatest indignation the colonists contended that by the British constitution the subjects cannot be taxed unless by the consent of their representatives in parliament and that they not being represented could not be taxed so great was the ferment that it was found necessary to repeal this act but at the same time another act was made declaring the right of parliament not only to tax the colonies but to make laws binding on them in every case whatever

In 1767 an act was passed laying a tax on tea and some other articles imported into the American colonies this act was not put in force and in 1770 when Lord North became minister it was repealed with respect to all the articles except tea Lord North imagined that a tax of a very trifling amount would not be objected to but he did not sufficiently consider that it was the principle of taxation which the Americans resisted the people of Boston in New England violently resisted the attempt to levy the tax on tea and the ministry to punish them procured an act imposing restrictions on their commerce and sent troops to enforce its execution

A general spirit of resistance now spread over the American colonies they sent representatives to a general congress which met at Philadelphia on the 5th of September 1774 and that body published a declaration of their resolution to defend their rights arms and military stores were provided in different places for defence against the British troops and an attempt to seize a quantity of these produced a skirmish at Lexington near Boston on the 19th of April 1775 in which a number both of the soldiers and colonists were killed

Both parties now proceeded to open war thirteen of the colonies formed themselves into a union to be conducted by delegates sent to the congress the colonies of Canada and Nova Scotia however remained steady in their adherence to the mother country—*Outlines of English History*

THE REDBREAST.

Poor Robin sits and sings alone,
When showers of driving sleet,
By the cold winds of Winter blown,
The cottage-casement beat.

Come, let him share our chimney-nook,
And dry his dripping wing;
See, little Mary shuts her book,
And cries, "Poor Robin, sing."

Methinks I hear his faint reply—
"When cowslips deck the plain,
The lark shall enrol in the sky,
And I shall sing again.

"But in the cold and wintry day,
To you I owe a debt,
That in the sunshine of the May,
I never shall forget."

BOWLES.

PLEASANT PAGES.

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE FAMILY AND THE SCHOOL.

24th Week. **MONDAY.** **Grammar.**

SYNTAX.

Chapter V.—Capital Letters.

P. There are many more points to be attended to when forming sentences. You must not only know what stops to use, but when to use *capital letters*. A very fine piece of composition, with all the sentences grammatically constructed, well arranged, and punctuated, would look very foolish with the capital letters in their wrong places.

The subject of these capital letters would, perhaps, more properly belong to Orthography than to Syntax, but we will introduce it in our present chapter. I have here a lesson ready made, which will save me the trouble of making one for you; it is so well written that I could not make a better one, so I will read it.

W. What book are you reading from papa?

P. It is entitled "*The Young Composer;*" it is a very instructive book, for many a schoolboy, who has thought that composition is a dry study, has found out by this book that he is mistaken.

Here is the lesson:—

Capital letters must begin—

(1.) *The first word* of a book, chapter, letter, or any other piece of writing.

(2.) *The first word after a period:* as, Fear God. Honour the King.

(3.) *The first word after interrogative and exclamatory sentences;* as, Where is your friend? She is here! How beautiful a day it is! You seem to enjoy it!

Exception.—If several such sentences are thrown into *one general group*, all of them, except the first, may begin with a small letter, as, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorners delight in their scorning? and fools hate knowledge?

(4.) *The first word in every line of poetry;* as—

> "How doth the little busy bee
> Improve each shining hour!
> And gather honey all the day
> From every opening flower."

(5.) *All proper names;* as, John is in London. Nelson was killed in the ship Victory, at the battle of Trafalgar. I will see you on the first Friday in April.

(6.) *All adjectives derived from proper names;* as, English, French, Dutch, Spanish.

(7.) *All quotations given in a direct form;* as, Sir Philip Sidney, when dying with thirst, sent a bottle of water, which had been brought to him, to a wounded soldier, with these words:—"Thy necessity is yet greater than mine!"

(8.) *The principal words in the titles* of books; as, Milton's Paradise Lost, Macaulay's Essays.

(9.) *The various names of the Deity;* as, Jehovah, Almighty, God, the Lord.

(10.) The pronoun *I*, and the interjection *O*, must always be capital letters; as, I saw the palace. O Lord, how manifold are thy works!

(11.) Beside all these, *any very important word* may be distinguished by a capital; as, The Reformation. He has been considering how he could best promote the Cause of Education.

EXERCISE No. 112.—*Where necessary change the small letters into capitals:—*

(1.) *death of addison.*—when the celebrated addison was at the point of death, he sent for lord warwick, a young man nearly related to him, and finely accomplished, but very irregular in his conduct. he arrived. life, however, barely glimmered in the socket; and the dying friend was silent. after a pause the youth addressed him: "dear sir, you sent for me: i hope you have some commands, i shall hold them most sacred." may the reply make a lasting impression on all who read it! addison took him by the hand and softly said, "see in what peace a christian can die." he spoke with difficulty, and soon expired. in tickell's excellent elegy on the death of addison, are these lines,

"he taught us how to live, and, oh! too high
the price of knowledge, taught us how to die!"

in which the poet alludes to this moving interview.—*watkins.*

(2.) waller, the poet, going to see king james, at dinner, overheard a very extraordinary conversation between his majesty and two prelates, andrews, bishop of winchester, and neile, bishop of durham, who were standing behind the king's chair. james asked the bishops: "my lords, cannot i take my subjects' money when i want it, without all this formality in parliament?" the bishop of durham readily replied that he could; whereupon the king turned, and said to the bishop of winchester, "well, my lord, what say you?" "sir," replied the bishop, "i have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases." the king answered, "no put offs, my lord, answer me presently." "then, sir," said he, "i think it lawful for you to take my brother neile's money, for he offers it." mr. waller said, "the company was pleased with this answer, and the wit of it seemed to affect the king."—*watkins.*

HOW DEARLY OD MUST LOVE US.

How dearly God must love us,
And this poor world of ours,
To spread blue skies above us,
And deck the earth with flowers:
There's not a weed so lowly,
Nor bird that cleaves the air,
But tells in accents holy,
His kindness and his care.

PROSODY.

CHAPTER VI.—ON PRONUNCIATION.

P. You have now heard something of three parts of Grammar, *Orthography*, *Etymology*, and *Syntax*. You have yet to hear something of *Prosody*.

W. What is Prosody?

P. Prosody is the part of Grammar which relates to the pronunciation of words; and to the rules for writing poetry. To-day we will only talk of the first part.

PRONUNCIATION.

There are about *thirty-six* simple sounds in the English language, each represented by one or more characters, called LETTERS.

Of these thirty-six simple sounds, fourteen are VOWEL SOUNDS; that is, sounds which can be made by themselves, without using any other sounds; as, *a*, *e*, *o*. Twenty-two are CONSONANT SOUNDS; that is, sounds which can be made only along with a vowel sound, as, *b*, *d*, *k*—usually pronounced *bee*, *dee*, *kay*. These syllables, *bee*, *dee*, *kay*, you may notice, are the *names*—not the *sounds*—of the letters *b*, *d*, *k*.

The sound of a consonant may be uttered, as nearly as it is possible, by putting the letter *i* before it, and then trying to sound it *without the i*; as, in *ib*, *id*, *ik*.

The fourteen simple *vowel sounds* are:—

1. The sound of *a* as in "*mate*."
2. The sound of *a* as in "*far*."
3. The sound of *a* as in "*fat*."
4. The sound of *a* as in "*fall*."
5. The sound of *e* as in "*me*."
6. The sound of *e* as in "*met*."
7. The sound of *i* as in "*fine*."
8. The sound of *i* as in "*tin*."
9. The sound of *o* as in "*note*."
10. The sound of *o* as in "*not*."
11. The sound of *o* as in "*nor*."
12. The sound of *u* as in "*full*."
13. The sound of *u* as in "*but*."
14. The sound of *ou* as in "*house*."

Thus our language has only *five* letters to represent these *fourteen* simple vowel sounds.

The twenty-two simple *consonant sounds* are:—

Seven Flat Sounds, and their corresponding *Sharp Sounds*.

b, in *bear*, and *p*, in *pair*.

v, in *vain*, and *f*, or *ph*, in *fame*.

d, in *do*, and *t*, in *to*.

th, in *thine*, and *th*, in *thin*.

g, in *gum*, and *k* or *c*, in *king* and *come*.

z, in *zeal*, and *s* or *c*, in *seal* and *city*.

z, in *azure*, and *sh*, in *she*.

Four Liquid Sounds.

l, in *law*. *n*, in *no*.

m in *me*. *r*, in *raw*.

Two Semi-vowels.

w, in *war*, and *y*, in *yes*.

h, in *home*, and *ng*, in *king*.

Here again our alphabet is deficient. It has no characters

to express the following consonant sounds; *th* in *thine*, *th* in *thin*, *z* in *azure*, *sh*, and *ng*.

Besides these thirty-six simple sounds, there are four *compound* sounds:—The sound of *oi* or *oy*, as in *voice*, *boy*; the sound of *u* or *ew*, as in *use*, *new*; the sound of *ch* as in *church*, like *tsh*, called *ch* soft; the sound of *j* or *g*, as in *joy*, *gem*, *judge*, which is composed of the sound of *d* with the sound of *z* in *azure*.

In many words from the Greek language the sound of *f* is represented by *ph*, as in *philosophy*; and in some words by *gh*, as *tough*.

The sound of *k* is very often represented by *c*, then called *c* hard; as in *can*, *come*. Before the vowels *a*, *o*, *u*, the vowel sound *ou*, and the liquids *l* and *r*, *c* has the sound of *k*. The sound of *k* is also represented by *ch*, then called *hard*, as in *chaos*, *stomach*.

The sound of *h* is sometimes represented by *wh*, as in *who*.

The sound of *z* is sometimes represented by *s*, as in *raise*.

The sound of *s* is often represented by *c*, then called *c* soft; as in *city*, *cell*, *cyder*; always before *e*, *i*, and *y*; and by *sc*, as in *science*.

The sound of *z* in *azure* is sometimes represented by *s*, as in *confusion*.

The sound of *sh* is sometimes represented by *c*, *s*, *t*, followed by *i*; as in *commercial*, *controversial*, *mission*, *partial*, *nation*; or by *ch*, as in *bench*.

The sound of *j*, or *g* soft, is represented by *j*, as in *jest*; and usually by *g*, before *e*, *i*, and *y*, as in *gem*, *gin*, *gymnastics*; except in *get*, *geese*, *give*, *gig*, *girl*, *giddy*, and a few others.

The sound of *g* is hard, as in *gum*, before *a*, *o*, *u*, *h*, *l*, *r*, and *ou*, as *gate*, *got*, *gulf*, *ghost*, *glove*, *grow*, *gout*.

The sounds of *a* in *fate*, *e* in *these*, *i* in *fine*, *o* in *note*, *u* in *tube*, are called the *long sounds* of these vowels, and are usually indicated by a silent *e* after the consonant.

The sounds of *a* in *fat*, *e* in *met*, i in *fin*, *o* in *not*, *u* in *tub*, are called the *short sounds* of these vowels, and are usually indicated by the want of the silent *e*.

Accent.

In words of more than one syllable, one of the syllables is always pronounced more fully than the others, as if it were the principal syllable in the word. This emphasis on one syllable is called *accent*.

Some words are accented on the last syllable, as *before'*; others on the last but one, as *fol'low*, others on the last but two, as, *cor'poral*, others on the last syllable but three, as, *ag'riculture*.

Two words spelled in the same way *often have different meanings, according to their accent*; thus:—I will never *desert'* him—we left him in the *des'ert*.

He gave me a *pre'sent*—*present'* my compliments to him.

Do you *refuse'* to tell me?—throw away the *ref'use*.

Nouns are usually accented upon the first syllable, and *ve'bs* upon the last syllable.

ANNE.

P. The most important event of Anne's reign was the *Union of England and Scotland.* Ever since the reign of James I. the two kingdoms had been governed by one king, but each had its own Parliament. James I. attempted to unite the two Parliaments, but he failed.

The Scots, at the beginning of Anne's reign, were filled with bitter feeling against the English people. This was caused partly by the Massacre of Glencoe, and partly by the unjust neglect and ill-treatment of a fine commercial colony which they had founded on the *Isthmus of Darien.* In their anger, the Scottish Parliament passed what was called the *Act of Security.* In this they threatened that they would not submit to another English king unless they had privileges in trade equal with those of the English.

It thus became evident that, unless an act of union were passed, the son of James II. (or the *Pretender* as he was called) would gain the Scottish crown. Thirty commissioners were, therefore, appointed on each side, and a treaty was at length drawn up. By this treaty the Scots were to retain their own laws, and the Presbyterian Church; and were to send forty-five members of Parliament to the English House of Commons, and sixteen to the House of Lords. After very violent opposition from the Scots, the measure was agreed to; it has since proved very advantageous.

The death of queen Anne happened in 1714. Her ill health is said to have been occasioned by the violent disputes between her statesmen of the Whig and Tory parties. She had, however, long been an unhappy woman. Since the loss of her only living son, a boy of eleven years, in the year 1700, she had never been cheerful. In 1708, her grief was increased by the death of her husband, Prince George of Denmark; and in 1713 another of the family, the Electress Sophia, the granddaughter of James I., died. Queen Anne died in July, 1714, a few months after the last event.

Anne was regretted as an amiable woman, but as a queen she had scarcely energy, firmness, or talent enough for the office.

Lesson 41. *ANNE.*

Began to reign . . . 1702
Died 1714

The reign of Queen Anne is remarkable principally for the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough, *the conquest of* Gibraltar, *the* Union of England and Scotland, *and the dissensions of the* Whig *and* Tory *parties.*

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

HEREFORD.

"My dear Children,—

"You remember how I left the coachman and walked back to *Ross*.

"On my way home I learned a few other particulars about Herefordshire. After its *cider*, its next famous product is *wool*, for the sheep here have a fine silky wool, like those of Spain. Quantities of *hops* are also grown. There is abundance of *corn* in the rich arable land of the valleys; and so much attention is given to agriculture that the manufactures and towns are not important.

"*Ross* is not well built, and is chiefly remarkable for its pleasant situation.

"*Ledbury* is a clean town, but it is not very large.

"The capital is *Hereford* a very pleasant old place, with broad straight streets, and red brick houses. It has a very ancient cathedral which a few years ago was in a most ruinous state; it has since been repaired at a very great expense.

"I should like to tell you the history of this border country; to tell you of more than twenty old castles which I have heard of—of the disturbances made by the Welsh and *Prince Llewelyn*—of *Hugh de Spenser*, the favourite of Edward II., of *Owen Tudor*, the grandfather of Henry VII., who were both executed at Hereford; but, alas, my paper is full!—I dare say you remember how *De Spenser* was hung on a high gibbet. You may recollect too that *Owen Tudor* married Catherine the widow of Henry V. —Good bye!

"Your faithful friend,

"Henry Young."

HEREFORDSHIRE.

(Position.)—*Herefordshire is one of the counties bordering on Wales; it is at the north of Monmouthshire.*

(Soil and products.)—*This hilly county is almost entirely agricultural. Its principal products are* Cider, Wool, Corn, *and* Hops. *The cider is more acid than that of Devonshire; it is the principal drink of the labourers.*

(Rivers and Towns.)—*The principal rivers are the picturesque* Wye, *and the* Lugg. *The principal towns are* Hereford, Ross, *and* Ledbury. Hereford *is famous for its ancient Cathedral.* Ross *is famous as having been the residence of the benevolent John Kyrle.*

PROSODY.

CHAPTER VI.—POETRY.

P. You may have noticed, Ion, when we talk, that the accented syllables do not always occur at regular intervals. For instance, listen to this sentence:—

One wíntry night the rósy-checked children of a fármer were all sítting round the fire. The blázing fágots gave a nice chéerful light, and jokes and cáreless chat went round from one child to anóther.*

Ion. The accented syllables fall very irregularly. The accents are on the 2nd, 6th, 9th, 13th, 17th syllables, and so on.

P. But if we put this into verse, there will be this difference: we must take care *that the accents occur regularly.* I will write it in this way:—

Aroúnd the fíre one wíntry night
The fármer's rósy children sát;
The fágot lént its blázing light,
And jókes went róund, and cáreless chát.

In this verse you see the regular accent. First, there is an *un*accented syllable, then an accented one. These two syllables make what is called a *foot.* Each line contains four of these feet; they are called *iambuses.* I will give you some examples:—

1. The Iambus.

Each of the following lines contains five iambuses:

In yón | der váse | behóld | a drówn | ing fly;
Its lít | tle légs | how váin | ly does | it ply.

Each of the following lines contains six iambuses:

The dew | was fall | ing fast, | the stars | began | to blink
I heard | a voice; | it said | "Drink, pret | ty crea | ture, drink."

I will now show you a different kind of foot.

2. The Trochee.

A foot of two syllables, of which the first is accented, and the second unaccented, is called a *trochee.* Each of the following lines contains four trochees:

Sée the | léaves a | roúnd us | falling,
Thús to | thóughtless | mórtals | cálling.

Each of the two following contains three trochees:

All ye | springs and | fountains,
Praise the | Lord whose | wonders.

Each of the two following lines consists of two trochees:

Rich tle | treasure,
Sweet the | pleasure.

* The following little lesson on Prosody, is derived from the same source as the exercises in one of the former lessons, viz.: "*Darnell's* Grammar made Intelligible to *Children.*"

L. Are there any other feet?
P. Yes, here is another.

3. The Anapæst.

A foot consisting of three syllables (the first two unaccented, and the third accented), is called an *anapæst*.

Each of the following lines consists of four anapæsts:

'Tis the vóice | of the slúg | gard I heárd | him compláin,
You have wáked | me too sóon | I must slúm | ber agáin;
As the dóor | on its hín | ges so hé | on his béd,
Turns his sídes | and his shóul | ders and his | heavy héad.

A verse sometimes consists of a certain number of feet, with *an additional syllable*. This is called *hypermeter*, or over measure.

4. Hypermeter.

Each of the following lines consists of three anapæsts, and an additional syllable:

And I firm | ly believe | if thou knew'st | her as I | do,
Thou would'st choose | out a whip | ping post first | to be tied | to.

Each of the following lines contains five iambuses, and an additional syllable.

Worth makes | the man | and want | of it | the fel | low,
The rest | is nought | but lea | ther and | prunel | la.

Each of the following lines contains three trochees and an additional syllable:

Little | bird with | bosom | red,
Welcome | to my | humble | shed.

P. Here is another kind of foot. Look at your fore-finger and you will see that it consists of one long joint and two short ones. The Greek word for a finger is *dactylos;* hence a foot consisting of one long or accented syllable and then two short ones, is called a dactyl.

5. The Dactyl.

Each of the following lines consists of three dactyls, and an additional syllable:

Wárriors, and | chiefs, should the | sháft or the | sword
Piérce me in, | léading the | hósts of the | Lord;
Héed not the | córpse, though a | king's in your | path,
Búry your | stéel in the | bósoms of | Guth.

Blank Verse.

When poetry is so written that the last syllable of one line corresponds in sound with the last syllable of some other line, it is called *rhyme;* but when the last syllables do not correspond in sound, it is called *blank verse.*

English blank verse generally consists of five iambuses.

Each of the following lines contains five iambuses:

Wish'd mor | ning's come; | and now | upon | the plains
And dis | tant moun | tains, where | they feed | their flocks,
The hap | py shep | herds leave | their home | ly huts,
And with | their pipes | proclaim | the new- | born day.

P. In the next lesson you shall write and learn your memory-lesson on Prosody.

PROSODY.

CHAPTER VI.—POETRY.

P. You learned last week that lines of poetry are generally composed of feet *of the same kind.* I may, however, add, that poets, in order to produce greater variety, sometimes *intermix the different feet.* The first foot of the first, second, and fourth of the following verses is an iambus; all the other feet are anapæsts.

Our youth | is the spring | time of joy | and delight,
Our spi | rits are buoy | ant, our pros | pects are bright;
In the sun | shine of plea | sure we fro | lic and play,
Nor think | that Decem | ber will fol | low our May.

The first foot in the first of the following lines is a trochee; all the others are iambuses.

Happy | the man | whose wish | and care
A few | pater | nal a | cres bound,
Content | to breathe | his na | tive air
In his | own ground.

We will now make our *last* Grammar Lesson and Exercise. You will, I am sure, commit this lesson to memory carefully.

Memory Lesson 6.

PROSODY.

1. *The art of accenting and pronouncing our language properly is called* Prosody.

2. *In pronouncing our words we must be careful not only to give them the right sound, but to make the accent or "stress" fall on the right syllable; we must also attend to the length of sound in the vowels. In short, we must observe the* sound, accent, *and* quantity *of our words.*

3. *Many words are accented on the last syllable; such as* seventeen′, contradict′, *&c. Others are accented on the last but one; such as* pota′to, tobac′co. *Others are accented on the first syllable, such as* an′imal, veg′etable, min′eral. *By altering the place of the accent in these words we should produce a very singular effect.*

4. *When the words of a sentence are arranged so that the accents do not fall regularly, it is called* Prose.—*Thus*—How the lit′tle bus′y bee does impro′ve each shi′ning hour!

But when the accents of a sentence are arranged regularly, it is called verse, *or poetry. Thus*—

How doth′ | the lit′ | tle bus′ | y bee′
Improve′ | each shin′ | ing hour′.

5. *When two or more syllables are connected together in regular quantities, such quantities are called* feet.

Thus, two syllables, one being short and one long, form a foot called an Iambus.

Two syllables, the first being long and the second short, form a foot called a Trochee.

Three syllables, the first two being short, and the third long, form a foot called an Anapæst.

Three syllables, the first being long, and the other two short, form a foot called a Dactyl.

When a line of poetry contains a certain number of feet, and an additional syllable, it is called Hypermeter, (*or over measure*).

EXERCISE No. 113.—*Mark the different feet in the lines of the following verses.*

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink:
I heard a voice, it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!
Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,
This man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."
Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes.
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creeking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits.
How sweet is the sabbath, a morning of rest,
The day of the week I love dearest and best;
This morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And broke all the fetters of death, and its doom.

END OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

SONGS FOR THE SEASONS.

THE SLIDING SONG.

ONE, two, three, four; all of a row,
Merrily down the slide we go;
Toes and fingers all in a glow,
With a laugh, and a whoop, and a loud halloo!
Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!
Merrily down the slide we go.

Five, six, seven, eight; on we glide!
Oh, that life were an endless slide!
Trips and falls sometimes betide,
Trifles those which our hearts deride.
Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!
Merrily down the slide we go.

Ten, eleven, a dozen or more,
Little one, little one, never give o'er!
Cling to that big fellow just before,
He'll bear you safe to the opposite shore.
Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!
Merrily down the slide we go.

H. G. ADAMS.

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